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THE  
FRIENDS'  
QUARTERLY EXAMINER;

A

Religious, Social, & Miscellaneous Review.

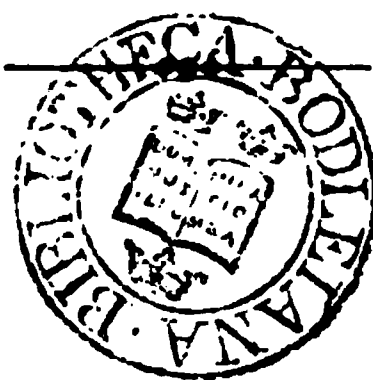
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THE  
FRIENDS' QUARTERLY EXAMINER.

A  
Religious, Social, & Miscellaneous Review.

No. XXIX.—FIRST MONTH, 1874.

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*N.B.—The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the opinions  
expressed in any article bearing the signature of the writer.*

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EDITORIAL.

AN eighth year has now dawned upon us since we first appeared before our readers in the capacity of Honorary Editor of the *Friends' Quarterly Examiner*. At that time the ground was untried, and it required considerable resolution on the part of the Publishing Committee thus to come before the public, as well as before our own members, without a paid literary staff whose services we could command, without practical experience of the requirements of a quarterly journal, and with but slight knowledge of how far such an undertaking would be acceptable to the members of the Society of Friends at large, and enlist their sympathies and support.

Since the anxious period when our first number was issued, in January 1867, our confidence in the desirability of this effort has been increasingly confirmed, and the encouragement then extended towards us by



Friends upon whose judgment and wisdom we relied, has in no case been withdrawn ; but the ties induced by co-operation have been greatly strengthened.

In entering on our second septennary it seems due therefore, in the first place, to acknowledge the “invisible kindness and secret help” which has thus been extended throughout our career, and without which we should probably long since have felt that our quarterly efforts were more laborious than profitable, and that Editorial perplexities were a needless addition to the cares of an otherwise very busy life.

It would form a by no means uninteresting chapter to narrate the experiences of an Honorary Editor to a Quarterly Journal, dependent on voluntary writers for its contents, and on a “discerning public,” mostly amongst Friends, for its circulation. Amongst its leading features we should place the periodical anxiety for sufficient material for the coming number. Not unfrequently have we looked into the editorial basket when the three months had already partly run its course, and found little or nothing to rely upon for the coming day ;—an empty locker, with no paid contributors to call upon to fill up its needs—no stock of manuscripts from which we could cull, and no selection from which to cater for the appetite of our expectant audience.

It has been said by an unhappy satirist that it was “wonderful to see the equanimity and resignation with which people can bear up under the misfortunes and disasters of their *friends*.” A like imperturbable equanimity has not unfrequently been displayed towards the Editor by valued friends vouchsafing the assurance that “plenty of manuscript would doubtless come in before the time required, because they always had done so !”

But there are occasions wherein the practice of faith is much harder than its precept, and while we thankfully record the fact that we have never yet been short

during the twenty-eight numbers which we have issued, yet the impoverished state of the Editor's table has frequently rendered such a catastrophe imminent.

We allude to this subject at greater length because we feel that there is within our borders scientific and literary talent amply to supply our needs at all times. When we see the periodical announcement of many young men amongst us who have matriculated and taken their degrees and university honours, we believe that if the attention of these and others of our members was pointedly directed to the desire of the Publishing Committee that the articles in this journal should be well interspersed with literary, scientific, and narrative papers, we should be promptly relieved from the peculiar difficulties incidental to dependence on voluntary writers. We need hardly add that the success of this periodical, as well as its value, very largely depends on a good supply of material from which to select, and we venture, therefore, specially and earnestly to bring these "literary and scientific shortcomings" prominently before that class of our community who can, and we trust will, in future, abundantly supply the lack. Upon the other most important class of papers, viz., those treating upon religious subjects, we feel a greater difficulty in urging contributions. We have always felt that anything like doctrinal controversy would be unprofitable either for writer or reader; and furthermore, that to press any individual to write religious essays upon subjects upon which he does not feel specially concerned, would be futile in result, as well as wrong in principle.

For articles of this character we have uniformly trusted to the inward sense of duty, or perhaps we should rather say, to a feeling of gladness at the opportunity of expressing to an enlarged audience those feelings and thoughts which press weightily upon themselves. We have a strong conviction of

the soundness of the old-fashioned method of doing, speaking, or writing, "under religious concern." Without placing this practical doctrine upon too high a ground, we venture to believe that the good which results from religious writings and sermons, is mainly because of this constraining influence being the animating power, and that the absence of good which is often so painfully felt and seen is caused by the absence of this true concern of soul in those who write and speak.

We trust, therefore, that upon all questions of religious thought, whether of doctrine or practice, we may continue to be favoured with the contributions of well-concerned Friends who feel they have something to say, and will say it with clearness and earnestness. We cannot too often impress upon our readers that the *Friends' Examiner* is not the organ of the Editor's own views, or of any school of thought amongst us; but that its columns are open to all who have the welfare of the Society of Friends at heart, and that any bias that may have appeared in its pages results more from the energy of those holding such views than from any withholding on the part of the Editor. It is also only justice to the Publishing Committee to add that, being established on the "co-operative principle," any lack of interesting matter in our columns must in honesty be laid at the door of our constituency upon whom we depend for life and variety, instead of upon the shoulders of the present Editor, whose main duty is to hand over the contributions of others to their fellow-members. We trust that any (if such there be) who may feel in anywise dissatisfied, will kindly put their own shoulders to the wheel and help us out of the trouble. In this respect may our experience be, that a "word to the wise is sufficient."

It has been with much satisfaction that we have welcomed several fresh contributors during the past

year. Whilst we have a strong desire to retain the help of all who have hitherto volunteered in this service, we feel that the wider the area from which our writers are gathered the wider spread will be the interest with which our Numbers will be anticipated. It is essential also for our wellbeing that the number of our contributors, as well as our subscribers, should be maintained, and that fresh names should supply the many voids in our ranks occasioned by death.

Glancing through the list of those who have assisted us with their pens, we observe that more than one-tenth of the whole number (several of whom were in the prime of life) have been removed from our midst since our first number was published, seven years ago. Our hearts have been also saddened by the loss of several valued writers during the past year, amongst whom, more especially, we may note two well-known and beloved friends, Robert Charleton and Edward Ash. It is not for us in this place to pass any eulogy upon their consistent Christian walk before God and man ; but we feel that of both, although in different spheres of usefulness, it may be truly said,—“ Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours and their works do follow them.”

Turning now for a short time to the future that lies before us, we feel that in a great deal that is transpiring within and without our borders there is much cause for rejoicing, as well as for redoubled energy. We are not amongst the number of those who believe that, as a religious community, our candle is to be extinguished, unless it be by the sapping of our foundation through a luxurious and self-indulgent spirit. Neither then will the light itself be destroyed. The candlestick may indeed be removed from our midst through our failing to use it for the exaltation of the testimonies that have been given us, and through our

timidly hiding under a bushel that light which was committed unto our forefathers to display in behalf of the Truth. But if ever the professing followers of George Fox should thus far abandon their mission and high behest, we cannot doubt but that the Scripture truths and doctrines which he promulgated as testimonies to be suffered for as well as talked about, will be committed unto others who will more worthily occupy with the talents committed unto them.

From the pen of one of our Publishing Committee we have, in the present number, some remarks on the recent Conference which has been held in London concerning the present condition of our Society, and upon what can be done to strengthen its stakes and lengthen its cords. So much has been said and written concerning this subject that we do not feel it needful for us to enter now upon its many vitally interesting aspects. The thoughts of many hearts have been revealed, and it is for the wise and thinking portion of our religious community to take all that has been said and written carefully to heart, that so the germs of truthful utterance imparted from many minds may enable the skilled men and women amongst us to prescribe well and wisely for the diseases which attach to the people who are called by our name.

Change, for the sake of change, is perhaps one of the worst motives for a doubtful action; but unchangeableness because of a vague *fear* of change, is probably a course equally disastrous to any religious community possessing a history with traditions and fixed modes of witnessing to the truth. There is a valuable saying, as true concerning religious bodies as it is upon the tented field, "Old men for counsel, young men for war." And possibly in no section of the Christian Church is there a happier combination in this respect than amongst ourselves. To this valuable union we have embraced in practice the precious Scriptural

doctrine that "He that is greatest among you let him be your servant"; and whether endowed with gifts of eldership, ministry, teaching, overseership, or with the earthly talents of wealth, of position, or of intellect, throughout the whole of our organisation runs the true Gospel equality (we trust in *fact* as well as in theory) "All ye are brethren."

With such a basis, and such a superstructure,—with a sound Gospel faith in Christ Jesus, the one Mediator between God and man,—and a wide-spread field of usefulness before us; rejoicing in freedom from priestly usurpation, and the trammels of an outward ceremonial unauthorised by the spirit of the Gospel, we have surely ample opportunity and occasion for enlarging our borders, to our own joy and to the praise of the Lord whose name we bear. We can heartily bid God-speed, therefore, to all under our name who are engaged in the great work of evangelisation, and we pray that the Lord may be pleased mightily to increase the power and the number of the labourers amongst us.

We can scarcely close these few desultory observations without offering a cordial and friendly greeting to the many readers, known and unknown, whom we have for several years thus addressed at the opening of the new-born year. What that year may contain to any, is hidden from us by an all-wise Providence—but this one thing we know concerning it (and may no sinful doubt of this sublime truth ever darken the spirit of any one of us) that "all things shall *work together* for good unto them that love God."

The past year may have been full of shortcomings and feebleness of purpose on our part, but "to the Lord our God belongeth mercy and forgiveness, though we have rebelled against Him." We desire that our experience in the present one may be that, "forgetting those things that are behind, and reaching forth unto

those things that are before, we may press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

In conclusion may we be permitted to commend as a personal bequest for the new year to each one of our subscribers those fervent words of the American poet, Carlos Wilcox :—

" Some high or humble enterprise of good  
Contemplate, till it shall possess thy mind,  
Become thy study, pastime, rest, and food,  
And kindle in thy heart a flame refined ;—  
Pray Heaven for firmness, thy whole soul to bind  
To this thy purpose—to begin, pursue,  
With thoughts all fixed and feelings purely kind,—  
Strength to complete, and with delight review,  
And grace to give the praise where all is ever due.

" Rouse to some work of pure and holy love,  
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know ;  
Shalt bless the earth, while, in the world above,  
The good by thee begun shall onward flow  
In many a deepening stream, and wider grow ;—  
The seed, that in these few and fleeting hours  
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,  
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,  
And yield thee fruits divine in Heaven's immortal  
bowers."

EDITOR.

### “WHAT IS TRUTH?”

“OTHER foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ.” He declared Himself to be not only “the way,” and “the life,” but also “the Truth.”

Let us, then, in the first place reverently examine the foundation. How are we to understand the declaration? He not only revealed the truth, but is Himself “the Truth.” He is not only a true Saviour, but the very source and spring of truth. Therefore to accept Him with the heart is not only to accept Him as a Saviour from the guilt and consequences of sin, but also to accept a new motive power, the very essence of which is truth.

In our *natural* condition we are to a large extent governed by *untruth*. Our *practical* estimate of our own existence is a false one, and, in spite of our professed belief in the immortality of the soul, this belief has little or no influence on our lives, and we *act* either as though our existence terminated here, or as though our existence here had no termination. This false estimate of our actual position, which is that of sojourners, and of the relative value of things temporal and things eternal, gives an erroneous bias not only to our conduct but also to our opinions and modes of thought. In our unconverted state, even when we *act* rightly, our motives are often impure and *untruthful*. Policy, pride, self-interest, the desire to be thought well of, and a thousand other motives lead us to do so, and acting however rightly from such motives, we are playing a false part, appearing to be that which in reality we are not.



How, then, is this to be corrected ? As we have already shown, the mere theoretical belief in the immortality of the soul, and therefore in the infinite superiority of eternal over temporal things, does not give us power so to act out our intellectual convictions as instinctively to show by our lives that we do really regard ourselves but as strangers and pilgrims here on our journey to “a better country—that is a heavenly.”

This requires a new birth—a *radical* change which no mere intellectual belief, no outward ordinance or religious observance—nothing but Omnipotence can effect. “Christ, the power of God,” can alone re-create the soul, and He does it by the agency of the “Spirit of Truth,” sent in His name. Whether it be through some outward instrumentality or by a direct Divine influence on the soul of man, the first operation of that Spirit is a work of truth. It is to “convince the world of sin”—to show man to himself as he really is. It may be that his sins have been unknown to his fellow-mortals, but the Spirit, who searches the heart, strives with him to show him the selfishness and impurity, not only of his actions, but also of his thoughts and motives, in order that, humbled under the sense of his sinfulness and guilt, he may be led to seek for that pardon and reconciliation which are so freely granted to the penitent sinner in and through Jesus Christ.

When a man opens his heart to these convictions, he is opening it to the Saviour from whom they come ; and accepting the salvation thus freely offered, the sense of guilt no longer rests on his conscience. He thus learns for himself that the Gospel of Christ is “no cunningly devised fable,” but “the power of God unto salvation,” for it has actually brought peace to his troubled soul. For this unmerited pardon and peace, his love is excited towards the Saviour, and a radical change is effected in him. The love of Him

who “ first loved us ” then takes possession of his soul. Loving Him he loves the Truth, and this becomes the governing principle within him. The heart then, discarding merely selfish or prudential motives, instinctively recoils from all that is false or dishonest, whether in word or action—whether in doctrine or worship. The words of his mouth, whether addressed to his fellow-creatures or to the Supreme Being, are the true expression of his feelings and sentiments. Christ the Truth rules in him by His Spirit, and “ the Spirit of Truth leads into all truth.” The mind is open to conviction, and the truth becomes clear. His false and exaggerated estimate of the importance of temporal things becomes corrected, and this world and its concerns sink into their true position as secondary and subordinate to those things which relate to an eternal state of existence.

The new birth is, to such an one, no empty figure but a realised fact. His former rulers—the World, the Flesh, and Self, in their various forms—have lost *their* dominion over him, because he has given himself to another Master, even Jesus Christ.

Thus Christ is the foundation, the beginner—the Author of truth in the soul of man ; and so long as he retains his allegiance to Him, he never loses the consciousness of the Omnipresence of God, and endeavours to act in all things with reference to His will and to his real position in this world, and that, not by compulsion, but as it were spontaneously, being the natural outcome of the new creation. Although through the weakness of human nature, and the want of keeping his eye directed to the Saviour, he may occasionally make work for repentance, yet his renewed nature delights to do the will of God, and in his best actions he appears in his true colours—*he is a true man.*

To such an one the question, “ What is Truth ? ”

has been most satisfactorily solved—not by subtle argument, but by actual experience. It should never be forgotten that the religion of Christ was not propounded as a natural science, or intended merely to supply food for doctrinal or philosophical argumentation, but to be received into the heart in order to correct the evils of human nature—to regulate and control all our affections and desires, and to make us meet for our heavenly inheritance.

If those who doubt the truth of it, instead of endeavouring to comprehend by mere natural reason that which is above reason, would humbly and earnestly seek to bring it home to themselves, and thus to test its efficacy,—their doubts would vanish ; they would be convinced not only that it is all-powerful for the purpose for which it is designed, but that, although above reason, it is most reasonable ;—though still a mystery “ hid from the wise and prudent,” it is also still “ revealed ” in its clearness and simplicity “ to babes.”

ISAAC ROBSON.

## THE RECENT FRIENDS' CONFERENCE IN LONDON.

BY WILLIAM POLLARD.

THE appointment by the last Yearly Meeting of an open Conference of its members, to deliberate upon a wide and indefinite proposition apparently involving to some extent the constitution and principles of the Society must have been felt by many to be a bold and almost perilous experiment, and one which scarcely any other religious community would dare to undertake.

We may leave the imagination to picture the scene that would ensue, if the clergy and laity of the Church of England were to meet in some district in open Conference on (say) the teachings and compromises to be found in the Book of Common Prayer; or if the Catholics of North Germany were to enter into unrestricted debate in open synod on the last dogma from Rome. And possibly if our friends of the Wesleyan Church were freely to confer on the benefits, or otherwise, arising from their own hierarchical government, and from the large powers entrusted to "the legal hundred," the harmony and moderation of such a meeting might not be as perfect as would be desired. There is unquestionably something very potent and influential in Quaker training, and the personal responsibility that it involves—something in those too little-appreciated silent meetings, to discipline the spirit, and widen the charities, and give gentleness of judgment. It is a fact worthy to be recorded, that on this large Conference, composed of hundreds of men varying greatly in experience, and often diverse in their conclusions, the shadow of the *odium theologicum* never once rested, and that throughout the

## 14 *The Recent Friends' Conference in London.*

whole of its deliberations upon very delicate and important questions, there was scarcely a trace of the proverbial bitterness of controversial debate.

This is pre-eminently a day of Church Conferences, and there are some who are ready to depreciate the tendency, and who avow themselves weary of "so much talk." But it is doubtful if this be a wise judgment. Public and free deliberations, whether in political or ecclesiastical parliaments, have a wonderful educating power; and if wisely conducted they help greatly in promoting enlightenment and useful thought. Along with very much that is foolish and inconsequent, there will be many grains of wisdom, to be gathered perhaps in no other way; and the faculty of discrimination and judgment is specially called into exercise. Looking at the question in all its bearings, there is reason to believe that the attempted distinction between talkers and workers is not justified by facts. All reformers, all educators, have been talkers, either with tongue or pen; and they have sometimes been reproached for the amount of their talk. In this business and work, as in all others, there are dealers in mere shoddy and veneer, but these worthless imitators only testify to the value and importance of the real article.

The recent Conference of Friends in London may be practically regarded as an adjournment of the Yearly Meeting to consider the state of the Society upon certain imperfectly defined heads; and in the number of members attending, it would vie with the largest meetings of our annual gathering. Nearly eight hundred men assembled from all parts of the nation to testify to their deep interest in the welfare of a religious community which has still important work to do, and which stands almost alone before the world as a Church without a clergy, without rites and ceremonies, or prearranged service; having in charge

## *The Recent Friends' Conference in London.* 15

some great and almost neglected truths, which it is bound to do its utmost wisely and rightly to proclaim to the world.

The proceedings and debates of this remarkable meeting have been put before the Society with unusual fulness; and the result of its deliberations, though at present nothing more than a report awaiting the consideration of the legislative body, is also in the hands of our readers, and will be likely to arouse the serious thoughtfulness of many before our next Annual Meeting.

Of the various suggestions and proposals which were so far endorsed by the Conference as to be entered upon the Report, the large proportion may be described as needing the courageous and vigorous handling of the Monthly and Particular Meetings, rather than any fresh legislation on the part of the Yearly Meeting; since the liberty will be found already to exist for putting them into practice when felt to be desirable.

Amongst these we may include the various suggestions for the improvement of our Meetings for Discipline, and on the subject of Oversight and religious instruction. The power already belongs to Monthly and Quarterly Meetings to carry out such proposals as the following:—

1st. To hold frequent and regular joint Conferences of men and women Friends on questions of mutual interest.

2nd. To hand over routine business and formal arrangements and mere accounts, to small committees, who may report conclusions and results.

3rd. To extend the appointment and define the duties of Overseers, with a view to a wider and more effective pastoral care.

4th. To hold religious instruction meetings for younger and older members and attenders of meetings.

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5th. To introduce into Church meetings a greater variety of subjects of Christian interest. And

6th. To make such arrangements of time and place for the holding of meetings, both for worship and discipline, as may conduce to the greatest benefit of the greatest number.

In some few places arrangements to promote these objects are already partially in force ; and that such is not more generally the case, must be due either to ignorance of the amount of liberty which our Church polity is designed to cherish, or, perhaps, more commonly to a timid submission to the power of routine and the influence of long-established custom. On this subject it is probably the duty of the Yearly Meeting to stir up its subordinate meetings to a diligent use of their opportunities ; and to urge them more freely to recognise that there is a manifestation of the Spirit given to every generation whereby to make its own arrangements and do its own work.

For two of the suggestions contained in the Report it will be obviously needful to await the sanction of the Yearly Meeting before accepting them as recognised arrangements of the Society. These propositions may be described in brief as, first, the introduction of Scripture Reading, pre-arranged and otherwise, into our religious meetings ; and, secondly, the incorporation of the office bearers of the Church into one subordinate body, charged with fresh duties and responsibilities. A few considerations bearing on these suggestions may not be out of place.

On the first of these important subjects, it will be evidently needful for members of the Society of Friends, with their inherited judgment and practice on the question of Scripture Reading in meetings for public worship, to make an effort to distinguish between things that differ. On this point it will be well for the writer to state his conviction at once, that *there*

*is no reason for considering that the practice of reading the Scriptures in Meetings for Worship is at variance with any Christian principle.* It may rather be described as purely a question of what is for the best. It was clearly best for the Primitive Christians, gathered as so many of them had been out of heathenism, and consequently to a large extent ignorant of the character of God, and His government of the world, as revealed to the chosen people, that they should have stated readings from the Hebrew Scriptures in their religious meetings. And the evidence that they did so, would seem to be clear and decided, though incidental in its character.

The engagements of the Primitive Church Assemblies were, doubtless, to a large extent, based on the method of the Jewish Synagogue, in which the plan for public Scripture reading had been in vogue for centuries ; and that the early Christians generally adopted this practice we may gather from the incidental allusions of several of their writers. Justin Martyr, who was within a few years of being contemporary with the Apostle John, tells us in his "Apology for the Christians, addressed to the Emperor Antoninus Pius," that "on the day which is called the day of the Sun, a meeting is held in one place of all who reside both in the towns and country, and the writings of the Apostles, or of the prophets, are read, as time admits." Again Tertullian, who lived rather later, says, "We assemble together to call the sacred writings to remembrance, and by these holy words we feed our faith, raise our hope, and establish our confidence."

In those days, when copies of the Scriptures were costly and scarce, and often incomplete, an arrangement of this sort was obviously wise and expedient. And coming down to our own days, and our own people, it was also unquestionably for the best, that Daniel Wheeler and Thomas Shillitoe, and others



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similarly circumstanced, when holding meetings with the crews on board ship, or with people unfamiliar with the Scriptures, should occupy a portion of the time in reading a chapter from the Bible.

But what is expedient for one generation or class is not necessarily expedient for another, and the question arises, From what cause and under what conditions did the present abstinence from public Scripture reading in the meetings of Friends come about?

The circumstances under which our forefathers entered upon their great movement in the seventeenth century are familiar to most of us. They had seen the terrible mischief that Form, and Prearrangement, and Ceremonial had wrought against the life and reality of religion, and, believers as they were in an indwelling Presence, and a Living Head of the Church, they took their stand in favour of that which was spontaneous and direct from the Spirit of God. It is, perhaps, doubtful whether they in all points fully considered, or whether even it was needful for them to consider, the requirements of calmer days, when their children should succeed them. They were men brought together under pressure of the times, and they had their own work to do. Wonderfully imbued with the Spirit of Christ, and with an intimate knowledge, through early training and study, of the teachings of Holy Scripture, they were at the same time rich with the great affluence of spiritual gifts, and it was perhaps as natural and right for them in their day not to arrange for public Scripture reading as it was for the primitive believers to adopt the plan of the synagogue. There was undoubtedly at the same time a strong Puritan feeling, not to call it prejudice, against the least approach to a liturgy, which probably had a decided, though perhaps to themselves an imperceptible influence upon the primitive arrangements of the Quaker Church. The result of this has been that

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the Society, which has from the first steadily recognised the Divine authority of Holy Scripture, whose founders declared that the Gospel they preached was nothing but primitive Christianity revived ; whose members have been remarkable for their regular and reverent use of the Bible at home, and for their zeal in promoting the object which the British and Foreign Bible Society has been established to achieve,—is the one Christian community which does not admit the sacred writings into its public assemblies !

Strange and anomalous as this condition of things may at first sight appear, there has been so far as we have gone no proved inconsistency in our recognised arrangements. The practices of the Primitive Church are not necessarily binding upon us ; nor is the public reading of the Scriptures an imperative sacrament incumbent upon the Church in all ages. Further, the results of religious teaching, faithfully and diligently carried on under the sacred influences of the Christian home, stand incomparably before any more public work, and may possibly at times supersede it. Whether the deadness of a number of our religious meetings, and the weakness and half-heartedness which are to be found among so many of our nominal members, are to any great extent traceable to the absence among us of public Scripture reading, is open to grave doubt. The experience and condition of other religious bodies who are regular in the use of such reading, would appear to testify to the contrary.

It is sometimes said that the widespread heresy that desolated the Society in America about fifty years ago, was to a great extent, due to the non-use of the Scriptures in religious meetings. The record of the Hicksite secession has yet to be written by an impartial historian ; but, judging from such data as we have, it would appear that it was rather due to the great neglect of a genial religious culture and regular

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Scriptural instruction in the homes of many of the American Friends.

The plan adopted by the Society from its earliest days, of basing its public worship on the silent aspiration and loving obedience of every member of the meeting, has in it too much of wisdom and truth to be lightly set aside. It may be said to have grown into a fixed arrangement, not so much as being the inevitable outcome of any Divinely prescribed rule, but as a wise and expedient plan for attaining most completely a certain end ; that end being to keep, as far as may be, every act of worship, whether secret or public, *thoroughly genuine and true* ; and to prevent the grave danger of an attempted supremacy of the human will and intellect over the influences of the spirit of God.

A method of congregational worship shaped on so lofty an ideal, whilst generally admitted to be rich in blessing to those who heartily and intelligently accept it, is likely to have its assailable points, and may at times have led to certain results that may seem open to debate. It may not cover all the ground which a religious community met in public worship is bound to occupy. It may not supply all the wants that belong to the work of *edifying or building up the Church*.

It is evidently the judgment of a large number of Friends that there is a deficiency in our arrangements in these respects. It is said, with much force, that the Society in the present day consists of a very mixed company, including many who are trained and experienced Christians, many who are in training and who are gradually gaining experience and strength, and many who are at present undecided, but whom we are hoping may be drawn in by degrees through the gentle long-suffering influences of God's Spirit, working often through the fostering care of the Church, as well as by

many other ways. For these diverse wants and conditions a variety of means would seem to be required, to maintain and increase spiritual life and strength and knowledge, and effectually to help forward the sublime purpose which the Church is designed to promote. Looking at the facts before us, and at the experience of the Society of Friends for the last two hundred years, can it be any longer maintained that the meeting for worship, as at present constituted, is sufficient to meet these varied requirements of the Church, even when backed and supplemented, as we thankfully believe is the case, by the daily religious culture and the earnest labours and prayers of many Christian homes? We think there is but one answer to this,—the regular arrangements established among us, and as at present worked, are not equal to the case. The striking feature about the method adopted in our meetings for public worship is, that it opens the door for the exercise of a free and varied and fitting ministry, prompted and directed by the Spirit of Christ. Where these precious gifts are absent for a length of time from any congregation of Friends, we do not hesitate to say that the fault must lie with the members themselves, and that no arrangements of any Yearly Meeting, no system of Scripture Reading, will be found properly to supply the lacking help. A child needs food and instruction; but a lesson in science or arithmetic would be a poor substitute for its daily bread and butter. In spiritual things the same principle will, to a large extent, hold good. Life comes before knowledge, and it needs the first care; and not only so, but without life knowledge has no place.

But whilst thus giving the chief prominence to our meetings for worship and to the gifts for which they are the fitting sphere, it may be doubted whether there is in them full scope for all we understand by the term

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*religious instruction*, and even whether such is its right place. In the work of religious teaching (we speak of it as a gift of the Spirit) there is need for a large amount of forethought and pre-arrangement, and for what may be regarded as more exclusively the work of the intellect; whilst the free and familiar illustrations that might be required for the purpose, and the conversational style that would often be adopted, though truly wise and desirable for the purpose, and constantly associated with preaching in the meetings for worship among other religious bodies, would not seem to our ideas altogether to comport with the solemnity, or even the object of a worshipping assembly.

Now, it must be admitted that there is no field for the exercise of this gift of religious teaching like the Scripture reading meeting. The Bible is in a true sense the Divinely-appointed hand-book of religion, and the seeker after truth will arrive at a very limited acquaintance with spiritual things without it. The wonderful revelation it gives us of both the holiness and tender compassion of the Divine Being, His Fatherly government of the world, the great purpose of human life, and the marvellous destiny that awaits those who lovingly yield themselves to the power of the Gospel of Christ, supplies a something which the soul of man yearns after and feels to be true, but to which no unaided human power could possibly have attained. The beautiful variety of style and subject with which its venerable pages are enriched makes it also, in the hand of the truly qualified Christian teacher, a delightful text-book of religious instruction.

But to introduce such reading into our ordinary meetings for worship, would be likely both to disturb the worship and restrict the teacher; and would in other important respects endanger the standing of the Church. Granted that the arrangement would involve no actual compromise of any immutable principle, yet,

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in the judgment of many, there would be a compromise of the position which the Society has so long taken up on the subject of ministry and worship, and which needs as much as ever to be firmly maintained. On this question it is desirable to be very explicit, from the unavoidably ambiguous way in which it is dealt with in the Report. If the proposal be designed to save the worshipper the trouble of that personal effort involved in truly waiting upon the Lord, and to fill up a void caused by unfaithful men and women withholding their help from the cause of God and His Church, then it is plainly out of harmony with the genius of Quakerism, and we can have no sympathy with it.

But as we understand the proposal, this is not its object. The aim is to find a fitting sphere for the gift of teaching : to establish and promote sound religious instruction on a free Quaker basis, and to increase and deepen a worshipping spirit amongst all our members, by enlarging their knowledge of Divine things. We believe this object will be best attained by the regular holding of Scripture reading meetings throughout the Society as part of its fixed arrangements.

In the carrying out of such a proposal, there will doubtless be many difficulties to overcome ; many dangers to avoid. There will be want of zeal, want of power, want of rightly qualified teachers ;—the danger of unprofitable doctrinal discussion, of hard dogmatic teaching, and of narrow literalness in the application of Scripture truth. But the dangers that threaten us from apathy and ignorance transcend them all, and if there be the same reverent recognition of the presence of Christ, and the same desire for the meeting to be held under His authority, as is so remarkably to be seen in our meetings for worship, we may confidently anticipate good and great results.

On the question of arrangement we concur in the

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opinion that it will be best for such meetings to take the place of the second meeting for worship held on the First-day. It would not be possible in many places to get a large proportion of the congregation to a third meeting on that day, and there are a number of reasons that would often stand in the way of a successful meeting on any other day of the week.

We come then to the conclusion that there is an urgent need in our little Church for the establishment of regular meetings for religious teaching; that such service is best carried on upon the basis of Scripture reading, and not as a part of our ordinary meetings for worship: and we trust such may be the judgment of the next Yearly Meeting, when it comes to deal with this important question.

Some further observations on the deliberations of the Conference, and on the report which it finally adopted, we must leave to a future number.

## REMINISCENCES OF CHARLES WATERTON.

IN No. XXVII of *The Friends' Examiner* is a paper from Thomas Lister, on "Walton Hall and its late owner." At the close of my eighty-sixth year I cannot write with the vivacity of my friend Thomas Lister, still, as my recollections of Walton Hall are, in some respects, different from his, and my name is mentioned in his paper, I feel tempted to give them.

In the summer of 1831, the first meeting of the British Association was held in York: I at that time filled the office of Superintendent of the Friends' Retreat for the Insane. The late Dr. Pritchard of Bristol, with his friend Dr. Gilbey of Wakefield, attended the meeting of the British Association, and came together to look over the Retreat: on the table in my library there was the first number of Audubon's "Birds of America": this book caused them to speak of Charles Waterton, and Dr. Gilbey spoke of him as his personal friend, at whose house he had a bed whenever he chose to occupy it. That being so, I asked if he would kindly give me an introduction to him. He replied that Mr. Waterton was that strange kind of man, that if a person to whom he had given an introduction was to deliver it when Mr. Waterton was at dinner, or otherwise engaged, the probability was that he would never speak to him again, and therefore he had determined never to give one; such being the case I determined to introduce myself.

Having to go to Leeds shortly after, to take my son to a situation, I drove to a small inn at Sandall, about two miles from Walton Hall, and put up my horse,



and wrote a short note to Charles Waterton, saying that I had heard so much of the ornithological beauties of Walton Hall that I had come several miles out of my way with the hope of being allowed to see them. I walked up to the hall and sent in the note. I received an immediate answer that if I would walk upstairs and examine what was there he would soon join me. We saw the objects enumerated by Thomas Lister; and, in addition, there were some beautiful green trogons with rose-coloured breasts. Thirty years afterwards Charles Waterton pointed out these birds to me, and lamented that time and light had taken all the rose-colour from their breasts, which had become white, while the green on their backs was as resplendent as ever. The peculiar beauty of the collection consisted of birds killed in their finest plumage, and in the softness of the naked parts of the skin; but as they were all stuffed without having wires passed down their legs, there was too great a uniformity in their position; they were all in one attitude, their legs bent, and resting on their breasts. I believe that the only exception as to attitude was in the case of the compound bird, with the legs of a bittern and the head of an owl; in this made-up bird, the bittern's legs stood upright, the bones being kept in that position.

In a short time, as we were looking over the staircase, we saw three gentlemen leave the drawing-room and come upstairs, when he introduced one of them as his neighbour, Sir William Pilkington, the other as Mr. Tuffnell of London, saying he should soon be at liberty from these gentlemen, but that *we* must *not part* just yet. It appeared as though the brevity and directness of my note had influenced him in my favour; as soon as his visitors had gone he rejoined us, and took from a box a skin of the bald-faced baboon, saying, "Mr. Allis, do you think it is possible,

from such a skin as that, to fashion this animal which I call a nondescript?"

He was told that with his skill, it was thought to be very possible; he was evidently greatly pleased, and, although he neither said the nondescript was, or was not, formed from a similar skin, I never afterwards entertained a doubt as to its paternity: the bald-face would be very much stretched out, and I suppose he would cut a model for the nose from a piece of wood, put it in the right place, and stretch the skin to fit it.

After we had inspected all his treasures, he said, "Now, Mr. Allis, I may tell you, that I have done for you what I do not do for any one more frequently than once in three or four years, and when you come next, you must bring your horse to my stable, and not leave it at Sandall." He then said that he would walk with me through the park and show me a few things. On leaving the house, the first things he pointed out were the two knockers on the door; they were made to strike on the brows of two human faces, of cast metal; the face on the left door appeared to be suffering intense agony from the blows it received; on the right door, the knocker was fastened that it could not be used, and the face was radiant with smiles and good feeling at being exempt from the blows to which its neighbour was subjected; he told me that, after the castings were made, he had the models destroyed, that no one else might have the same. We then walked round the island on which the house is, and looked into the unoccupied nests where starlings and owls had lately reared their young, and into which he was in the habit of looking while breeding was going on, without disturbing the birds.

Close to the left side of the bridge stands the remnant of the old hall, with its old door, in the centre of which was a bullet surrounded by a brass ring, on which is engraved the fact that that bullet was placed

there by Oliver Cromwell when he summoned the place to surrender to the Parliamentary forces. The communication was then by a drawbridge which he could not pass. On a subsequent visit he took, and demolished the place, and of course is regarded with feelings that may be imagined, by the present possessor, a Roman Catholic, and a staunch Royalist.

On crossing the bridge, the first object that attracted our attention was a tall poplar that had been struck by lightning during last haymaking. Charles Waterton had noticed that a number of haymakers had clustered around it, to seek shelter from the rain; he went out and warned them of their danger, and ordered them to go somewhere else; they had only just left the tree when the lightning struck it, and the bark was shivered from the top to the bottom; the mark of which was still visible. Before next haymaking, he had erected a shelter for the haymakers, by fixing a number of Yorkshire flag-stones upright in the ground, and covering them with a large square one. We next noticed the cover for the game, which was protected by strong wooden fencing, with openings at the bottom sufficiently large for the pheasants to pass through.

The next object that claimed attention was a large hazel tree growing up through the centre of a mill-stone. He told me that thirty years before, he had noticed a small nut tree growing up through the stone from a nut which some mouse must have deposited, and that he had then determined that the tree should raise the stone, which it now did, the tree fitting the aperture, and the stone being several inches above the surrounding earth on all sides. We then went into the kitchen garden, where he pointed out how, in leveling the ground to make the garden, they had cut through a ridge of land, leaving a naked escarpment of about twenty feet high, which the sand-martins had selected for their home, and had filled the upper part

with their nests. From hence we went to the rivulet spoken of by Thomas Lister, close by which, in a grove of firs, was a large roof supported on poles, which he had put up to shelter the parties who came, with his leave, to picnic on the premises, who always had their kettles boiled by a person who lived in an adjoining cottage. Here we parted company, more than satisfied with the kindness with which we had been received, on this our first visit.

Our next intercourse took place late in the summer of 1834. He called on me at the Retreat soon after we had breakfasted; he soon fell into conversation about J. J. Audubon, and said that a statement he had made was quite as absurd as if any one should tell him there was a bird without a furcula (the furcula is what we call the merry-thought when carving a fowl;) it is generally attached by cartilage to the inner side of the coracoid. I remarked that if he would accompany me to our Museum, I would show him a bird that never had a furcula, viz., the love-bird. I informed him also that my friend Wm. Yarrel, who was then publishing his history of British Birds, had recently called on me, on his way from the Edinburgh meeting of the British Association; that I told him I had lately prepared the skeleton of the love-bird, when he immediately replied "And where was the furcula?" adding, that so convinced was he that he had mislaid the bone, that he prepared two other skeletons before he could convince himself of the fact.

At this time I had never prepared the skeleton of an ostrich, but I afterwards found that none of the struthionidæ, none of the New Zealand dinornidæ, nor the dodo have any furcula. The gannet has the strongest and thickest furcula of any known bird: in addition to its ligamentous attachment it has a shoulder on which the coracoid rests; it also is flattened at the apex, which reaches to the sternum, and is thus

able to bear the concussion to which it is subjected on reaching the water from the sky, from which it dives for its prey. The only other birds having this shoulder to the furcula, that I have observed, are the swift and the humming-bird, whose rapidity of flight requires them to have a strong fulcrum to support the action of their wings. The gannet has also the strongest sclerotic bones of any bird; notwithstanding which, on one occasion, I saw a gannet that lost its life in descending to strike its prey. The garfish raised its head, so that the lower sharp-pointed mandible entered the eye of the gannet, passing through the aperture that takes the optic nerve to the eye. It became so firmly fixed in the skull that the jaw broke off and remained firmly fixed in the bird's eye: the bird in its agony, retired to a field immediately adjoining the cliff, and was picked up dead.

It is to be regretted that W. Yarrel's skeletons were prepared without the feet being skinned, as this prevented his noticing that the swift, which never alights except to enter its nest, differs from all other birds in having the same number of bones in all its toes; that the goatsucker, which never grasps a bough, or alights on a tree, except it be on a large horizontal branch that proceeds from the main trunk, has one bone less in its outer toe; and that the tendon which moves the long inner toe of the water-hen is invariably bisected by a small bone which increases its strength without enlarging its size.

Charles Waterton was interested in the subjects we discussed, and was not aware how quickly time passed; on taking out his watch, he said he ought to have been at the Castle, as he was summoned on a special jury. He added that he knew he should be fined for non-attendance before that, and therefore he would not go to the Castle at all, but would spend the morning with me. He left, saying how much he had

enjoyed the interview, and that he should remember that morning to the latest day in his life.

Thomas Lister speaks of the losses caused by game-keepers, but Charles Waterton's greatest loss was a fine ocelot, which he had brought home from his travels, which followed him about like a dog, and had the full range of the park, and was accustomed to disport itself on the trees, from which it was shot by a barge-man on the canal which skirts the south wall of the park.

We did not meet again for some years. In 1843 we began to take some of our inmates to Scarborough for the benefit of the sea air, when we again met, and used to see each other, from that time, annually. In 1851 Charles Waterton attended the Great Exhibition, taking with him a beautiful, preserved male eider duck ; it was folded together to be taken, and its head was off ; he inflated the skin, by blowing into it ; then, after inflating the neck, placed the head on, and it fitted so beautifully, that no observer would notice that the head had been off ; this he deposited at the College of Surgeons, to show to any ornithological friends he might meet with. He went to the Exhibition and wrote a letter to the *Illustrated London News*, finding fault with the stuffed birds exhibited. A gentleman who had sent a stuffed peacock felt indignant at the statement, and said that if Mr. Waterton would go to a certain part of the Exhibition, he would see a peacock which was a model of good stuffing : he went accordingly, and afterwards gave his opinion of it, finding fault with the bird from its head to the soles of its feet, and a long correspondence ensued, and was continued after his arrival at Scarborough in the autumn. In 1855 I was placed on the Ackworth Committee, and after going off the Committee for a year, at the expiration of the first four, served another five years, filling a vacancy caused by the death

of our valued friend Thomas Pumphrey, by appointment of the Committee, at the end of the next four, during which ten years I was accustomed to visit Walton Hall annually.

On one occasion I was specially invited to meet George Ord, the editor of Wilson's "American Ornithology," and who wrote his biography. At another time, when I had a friend with me (Charles Waterton having retired after dinner to take his usual siesta), his son kindly offered to take his two aunts, my friend and myself, a row round the lake. I also saw for the first time the beautiful eider before noticed, and an equally curious small weasel, whose head was also taken off, but when it was replaced, so beautiful was the junction, that not a hair appeared to be misplaced; the two were marvellous specimens of successful taxidermy.

As Charles Waterton had so criticised the peacock at the Exhibition, I took to him on one of my visits, a beautiful five years' old bird, in its finest May plumage, to try his hand on. He said that, in the first place he must improvise a bath in which to place it, so that every feather might be poisoned by its immersion in a solution of corrosive sublimate in spirits of wine; the solution to be so weak that, when dropped on metal, it would, on drying, leave no trace of powder. On visiting him next year, I found the bird beautifully preserved, standing under a glass shade, more than five feet high; all the naked parts as soft as a kid glove, and having on the edge of the eyelids a row of small beadlets, which gave it a most life-like appearance, and which, with common stuffing, would have dried up and disappeared; and Charles Waterton informed me that there was not a day, for more than three months, in which he had not devoted more or less time to manipulating the skin, so as to preserve the flexibility of the naked parts.

During one of my periodical visits he told me that a gentleman who kept a school had asked leave to take his pupils ; but these had exhibited so much of the irrepressible hilarity of schoolboy life, as to cause an interdict to the visit of any future schoolboys. But though schoolboys were interdicted, the female teachers at Ackworth, knowing of my intimacy at Walton, solicited me for an introduction, which I gave, and I believe they several times availed themselves of the privilege. It was, I think, on the occasion of my last visit but one to Walton Hall, that I was accompanied by my wife and daughter, when they were both most kindly welcomed, as I had always been, by every member of the family.

I believe Charles Waterton's wife lost her life at the birth of her first child, or soon after, and her two sisters afterwards lived with him, and kept house for him till his death, which was occasioned by a violent fall, by his foot catching in the root of a tree, near where his remains were afterwards interred. I saw his sisters in York after his death, and was told by them that, as their nephew was more of an antiquarian than a naturalist, their brother had left all his Museum to them, and that they were going to deposit everything at Ushaw College, that they might be preserved for his grandson, if he should develope a taste for them ; I did not understand that they were *given* to the College, as stated by T. Lister.

On one occasion, at Scarborough, I met a gentleman of my acquaintance, the Chairman of the West Riding Bench of Magistrates, and told him that Mr. Waterton had arrived last night ; he shrugged his shoulders, saying, "But Mr. Waterton tells such marvellous stories ;" my reply was—that Mr. Waterton was of a sanguine temperament ; that if two persons, the one of a sanguine, the other of a phlegmatic temperament, were to see any transaction, however simple, and were



to describe what they had seen, they would probably do so in very different words, and yet each might be true ; and that if you allowed for Mr. Waterton's sanguine temperament, you might place implicit confidence in his statements.

About the year 1859 or 1860, on my usual summer's visit, Charles Waterton told me that, during last winter, he had built up a wall to enclose the colony of sand martins, and that he had made holes for their nests ; and how pleased he was to find these holes almost all occupied by them. He probably did this hoping to improve their comfort ; but it was a sad mistake, only to be accounted for by his advanced age, and the consequent loss of that prevision for which he was, before, remarkable. If the poor birds had possessed the power of speech, they would doubtless have told him that their possession was compulsory, and not of their own choice ; that, if they had gone elsewhere this year, and made new holes, their progeny would have been quite unfitted for their winter's migration, so they were compelled to occupy the holes made for them ; but that when the young birds came from their nests, they would be quite unable to make holes in the brick wall for their future nests, and that the old birds, witnessing their distressed condition, would, as soon as they were able to fly, lead them forth to seek another sunny bank, on which to form another colony, free from the danger of being enclosed behind brick and mortar. The birds were not noticed making this colony, but that they did so there can be no doubt, because in the following year not a pair of martins went to their old home, and in succeeding years many of the holes were occupied by starlings and sparrows, whose capacious nests would preserve their young from being injured by the dampness of the holes.

We were not always of the same opinion ; but this

never on any occasion affected our feeling of friendship, or lessened the regard I entertained for him for more than thirty years. I remember him also as a staunch advocate of Peace—he having often expressed his abhorrence of War.

Since the death of Charles Waterton, his son has presented to the Yorkshire Philosophical Society a stone from the Milstone Grit, which had lain for years on his father's estate; it bears evident tokens of Saxon times, and is a valuable addition to the small number of similar stones in the Museum.

I should say, before concluding, that Charles Waterton was of abstemious habits and kept a simple table, to which he gave his visitors a cordial welcome.

THOMAS ALLIS.

## WILLIAM CATON.

"I know that no visible created thing can satisfy that which longeth to be refreshed with the living streams which issue out from the fountain which watereth and refresheth the whole city of God. . . . A living fountain hath the Lord set open for Judah and Jerusalem; and all that are bathed and washed in it come to enter into the holy city."—W. CATON.

It was on a winter day, early in 1652, that George Fox unexpectedly, and for the first time, arrived at Swarthmoor Hall, near Ulverston, the beautifully situated residence of Judge Fell, who was then absent on his circuit. This visit proved a very eventful one to not a few of the members of that large household.

William Caton was then in his sixteenth year, and had for some time resided at the hall, sharing the educational advantages of the Judge's only son, who was taught by a clergyman, a relative of the Catons; he soon became a favourite of the whole family, so that difference in social position was lost sight of. He shared George Fell's chamber, and was his companion in field-sports and fishing as well as in study. From early childhood he had at times been the subject of serious impressions, and had been very carefully brought up by his parents. The sudden change in his style of living had by no means the unfavourable effect which might have been feared, for he says that his heart was softened whilst thus living in "much pleasure, ease, and fulness . . . forasmuch as Providence had cast me into such a noble family, where there were such sweet children, with whose company I was more than a little affected. In those days there remained an integrity in my heart towards God, and often did I call upon His name."

In order to be alone whilst engaged in prayer he would, of a morning, linger in the bedroom until his companion had gone down stairs. He was much exposed to temptation during a few months spent by George Fell and himself at a country school, but, he writes, "The Lord was wonderfully gracious to me, and many times, when I have deserved nothing but stripes from Him, hath He broken and overcome my heart with His Divine love." At times his soul ardently longed for communion with God, and he found that he could not appease its cravings by taking notes of sermons or writing paraphrases of them, though such efforts were commended by the family at the hall.

Much did he marvel at the unfashionable dress and simple manners of their guest from Fenny Drayton, "Yet something in me," he writes, "did love him and own his testimony. And I began to find the truth of what he spoke in myself; for his doctrine tended very much to the bringing of us to the light, with which Christ Jesus had enlightened us withal, which shined in our hearts and convinced us of sin and evil; and into love with that and obedience to that he sought to bring us, that thereby, through the Son, we might be brought into unity and covenant with the Lord."

Deep, also, and lasting, was the effect of George Fox's ministry on the hearts of the mistress of Swarthmoor Hall (a descendant of the martyr, Anne Askew), her young daughters and their governess, as well as on the steward, Thomas Salthouse, the housekeeper, and most of the servants; and when Judge Fell was crossing the sands of Leven, on his homeward journey, he was told that his family were all bewitched. His son, too, we find, was "somewhat touched with the same power," which helped to smooth the path of William Caton, who was experiencing in his own soul the power of the truths which they had heard, though he confesses that they often "extinguished the good"

in themselves; "but," he adds, "such was the love of God to me in those days, that I was as surely pursued with judgment as I was overtaken with folly." At times he would retire to some solitary spot that he might seek for spiritual refreshment by drawing near to God.

After awhile his mental conflicts unfitted him for hard study, and Margaret Fell, with Christian sympathy and womanly penetration, divined the cause of his inability to write themes and make Latin verses; she, therefore, suggested that he should leave school and occupy himself in teaching her daughters and acting as her secretary. Her strengthening and soothing influence must have been very helpful to him, for he describes this period as a happy time: he found congenial employment in writing for her of "precious and wholesome things pertaining to the Truth: whereby [he continues] I came to have good opportunities to be conversant with Friends, in whom the life of righteousness began to bud and spring forth, and who grew in love and unity, with which my soul was exceedingly affected; and I desired very much to be one with them in it." Meanwhile the good work which his Saviour had begun in his soul was carried on more rapidly perhaps than he was himself aware of.

"When I was about seventeen years of age," he writes, "the power of the Lord God did work mightily and effectually in me to the cleansing, purging, and sanctifying of me. . . . And then I began to be broken, melted, and overcome with the love of God which sprang in my heart, and the Divine and precious promises that were confirmed to my soul. Oh! the preciousness and excellency of that day! Oh! the glory and the blessedness of that day! how or wherewith shall I demonstrate it, that *they that are yet unborn might understand it*, and give glory unto the Lord Jehovah?"

This most merciful visitation was shared by many others of the household, and very closely were their

hearts drawn together ; whilst such was their desire to unitedly worship Him who had done such great things for them that they frequently met for this purpose in the latter part of the evening, when other members of the family had retired to rest. Great was William Caton's disappointment when, in consequence of George Fell's wish to keep early hours—or, it may be, to avoid late meetings—he had sometimes to accompany him to his chamber, whilst his heart remained with the little company below, for, he says, the refreshment and benefit of these seasons was indescribable. “ If,” he adds, “ we had suffered loss in the day-time when we had been abroad about our business or the like, then we came in a great measure thus to be restored again, through the love, power, and mercy of our God, which abounded very much unto us.”

The young heir of Swarthmoor Hall had become indifferent to such matters, and William Caton was not sorry when, in consequence of his being sent to another school, they were separated. It was true that this might stand in the way of his worldly preferment, but we cannot wonder that this seemed of little moment to one who could say, “ I was often overcome with the love of my Father, which did exceedingly break and ravish my heart, and so I know it was with others of that family ; and of the overflowings thereof did we communicate one to another to the comforting and refreshing one of another ; and truly willing we were to sympathise and bear one with another, and in true and tender love to watch one over another. And oh ! the love, mercy, and power of God, which abounded to us, through us, and among us, who shall declare it ?” Many Friends at a distance, hearing how remarkably the Lord's power was manifested in this family, visited Swarthmoor Hall, so that occasionally visitors from five or six counties would stay at the house at one time. This gave especial satisfaction to William Caton, who, in

consequence of frequently writing for Margaret Fell, had much intercourse with them. George Fox he regarded as a tender-hearted father, who, not content with "having begotten him through the Gospel," endeavoured to lead him onwards in the path of the just; whilst his "entirely beloved friend, Margaret Fell," cared for him as if he had been her child.

But these peaceful days at Swarthmoor were but the preparation for his life labours; freely had he received of the grace of God, and freely was he to share it with others. George Fox says, "He was one like unto Timothy, who was an example in innocence, simplicity, and purity in his life and conversation, after he was converted; for *that* did preach, as well as his doctrine, in the churches of Christ." William Caton himself thus describes his call to the ministry: "Seeing the darkness and ignorance so great in which people were involved, my spirit was stirred within me, and my earthen vessel came to be filled with love to their souls, and with zeal for God and His Truth. And about that time I began to know the motion of His power and the command of His Spirit; by which I came to be moved to go to the places of public worship." Although, at that period, it was not a rare event for laymen to address a congregation at the conclusion of the usual service, it can be no matter of surprise that a youth of seventeen should shrink from thus publicly testifying against the sins of preachers as well as hearers. But he had given his heart to his Redeemer, and henceforth there was but one way for him to walk in—narrow it might be, and yet an indescribably blessed one. "Wherefore when I saw it must be so," he says, "I put on courage in the name of the Lord; and having faith in Him which stood in His power I gave up to His will." Then he realised the fulfilment of Christ's promise that He would be with him; perplexing doubts and the fear of man were alike taken from

him, and ability was given him—stripling though he was—to speak as “one having authority.” Some were willing to hear him, others “as brute beasts” fell upon him; but the Lord preserved him from evil, and filled his heart with peace.

Besides these Sabbath services he often preached in market places, seldom knowing what he should say until he reached the spot, yet never lacking words wherewith to clothe His Master’s message. “His word,” he writes, “did often powerfully pass through me, and never did I go about any service for the Lord in which I was faithful, but I always had my reward with me.” Blows and beatings, stocks and stonings, he gave little heed to, for he found in the enjoyment of God’s love that which made more than full amends for all; and whenever he was most deeply tried, the tenderness of the Lord’s love was most clearly experienced. He alludes also to the great help afforded him from the consciousness of the warm attachment of his fellow-believers.

In the intervals of his ministerial service he industriously employed himself at Swarthmoor, still finding true spiritual refreshment with the household there, as they “spake often one to another and the Lord hearkened and heard.” But soon he found that, notwithstanding “the glorious days there,” the time was at hand when he must bid his friends farewell, and go forth, at his Saviour’s bidding, to work in more distant vineyards. Judge Fell was very unwilling for him to leave his house, but his wife, with truer affection, overcame her first feelings of regret, and freely gave him up. And yet, although they felt that they could still be near one another in spirit, it was amidst the freely-flowing tears, as well as the fervent prayers of the family, that the parting took place, on a winter day, when he was about eighteen.

He travelled chiefly on foot and—bearing this in



mind—his diligence in his holy calling was, it has been remarked, almost beyond belief. When twelve months had elapsed he had visited, in addition to many English counties, some parts of Scotland, Calais, Rotterdam and other Dutch cities. In London he found several ministering brethren from the north, and, together, they laboured night and day. "The word of the Lord grew mightily," he says, "and many were added to the faith." Here he met with John Stubbs, who soon became one of his dearest friends. The previous year he had left the army in consequence of the effect produced on his mind by the preaching of George Fox; a holier warfare lay before him in many parts of Europe, in Egypt and America; he was well skilled in the classics, and a remarkable Oriental scholar. Like William Caton he greatly loved and esteemed Margaret Fell. In one of his letters to her he says, "How often in my distress hath the Lord raised one up to minister in season to me, both by word and by writing. . . . Truly He hath made thee, even thee, as His angel and messenger these two times to publish peace unto me."

Whilst William Caton and John Stubbs were holding meetings in Kent, they were brought before the magistrates at Dover, who decided that a penalty should be inflicted on any one who gave them lodging; they were consequently turned out from the apartments which they had occupied at the inn. In this time of need they were befriended by a shoemaker, named Luke Howard, who having been told on the previous First-day that a Quaker was preaching in the churchyard, at once went there, and seemed to find a sermon even in William Caton's countenance and demeanour; he protected him from abuse and insult, and carefully noticed the house which he entered, in order that he might visit him when the darkness of the winter evening should screen him from observation.

But he soon grew bolder, for when the innkeeper no longer dared to entertain the young preachers, Luke Howard said to them, "Go home to my house, for I care not for the rulers nor mayor either;" and he refused to give them up when asked to do so by the constables.

Two meetings were held in his house, of which the latter was regarded by him as the turning-point of his life. When his guests left the town he walked two or three miles with them, and gave them the names of some places on the coast, and also of some persons who he thought might render them assistance: so much did he feel at parting with them that, even after returning to Dover, he found it difficult to restrain his tears. Deep inward trials were for a time his portion, but the Saviour to whom he had fled for refuge suffered not his faith to fail, and when almost ready to despair these words came as a heavenly message to his soul,—“I will cleave the rocks and mountains that the redeemed of the Lord may come to Zion.” Casting all his care upon Christ, henceforth hope was the anchor of his soul, though tempest after tempest might befall him. Thus, when describing his sixteen months' confinement in Dover Castle for attendance of meetings, he writes; “I had perfect peace, joy, and content in it all; and the Lord made it good unto me both within and without.”\* Before leaving Dover John

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\* Luke Howard gives the following beautiful description of the consolation afforded him one night during this, or another, imprisonment: “On the Third-day of the Eighth Month, 1661, in the night-watch, upon my bed of straw and chaff, in the common jail of Dover Castle, as I lay in a comfortable sleep and rest, the hand of my God fell upon me, and His sweet and comforting presence awakened me, and so continued with me unto the morning-watch; in which time the living presence of my God was with me, and the comfortable presence of His Holy Spirit accompanied me; so that my soul was filled with His living presence as with a mighty river which did overflow the banks, so that nothing appeared but joy

Stubbs and William Caton had remarked, in a letter to Francis Howgill and Edward Burrough, "A fire is kindled among them which cannot be easily quenched." Nor were they mistaken in this belief, for Dover was one of the first places in Kent where, in accordance with their advice, a meeting was established by those who were convinced of the truths which they preached. During some years this meeting was held in silence, unless visited by a travelling minister, but Luke Howard, at whose house the Friends at first assembled, says that the Lord was their Teacher, and manifested His power and presence in their midst.

Whilst at Lydd, William Caton and his companion were kindly entertained at the house of Samuel Fisher, a very eminent Baptist minister, to whom they had been directed by Luke Howard. In his earlier life he had been a clergyman, but had resigned his living from conscientious motives. At first he did not fully acknowledge the influence which the ministry of his guests had on him ; but when, after visiting some neighbouring places, they had returned to Lydd, and another Baptist minister publicly preached against them and their doctrine, Samuel Fisher arose and said, "Dear brother, you are very near and dear to me, but the Truth is nearer and dearer : *this* is the everlasting Truth and Gospel!" To the preacher's exclamation, "Our brother Fisher is also bewitched," he made no reply ; in the course of that year he joined the Society of Friends. For ten years he diligently laboured as a minister at home and abroad, and also as an author,

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and gladness, and the streams of His everlasting virtue ran through me exceeding swift. . . This is my God : I have waited for Him, and His appearance to me is as the morning without clouds, and His beauty hath taken my heart, and His comeliness hath ravished my soul, and with His exceeding riches hath He adorned my inward man, and His everlasting strength is my salvation, even the Son of His love."

often suffering severe persecution for the cause which was dearer to him than life. He died in the White Lion jail, in Southwark, after a long imprisonment.

So grateful were some of the open-hearted Kentish people to William Caton and John Stubbs, who had been enabled to labour very powerfully amongst them, that they urged them to receive gold, which was declined, with the reply that it was not theirs but them they sought. But at Maidstone a different reception awaited them; they were sent to the House of Correction, deprived of their Bible, money, &c., then stripped, and, with their necks and arms placed in stocks, desperately whipped until bystanders wept at the sight. After irons and large clogs of wood had been laid on them they were ordered to work, and because they did not were kept without food for some days. The women who lived in the house showed their pity by privately offering them refreshment, which they did not think it well to accept. Before they were set at liberty a few things were restored to them; but they were dismissed from the town in contrary directions, each accompanied by constables, to whom (so states an old MS. of Friends of East / Kent) "their heavenly images and sober lives and words preached so much that they finally suffered them to travel alone whither they pleased."

Neither knew where the other had gone, and great was their pleasure at meeting in London: but soon they felt bound to return to Maidstone and, though fearing the consequences of so bold a measure, their faith did not fail, and they were preserved from further persecution. On re-visiting other towns in Kent they were cheered by the belief that their patient suffering had tended to confirm the faith of those to whom their ministry had been an effectual message. From Dover William Caton crossed to Calais, where he had what he styles "a very gallant opportunity" at a man-

sion with some of the chief inhabitants, a Scotch nobleman acting as his interpreter. Soon afterwards he accompanied John Stubbs to Holland. They meant to sail from Yarmouth, whither they had walked from Dover, often travelling many miles a day—no hardship perhaps but for the fact that, in order to avoid expense, they sadly stinted themselves in food. Yet William Caton says that their reward was with them in all places and conditions.

After a delay of three weeks they went on board a vessel, but, to their great disappointment the captain refused to take them. As it seemed improbable that they would obtain a passage from that port, they thought it better to go northward. William Caton longed to visit his beloved friends at Swathmoor, and a suitable opportunity for doing so occurred, to his extreme refreshment of body and soul. Before sailing some meetings were held in Durham, which were of great service.

On returning from Holland, where very rough treatment was encountered, he again spent a short time at Swarthmoor Hall ; he writes, " a very precious time we had together, whereby my very life was much revived ; and therefore did my soul magnify the Lord, with the rest of His lambs and babes in that place." Soon he started for Scotland with John Stubbs : many sufferings within and without were their portion, but the Lord sustained them through all, and their exceeding affection for each other was a continual source of comfort. In the following winter, in company with another Friend, William Caton visited Lancashire, Cheshire, &c., and says that time would fail him to relate " the extraordinary good service" which they had. He also attended a large General Meeting in Leicestershire, which was a very blessed time ; George Fox, whom he had much wished to meet again, was present. A little later, whilst on his way to Scotland, he visited

Ambleside, in which place courage and power were given him to address a congregation in a chapel, though the people first attacked him as if they had been wild beasts. At Edinburgh and Leith many large meetings were held, sometimes in the streets, and much power in the ministry was granted to William Caton and the Friend who was with him.

About this time we find the former ill from the effect of "sore travel" from place to place. On their return to Cumberland they held meetings, which William Caton describes as being very large and precious, and, he adds, "Friends were strengthened and confirmed in the precious Truth which in those days did flourish and prosper very much; and the Lord's power and presence was with us, through which we were carried on in His work and service, in which our souls delighted to be exercised. There being such an effectual door open abroad in the country I was constrained, through the love of God which dwelt richly in my heart, to labour so much the more diligently, for I knew it was good working whilst it was day; and indeed a glorious and precious time we had, to make known unto the people the way of salvation, and what the Lord had done for our souls; many believed and were converted, and brought to serve and worship the Lord in spirit and in truth."

Many of these meetings were held around Swarthmoor; soon afterwards he bade farewell to his friends there, and bent his steps southward. He was greatly cheered by his intercourse with Friends at Bristol, and with the "large and gallant meetings" held in that city and neighbourhood, and says that he was enabled to "communicate to them of the overflowing of the life and power dwelling in him." Then we find him travelling westward, usually alone and on foot, to visit George Fox and other Friends in Launceston jail. Their intercourse was "in the fulness of endeared

love," and though William Caton's chief aim might be to carry comfort to the prisoners, his own cup was filled to overflowing.

When at Totnes he was brought before the mayor, who threatened him with a whipping; but the other magistrates thought more moderate measures might suffice. When they examined him a clergyman was present, and an excellent opportunity was afforded him to uphold the truth as it is in Jesus, for in that very hour, he says, the Lord was much with him. After spending the night in prison he was sent on with a pass from place to place, an arrangement which had by no means the intended effect, for it soon became known, in one town after another, that William Caton was no pauper, but a Quaker, and people came out from their houses to see him, whom he addressed freely on the truths dear to his soul.

After attending a General Meeting in Wiltshire, and some other services, he re-visited Kent; he was but twenty years of age, yet his Saviour's grace and power were so manifestly granted him that he shared in the wonder felt by others at the abundance given for the multitudes who came to hear him. When he turned his thoughts to his own weakness he was ready to faint, but when he placed his confidence in Christ alone, he became strong. Often he did not know what he should say when he entered a meeting, and yet so much was given him to communicate that he would speak for two, three, or, occasionally, four hours. "Not unto me, not unto me, be the praise [he writes], but unto the Lord alone. I can truly say that which I received from Him I delivered unto His people. . . . An exceeding glorious day I had of it, and did much rejoice in the Lord, notwithstanding my great travails and sufferings; neither were they much to me, with all the perils and dangers I went through, both by sea

and land, in comparison of the power and presence of the Almighty."

In the summer of the same year he again sailed for Holland, this time alone—though he longed for a companion—and in poor health from the effect of exposure to heat and cold during his almost incessant journeys. He met with scoffing and abuse from some fellow-voyagers, who were, however, ready to give heed to his words when he addressed them in their dismay during a dangerous storm, which had filled them with terror. Deep trials were his portion during this visit, which were increased when he became aware of the evils wrought by the extreme views promulgated by some who had joined the Society. At Middleburgh, William Caton and his interpreter were imprisoned for some days, and then conveyed in a waggon to the coast. They were accompanied by several soldiers to protect them from the violence of the citizens; but, as William Caton says, the Lord was their chief keeper. Great were their sufferings during the following fortnight whilst prisoners on board a man-of-war, in which they were carried to England. Though the weather was very cold and stormy they were obliged to lie on the bare planks, and were not even allowed the covering of a piece of sail-cloth. But God had not forgotten to be gracious. Whilst undergoing this treatment William Caton's health and strength were, in a great measure, restored, though for a time he suffered severe pain in the feet, the result of keeping on shoes and stockings during so long a period of exposure to the cold.

Soon afterwards he paid an extremely satisfactory visit to Sussex. At one place where a meeting was held, a rude crowd marched up to the house with a drum, seeming ready in their violence to pull down the building on the heads of those assembled. William Caton went out to them and asked what they wanted.



"Quakers!" was the reply. "I am one," he said, and then power was given him to address them in such a manner as to make them withdraw in shame and fear. He met with a somewhat similar deliverance during his next visit to the Netherlands, where he spent more than a year engaged in ministerial service and authorship. On his return he was comforted by the blessed meetings held in London, where many were added to the Church; and he speaks of how God bestowed exceeding power and wisdom from above on His servants and handmaids, who, in Christ's name, preached the Word of Life, not in meetings only, but in churches, markets, streets, and highways, indeed wherever their Saviour led, and whenever He constrained them. They gave themselves *wholly* to God, and marvellous was the result.

"I made it my sole work to be found doing the work of God, unto which He had called me," writes William Caton, after describing meetings held in the north of England, where, as in many other parts of the country, the labours of Friends were producing extraordinary effect. Now and then he enjoyed extreme refreshment by intercourse with the family at Swarthmoor, "whom," he says, "he found in the same love, life, and power in which he left them." The very remembrance of these days was sweet to him in after years, and the more so from the continued consciousness of the love of Christ, by whose realised presence those seasons had been hallowed. It was this, also, which had often made his weary journeyings and arduous labours a source of delight.

Early in 1659 he attended a meeting of ministers from various parts of the kingdom, held at the Bull and Mouth Meeting-house in London, which he describes as being "very large and exceedingly precious." In the latter part of the day a meeting was held at Horselydown, where a great concourse seemed much

impressed with the truths they heard. William Caton writes, "Great was our rejoicing and comfort which we had in the work and service of the Lord, in which we were abundantly refreshed together. And in that great assembly did our souls, even with one accord, praise and magnify the God of our salvation!" A visit to Holland in the same year, with its perilous return voyage, was soon followed by one to Scotland. He set out on the latter expedition from Swarthmoor, and after his friends and himself had, as they thought, fully taken leave of each other, they felt that they could not yet part, and several hours were spent in waiting on the Lord, and in pouring out their souls in prayer. Whilst in Scotland he endeavoured to obtain an interview with General Monk, but being unable to do so, he wrote an address to him and his army.

The following winter a meeting which he attended, at Warrington, was broken up by some rough soldiers, who violently forced the worshippers out of the town; but they re-assembled on the road-side, and had, we find, "a sweet and precious meeting." Before long the soldiers again interrupted them, and whilst William Caton was preaching, seized him and, to the great distress of his friends, beat him with their muskets and spears; then, having given vent to their fury, they allowed him to return to the meeting, where, he says, "The Lord's power and presence did exceedingly appear amongst us; for, as our suffering at that time was greater than ordinary, even so was our refreshment in the Lord." About this time he records the death of his "dear mother" whilst he was paying her a visit.

When in London, in 1660, he alludes in a letter to full and peaceable meetings on the previous First-day; and, after stating that the common topic of conversation was the expected coming of the King, he adds,

"But blessed be the Lord for ever, in whose power we can testify that *our King is come who reigns in power and great glory.*" Nor can we wonder at these words from one who drew the strength and joy of his life from the knowledge that his citizenship was in heaven; who could unite with the sentiment of that good man who said, "When I die I shall change my place, but not my company!"\* Redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, to Him William Caton freely dedicated his life, and the Lord, who loveth a cheerful giver, suffered not his faith to fail—to whatever extent it might be tried. "I have often observed," he says, "that, by how much the more I felt the weight of the service of the meeting before I went into it, by so much the more was my service in it, and my reward accordingly. Blessed and magnified be the name of the Lord for ever!"

Before sailing for Holland, in the latter part of the year, he writes from Dover to George Fox. After mentioning the death of a Friend, of Staplehurst—probably a minister—who, he thought, would be greatly missed in that neighbourhood, he adds, "I believe *there will now be more necessity of Friends visiting them pretty often* than there was before; I desire that thou wouldst be mindful of them. . . . Dearly beloved of my soul [he writes] let thy prayers be for me that I may be kept in the power, life, and wisdom of our God, to His praise, and to the comfort and consolation of the brethren, with whom I can rest in the Lord, even in the heat of the day; glory be to the Lord for ever." And, during the voyage, we find that he was

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\* "Have you a glimpse of Christ now that you are dying?" was the question asked of an old Scottish saint, who, raising himself, made the emphatic reply, "I'll hae nane o' your glimpses now that I am dying, since that I have had a full look at Christ these *forty years gane!*"

“exceedingly filled with the Lord’s love, and with the power of His might.” One of his fellow-passengers, a Roman Catholic, notwithstanding William Caton’s habitually courteous manners, openly avowed his hatred for him and his religion; but before they parted there was a complete change in his behaviour. Well did George Fox say, “Love, patience, and wisdom will wear out all which is not of God.”

In a letter of sympathy written from Amsterdam to English Friends, William Caton remarks that he believes those amongst them who were not yet cast into prison were in no greater danger from persecution than were their brethren resident in that city, where it was said that fifty men had conspired to break up their meeting and pull down the Meeting-house. It was about this time that he published a volume with the lengthy title “An Abridgement or Compendious Commemoration of the Remarkablest Chronologies which are contained in that celebrated Ecclesiastical History of Eusebius,” &c. In 1661 William Caton visited Germany with William Ames; at Heidelberg they had interviews with the Prince, and laid before him the sufferings of the Friends in his dominions on account of their conscientious objection to the payment of tithes: he gave them a courteous reception, and made them dine with him. When next at Heidelberg William Caton had the unexpected pleasure of meeting with his friend John Stubbs who, with another Friend, was on the homeward route from Egypt. When the Prince heard they were at William Caton’s lodgings, he sent his secretary to ask them to come to the Castle to see him, where, in the presence of his nobles, he conversed very freely with them about their mission, &c.; and, after what William Caton calls “a very gallant opportunity,” he took an affectionate leave of them.

The enjoyment of William Caton in the society of his brethren was soon shadowed by tidings from Amster-

dam of the death of a beloved friend of his, Niesie Dirrix, a faithful labourer for her Lord in her native land; his sorrow was excessive until he was comforted by the conviction that her mantle would fall on her sister Anneken and some others. On his return to Holland some months later, he made proposals of marriage to Annekin Dirrix. Warm and enthusiastic as his disposition was, he took extreme care to act rightly in this matter: he wished her first to consider whether she "felt something in it as from the Lord," and asked for no reply until she had deliberately weighed three things:—first, the difference in their outward circumstances and how little he had to offer her; secondly, the liberty—more to him than the treasures of Egypt—which he should still need to travel in the service of the Lord; and, thirdly, the possibility that their union might be disapproved of by magistrates, by her relatives or others, and might thus bring trouble upon her. Her reply was to the following effect: As to the first, it was not means that she looked to but virtue. As to the second, when the Lord needed him for any service she should not be the woman that would hinder him. As to the last, if they "were perfectly clear of the thing before the Lord, she hoped to bear what people without should say, for that would be one of the least crosses." Still they did not think it right for a time to bind themselves by promise. William Caton thus describes his own feelings during an interview which they had after several months had elapsed:—

"Waiting awhile exceeding steadfastly in the light of the Lord, the life began to arise, and the Word of the Lord testified unto me thus, saying 'She is the gift of the Lord to thee.' Then was my heart also broken, and in the fulness of love and unity in the everlasting covenant did I receive her as the Lord's gift unto me."

About three months after his marriage he embarked for *England*. Whilst in London he received much

spiritual refreshment from a visit to Edward Burrough,\* then a prisoner in Newgate, where he died a week or two later. Their separation was not a long one: each was early called to the ministry; each accomplished the labour of a long lifetime in ten or a dozen years. Like their Divine Master “clad with zeal as a cloak,” “*through faith* they wrought righteousness, obtained promises, . . . out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens.” On his next visit to England—for his home was now in Holland—William Caton was accompanied by his wife, who greatly longed to become acquainted with the Friends there, of whom she had no doubt often heard; and with a similar desire some other Dutch members of the Society sailed with them.

The London Friends rejoiced, William Caton says, “to see people of another nation, and of a strange language, brought into the same living truth in which they were established, and to bear the same image which they bore,—and to be comprehended in the same Love.” At a General Meeting at Kingston he acted as interpreter for one of his Dutch sisters. His wife and the other Friends from Holland had returned sometime before his mission was accomplished, but in the autumn of 1663 he also set sail. When about ten leagues off Yarmouth, William Caton, who felt sure that a storm was at hand, unavailingly urged the captain to put back. That night a tempest overtook them, and at its height the helm became useless, and, as the vessel was also very leaky, she was in extreme peril; the sailors, wet to the skin and utterly wearied by toiling at the pumps and with the sails, were almost ready to despair. William Caton, who

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\* For sketch of Edward Burrough, see *Friends' Examiner*, First Month, 1872.

had been aiding them in their arduous work, now wrestled in prayer for their deliverance if in accordance with God's will ; " though, as for my own part," he says, whilst with deep gratitude recording their remarkable preservation, " I found myself exceeding freely given up to bequeath my soul into His bosom of everlasting love, and my body to be buried in that great deep."

But soon storms of a different character had to be encountered. Whilst waiting at Yarmouth for a change in the wind he attended the meeting there, and, in company with seven other Friends, also strangers, was carried before the magistrates of the town. Because they declined to take the oath of allegiance they were committed to the common jail, where they were confined for more than six months ; when it was tendered to William Caton he said that he had never uttered an oath but once, in his boyhood, and having then incurred the displeasure of the Almighty, he dared not swear again. So fully had the magistrates anticipated this steadfast adherence of the Friends to their conscientious convictions, that they made out their mittimus before putting them to the test.

In a letter, written a few days later, William Caton alludes to the cruelty of their oppressors, which sometimes made it no easy matter to obtain their bread and water ; but says that the only wonder was that he had not earlier found himself in bonds, " unto which," he adds, " I have long been freely given up in the will of God where my soul is in peace with the Lord." And again he writes of how " one day in prison, with the Lord, was better than a thousand elsewhere without the enjoyment of His presence, in whose love his soul solaced itself night and day." Some friends of the prisoners, thinking to beguile the long hours of their confinement, wished to give them a spinning-wheel, but were not allowed to do so.

It was in the early part of 1664 that the Friends were liberated, after meeting with kind consideration from the judge who presided over the sessions, and from a justice of the peace. Five of William Caton's fellow-sufferers belonged to a vessel which had come to Yarmouth for herrings, and as, during this period, she was seized by the Turks, their English captivity was the means of saving them from Asiatic slavery.

In the following winter William Caton wrote an epistle from Rotterdam to his friends in England. After referring to his powerlessness to express the fervency of his love, and of his prayerful longings for them, he adds, "Yet herein can I satisfy myself, in that we come to read and feel one another in that which is immortal." He says that, although his heart is often saddened by the many hindrances to the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom in Holland, he is supported by the "wonted goodness and tender mercy of the Most High, *still perfectly continued to him.*" William Caton died in the latter part of the following year, at the age of nine-and-twenty. His wife did not long survive him.

It has been remarked that "No truth or goodness realised by man ever dies, or can die;" and surely such a life, though lived two centuries ago, has not ceased to convey a lesson. As we look around us we find no warrant for believing that the world no longer needs to be reminded of such truths as Christ's Headship of His Church, the Spirituality of the Gospel dispensation, and the reality of the teaching and guidance of the Holy Spirit.

The fields are white unto harvest still; still the Lord of the harvest has need of labourers; of labourers who, with the knowledge that they are bought with a price, and that "voluntary obedience is liberty"—completely yield themselves to Him to be trained for, and directed in, any service which He sees meet to



assign to them, be it of what kind it may, for "all service is not work, and all work is not service;" endeavouring to consecrate to Him, as occasion may arise, every talent, whether natural or acquired,

"Ever by a mighty hope  
Pressing on and bearing up."

"Do not," it has been said, "let Satan have all the benefit of ambition in his kingdom." *Excelsior* is no unworthy device for the banner of Christian warriors who are learning that they "are nothing, Christ is all."\* "Behold the Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save; neither His ear heavy that it cannot hear." He can "restore judges as at the first, and counsellors as at the beginning," and may no unbelief on our part hinder the performance of "mighty works" on His.

F. A. BUDGE.

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\* "So long," writes the author of *The Patience of Hope*, "as we are resting on anything within ourselves—be it even in a work of grace—there remains, at least to honest hearts, a ground for continual restlessness and continual disappointment. To know that we have nothing, are nothing, out of Christ, is to know the truth which makes us free."

## MY GREENHOUSE FLOWERS.

THIRD MONTH, 1855.

FLOWERS of exquisite shape and hue,  
 What are the wint'ry winds to you ?  
 What is the silent snow-storm's flight,  
 Veiling the earth in a robe of white ?  
 What is the breath of the early spring,  
 Nipping the buds of each tender thing ?  
 Or the frost which congeals, as they trickle down,  
 The pearly drops on your crystal home ?  
 'Tis nothing to you, ye beautiful flowers,  
 For ye have the warmth of more genial hours ;  
 Ye can grow and bloom in your joy and pride  
 When all is dreary and chill beside ;  
 Ye need not the smiles of a summer sun  
 To perfect the triumph which art hath won,  
 But ye gaily challenge each passer by,  
 To grant you his willing eulogy.  
 For me, as I gaze on each charming wreath,  
 I covet the spirit ye seem to breathe ;  
 The spirit of Peace in this world of care,—  
 The spirit of Patience and Love most rare,—  
 The spirit of Hope, when sorrow is near,—  
 And the spirit of Faith in a brighter sphere ;—  
 Oh teach me these lessons again and again,  
 And ye shall not have blossom'd, sweet flowers, in  
 vain !

(The late) SARAH LITTLEBOY.

"BY WHOM SHALL JACOB ARISE?"

"THEN, I said, Oh, Lord God, forgive, I beseech Thee ; by whom shall Jacob arise, for he is small?" Amos uttered these words in the grief of his heart, as it was given to him to see clearly how deeply his people had sinned against their God ; and to foresee the judgments of the Lord following on their sin.

Again were revealed to him, in stronger light, the woes pronounced by God upon his people, and especially on the ruling house of Jeroboam ; and the Israelites, unable to bear his message, bade him flee unto the land of Judah.

"Hath the Lord cast off His people, and will He be favourable no more ? Is His mercy clean gone for ever, and doth His promise fail for evermore ?" Such was the language of the Psalmist, and such probably was the language of many of the Lord's ancient prophets as they mourned over the iniquity and disobedience of their nation, whom God had chosen and blessed, but who slighted His blessing and defied His curse.

At times they were able to rejoice in the unchangeable truth that "His mercy endureth for ever." He still in wrath remembered mercy, and the sceptre departed not from Judah until the promise given to Abraham was fulfilled, and the Lion of the tribe of Judah appeared, "mighty to save." Yet in that day of salvation it was manifest that all were not Israel that were of Israel, neither were all the seed of Abraham children of the promise. As a nation the Jews rejected the Messiah, and bitter indeed must have been the disappointment to the early Jewish believers *but that the light of the glorious Gospel brought to*

their minds clearer views and wider sympathies, so that they learnt to rejoice that to the Gentiles also God had granted repentance unto life.

There have been those in our religious Society during the last half century who, contrasting what we are now with what we were at the beginning, have again and again uttered the almost despairing cry, "By whom shall we arise, for we are small." As in the time of Amos the nation grew worse and worse, there has been a continued decline among Friends, at least in relative numbers, and apparently in unanimity of thought and action.

The departure from that strict line of commercial integrity and straightforwardness on the part of some of our members has certainly tarnished the name of Quaker, once the passport to confidence and trust. The relaxation of the discipline that had for a long time kept up something of the form of unworldliness, even where the power of Him who has overcome the world was unknown, has allowed free scope to the natural inclination of the heart; so that we see some of our members indulging in superfluities in dress that would suffice to clothe the naked, and in superfluities in household expenditure that would build for the homeless and over-crowded poor abodes of comparative comfort.

And amongst the large number of our members who are seeking to work for Jesus, it may well be questioned whether there are not more than a few who lack that deep sense of the spirituality of true worship, that full belief in our Saviour's words, "It is the Spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing," and that desire to strike at the root of the corrupt tree which distinguished our predecessors.

In many places where the Gospel was preached and God worshipped by large congregations of Friends, we now see meeting-houses with empty benches, and in

others our very name seems to have passed away, save for the graveyards where lie the mouldering bones of a former generation.

It is inevitable that the earnest amongst us should be grieved at this state of decline. They believe that our Society was raised up to maintain a testimony to the spirituality of the Gospel dispensation ; that it once waged an unflinching warfare against formality and hypocrisy in religion, against dishonesty and untruthfulness in the dealings of men one with another, and against all compromise with the spirit of the world.

They know that our early preachers were valiant for the truth upon the earth, and that the spirit of God accompanied their words, so that very many were turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God ; " while souls inquiring the way to Zion with their faces thitherward (yet, more or less, placing their dependence upon man) learnt to look to Christ as the present Head of the Church, and to understand that " He teacheth as never man taught."

Yet, to the reflecting mind, it can be no great cause of surprise that the Society of Friends has shared in the deterioration inherent in all human institutions. It might have been gathered from some of the preaching forty years ago that the speakers thought the Society of Friends stood among the sects of Christendom as the Jews among the nations of the ancient world—God's chosen and peculiar people ; and, I believe, no one cause was more potent than this false assumption in alienating the earnest-minded amongst the young at that time.

Few now would class the Society of Friends higher than as one of many instrumentalities raised up by God since the days of the Apostles to clear away the mists of tradition and superstition, and to bring the minds of men into simpler dependence on the Gospel of Christ Jesus. We cannot deny that, with all their

excellencies, the best of our predecessors, were "men of like passions as we are"; nor that it is probable that their system of discipline and practice would bear some marks of human infirmity. And it would have been clearly a miracle, and contrary to all historical precedent in the Church, if the successors to these good people had continued through several generations as earnest, as upright-hearted, and as Christian as their forefathers.

To those, then, who are sorrowfully querying, "By whom shall we arise, for we are small?" I would return to the parallel suggested by the words of Amos, and repeat that not only must our dependence be upon "the Lion of the tribe of Judah," but that we must not desire to limit the way of His working, but remember that as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are His ways higher than our ways, and His thoughts than our thoughts. Christ Jesus brought to mankind a fulness of blessing greater than the most trustful believers in God's promise to Abraham could have realised before He came; but the hopes of the chosen people for greatness as a nation were disappointed; and those who were looking exclusively for national greatness rejected the inestimable blessings which He brought. So we, if too exclusively occupied in seeking the revival of our own Society, may overlook opportunities of usefulness in His Church, and perhaps refuse spiritual blessings to ourselves.

That "Friends are not a proselytising body," has been often repeated; and we sometimes hear the rejoinder that "they ought to be," but I cannot see that, while consistent to their own principles, they can be so to any large extent. Do we not hold that the aim of all living Gospel ministry must be to gather souls to Christ, and to the living teaching of the indwelling Spirit, who leads into all truth? And do we not believe that truth itself can only be livingly and savingly believed, as

taught by the Eternal Spirit, and is barren and dead if only held traditionally? Have not Christ's most devoted servants, of all ages and denominations, been those who have listened most to His own teaching? and is not the unreality of all religion that men's wisdom teaches proved by the large number of every sect who are hearers of the word but not doers?

If we answer these questions in the affirmative, we feel the solemnity of the position of those who, either in public or in private, believe themselves called to be co-workers with God by seeking the salvation of souls; and I think this number should include all believers. We are brought to feel our entire dependence on the teaching of that Spirit who is dealing with each individual soul, that our words may help to impress that very truth which He is teaching, that we may help, instead of hindering His great work. And remembering His dealings with ourselves, we know that He teaches us here a little and there a little, as we are able to bear it, and we are willing to wait for His work patiently and prayerfully, even in the case of our own children, though some truths very precious to ourselves may not yet have been revealed to them. This tends to make us watchful for ourselves, and for them, against all sinful and worldly influences that would retard the Spirit's work; and humble, because we do not speak of ourselves as having attained, but are looking to Jesus, and believing that He has much to teach us yet. And when it happens that some soul is helped by words of ours to apprehend more fully some portion of God's truth, and especially those cardinal truths—forgiveness through Christ, and sanctification through the Spirit—we shrink from meddling with a work we feel to be the Lord's, by drawing their attention to ourselves, or our "principles" as Friends. Sects, however necessary, are an evil in the Christian Church, so far as they tend to separate, instead of to unite the

members of Christ's body. But while I think it can never rightly be a *primary* object with us to draw members to our own body, I rejoice in all extended liberty to meet, in a Church capacity, the need for instruction, sympathy, and Christian care of those who are awakened by our instrumentality, and of the young amongst our own members. So long as we keep in mind our testimony against a priestly order, and also to the need of the Spirit's influence to qualify for "every good word and work."

When any Christian leaves any denomination and joins another, there is commonly some estrangement in religious sympathy and communion between him and those from whom he separates himself, and to whom he may have been united by a long attachment. Bearing this in mind I believe it to be quite possible that a Christian, whose views are somewhat in advance of his own sect, may fill a more useful place in the Church by remaining where he is, than by joining a community with whose views he could unite more fully ; unless by remaining he becomes a participator in forms or practices which his conscience disapproves.

If we lay aside unreasonable expectations, we shall, I think, be ready to admit that we have cause for thankfulness on account of the Society's past history, and of hope and trust for its future. It is a cause for thankfulness that for two hundred years the Society of Friends has maintained its adherence to sound doctrine ; that it has upheld a high standard of moral duty, and that its members have been prominent in efforts suggested by "goodwill to men." And looking at the present we may rejoice that the truth of free salvation by faith in Christ is proclaimed by our ministers with no uncertain sound, and that the hearts of many of the young amongst us have been touched with a sense of their Saviour's love.

Lamentable as the decline has been since the early



days, it is in part by the result of the principles we value that its effects have been so apparent. There is amongst us no outward inducement to engage in the work of preaching Christ, and where His love was not powerful in the soul, no one rose to speak. Had there been emoluments or distinction attending the preacher's office, we should have had instead of silence a wordy, lifeless ministry. But I will admit that, at one period, even in a Society that had testified against all traditional restraints, a too strict adherence to forms, usages, and customs, limited the exercise of spiritual gifts. Let us remember the words—“Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee, that it may be displayed because of thy truth.” While we should be watchful against the spirit which would seek great things for ourselves as a sect, we are called to defend and cherish those clearer views of Gospel truth which we owe in some degree to the faithfulness of our forefathers. There is now an especial need for this, for in a large portion of the Church of England, and in a less degree among the Dissenters, there is a rapidly-increasing disposition to return to form and ceremony as a substitute for worship, opposed to the spirit of the Gospel. Few proclaim so fully as the Friends that “Christ died for *all* men,” and to many minds a form of religion which seems to represent God as willing the death of sinners is an impossibility.

I know of no section of the Church in which a young and earnest Christian is likely to find larger opportunities of usefulness, with wiser, kinder, and more judicious co-operation than among Friends. All the older sects of Christendom have suffered like ourselves from decay of religious life. The “Brethren” in many cases put us to the blush by their earnest devotedness, but their sect is new, and we see marks, in the dissensions and bitterness that have already *arisen*, that the evil one is busy among them as in

every other community, sowing tares among the wheat. As years pass on this will probably be more and more apparent, and the attempt to separate in this world the tares from the wheat will always fail; for the Lord's command is—"Let both grow together till the harvest." There is danger in the attempt, "Lest while ye gather the tares, ye root out also the wheat with them." There was a Judas among the twelve; and it would seem that only persecution or strong opposition can preserve a body of Christians from the deadening influence of false professors; and even these are not always sufficient.

But there is a *spiritually* united Church on earth whose members, however separated by name, place, or situation, are one in Christ their Head. The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, "The Lord knoweth them that are His." Its members may rejoice with fullest sympathy in the spread of Gospel truth among those of every denomination who name the name of Christ, all seeking not their own glory, but His glory; not seeking their own will or their own honour, even that of a high place in His kingdom, as did James and John, but simply praying and labouring that "His kingdom may come and His will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

PRISCILLA BURLINGHAM.

## ACKWORTH SCHOOL.

"KNOWLEDGE is not a couch whereon to rest a searching and restless spirit ; nor a terrace for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect ; nor a tower of state for a proud mind to raise itself upon ; nor a fort or commanding-ground for strife and contention ; nor a shop for profit and sale ; but a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator, and the relief of man's estate."—BACON.

POSSIBLY there are few Friends with a subject they wished to ventilate who have not experienced some difficulty in doing so in the columns of our monthly periodicals. The limited space therein allotted to correspondence has necessarily imposed such brevity, that clearness has often been sacrificed, and the result has been that the writer has found himself involved in a controversy, possibly on some unimportant part of the subject, the acerbity of his critics increasing with the solemnity of the topic under discussion. The establishment of the *Examiner* has removed this difficulty. Care must, however, be all the more exercised that length does not induce dulness, nor absence of contradiction cause indifference to accuracy.

Many indications show that the general management of Ackworth School has lately received more than usual attention, the change in the headship of the School being obviously a natural time for the reconsideration of its various arrangements.

Now, if there be one subject on which the Society of Friends is of one mind in these times of difference of opinion, that subject, doubtless, is the maintenance in the highest state of perfection of the only educational establishment belonging to the body at large.

The opportunities which occur for general remarks on that Institution are necessarily so brief, that a few pages may not be altogether unsuitably employed if devoted to the subject, more particularly as regards the character of the School from a *literary* point of view.

The principal means the Society generally possesses for arriving at a correct judgment as to the character of the education to be obtained at Ackworth is doubtless the information furnished by the various examinations, viz., those made periodically by the Committee, and that by Friends generally at the General Meeting. We are aware that occasionally professional examiners have been employed, but the examinations above-mentioned are those on which the reports of the state of the School are mainly founded. There can be no doubt that the object of the various examinations is to discover how far the system of instruction adopted is producing satisfactory results; and much benefit to the scholars, unknown to outsiders, has doubtless resulted from the labours of the Committee. The following questions present themselves to us—Are the examinations stringent enough in themselves? And are they carried out with sufficient system?

With respect to the examinations made by the Committee, so little is generally known as to the manner in which they are carried on that it would be out of place to remark on them, excepting to state that we are convinced the examiners have but one object in view—the good of the scholars.

The public examination we are in a position to criticise, having the necessary data before us. It has always seemed to us that that examination was essentially defective, owing to the small amount of time which could be given to each subject, and to the want of system in carrying it out; the latter resulting from the fact that many of the examiners are amateurs

—many questions being put which are above or below the standard of the various classes. The want of time also seriously interferes with the value of the result of the examination. On the ice, rapidity of motion will occasionally permit the passage of a somewhat hazardous locality; so a class which satisfactorily passes a rather hurried examination in any subject might create a different impression under a prolonged questioning, particularly if every question were a test-question judiciously prepared beforehand.

Doubtless many would reply that that examination is merely intended as a sort of field-day, and to afford an opportunity of seeing the machinery of the School at work. We do not unite with that opinion, believing that all which is not *real* is objectionable.

Others, again, will reply that they have such complete confidence in the Committee, that they do not see any necessity for a very stringent public examination.

Now the experience of what has occurred at Croydon should be a lesson to all school Committees. For years past the annual report of that School had been uniformly satisfactory, the expressions used being very generally of a character implying complete satisfaction with the educational condition of the establishment.

Eventually a professional examiner was employed, devoting several days to the work, and the result was the discovery of a state of things the reverse of satisfactory. The Committee, superintendents, and teachers of Croydon School have doubtless been all that could be desired with respect to their fitness for, and devotion to, their duties; still the fact remains, that the literary education received there was found to be comparatively defective, having been so, in all probability, for a lengthened period, to the serious loss of the scholars.

*We notice with satisfaction that there is a move-*

ment for a general, uniform examination of the whole of our public schools, coupled, however, with one stipulation which should excite inquiry. That stipulation is, that the examiners shall not be members of the Society of Friends. Now the reason for this may be twofold. Either there is a fear that the report will not fairly represent the state of the schools, from the minds of the examiners being biassed in favour of particular systems; or there is reason to doubt whether the Society could furnish a sufficiency of competent, independent and practised examiners, whose character as such is so thoroughly established as to secure the acceptance of their report as definite. We shall not err much, probably, if we accept the latter as the reason for the preference evinced for examiners unconnected with the Society of Friends. We regret that such should be the case.

Any remarks on the examination of our public schools will necessarily lead to the subject of teachers and teaching; experience in tuition being almost a necessary qualification for an examiner. We therefore venture to lay before our readers a brief examination of the means at present existing in the Society for a young man desiring to qualify himself as a really efficient teacher.

The only institution connected with Friends where intending teachers can receive the necessary training is the Flounders' Institute. But even this can hardly be called a "Society institution," since Friends neither contribute to its funds, nor, as a body, exercise any direct control over its management. It is, therefore, deprived of some of the beneficial influences to be derived from free criticism and the exercise of public opinion. Still, as the Flounders' Institute is really the only available training school for our future teachers, some attention may be profitably directed to the arrangements existing there.

In the first place, the education given being free, the natural result is the entry of many students from the humbler ranks of life ; an event, perhaps, not to be deplored in itself, although the cultivation generally derived from nurture in homes of a higher social scale, other things being equal, is an important element in the formation of character. The eleemosynary character of the Flounders' Institute has also the disadvantage of preventing many young men from qualifying themselves as teachers without entering its walls, as to do so would be tantamount to the loss of the capital spent, the comparatively easy terms on which students are now qualified as teachers doubtless having some general influence on the market value of their services. The practical result, therefore, often is that many a lad, who has no decided preference for any other vocation, drifts into the profession as an apprentice, is duly entered at the Flounders' Institute, and there passes through the curriculum of study.

At the present time considerable importance attaches, and rightly so, to the possession of university honours, and the B.A. degree is generally aspired to by intending teachers, necessarily to be obtained from the University of London.

The present may be regarded as the age of examinations, and whether rightly or not, those institutions which are most successful in preparing scholars for matriculation and for the B.A. degree will, for a time, secure the greatest amount of patronage. We use the expression "for a time" advisedly. Parents, mothers especially, are naturally delighted with the prospect of their offspring ranking among the *literati* of the land ; and being but imperfectly acquainted with the facts, are desirous that their children should be prepared to compete for such honours. But many things, good in themselves, produce evil effects ; and there is some ground for fearing lest there should arise a one-sided

training, arranged so as to principally keep in view the passing of pupils through examinations. We desire that such may never be the case in our schools or institutions; but there seems some reason to fear lest the desire for distinction should outweigh the desire for thorough teaching, the two things not being necessarily identical.

Now, as the instruction received by the teachers in our schools is mostly based on the requirements for the B.A. degree of the London University (for few comparatively aspire to any higher distinction); it is a subject of the greatest importance to know what that instruction really is. It may be summed up generally as consisting of Latin, Mathematics, French or German, and a respectable sprinkling of almost everything; the result being that the graduate can be scarcely said to know anything really *accurately*. We will suppose a lad of ordinary abilities leaving Ackworth at fifteen, and entering the Flounders' Institute. By dint of going over and over his allotted pages of Latin and other subjects, he is at last prepared to pass the Matriculation examination; that successfully achieved, he returns to prepare for the first B.A., returning again for preparation for the final consummation of his hopes. The whole process is such that no *scholar* can ever be expected to be produced by it. It may be described as somewhat akin to "cramming." Perhaps the nearest counterpart to it is to be found in elementary schools under the Revised Code, where each class, for twelve months, reads its (daily) few pages in its own little reading-book, the result being quite satisfactory to the examiner, he not knowing that many of the children know the pieces by heart, but have a very imperfect knowledge of reading. [We believe this has since been partly remedied.]

In addition to the *probable* want of depth of scholar-



ship, there is the further loss from want of companionship of an improving character during the student's noviciate, as the habits and topics of conversation of eight or ten lads, with no further experience of life than can be obtained within the walls of a school, must necessarily lack many of the best elements for improvement.

Such we believe to be a tolerably correct representation of the course pursued at the Flounders' Institute ; and not only there, but at all other establishments having the same object in view. Notwithstanding that the heads of that Institution might be amongst the first to hail an arrangement which should give more time "to teach teaching," and less to grind up for examinations, if the public opinion of the Society would support them in such a course, yet without some gentle pressure on the part of those outside who are competent to recommend such a re-organisation, we can hardly expect any radical change. The subject or science of teaching is at present almost necessarily overlooked, there being little, if any, special instruction in that most difficult art, the whole attention of the student being devoted to the obtaining of his degree, the ground necessarily occupied by that being so extensive that the introduction of any other subject cannot be thought of. Still, there would appear to be a defect somewhere, when the main object for which a student enters the Flounders' Institute, viz., preparation for the duties of a teacher, is thrust aside ; unless indeed it be assumed that the possession of a B.A. degree implies the power of communicating knowledge.

To counteract the tendency towards cramming (which may be defined as consisting in learning by rote, for reproduction in examinations, rather than profoundly studying the various subjects, and invariably leads to superficiality), a movement is com-

mening for the adoption at the English universities of some modification of the German method, viz., the production by the candidate for a degree in science of some original researches, thus proving that he is competent to extend the boundaries of knowledge. The adoption of some similar plan, together with compulsory residence at a University for three or four years, would probably reduce the number of graduates, but would certainly much raise the standard of their attainments. A modification of this plan has been recently introduced in the French universities; but there seems little probability of its speedy introduction amongst ourselves, a proposal to adopt it having been lately negatived by a large majority at a meeting of the Annual Committee of Convocation of the University of London.

There is reason to doubt whether the education afforded by Ackworth School so generally meets the requirements of Friends now as was formerly the case. The increasing number of private schools, nearly all professing to offer higher educational advantages, is a proof that Ackworth does not meet the wishes of all parents; the necessity for the admission of pupils not connected with the Society also shows that some defect exists.

We believe that in schools under the care of committees, particularly where the committee take an active part in the management, there is considerable liability to remain stationary as regards educational matters. The members of the committee are mostly successful men of business, of mature age, and liable to suppose that the education which has served them so well cannot be very far wrong for the rising generation. Now, to devise a good system of education, we must endeavour to discover what will be the state of things in the world when those now at school will be actively engaged in the battle of life. There are

many indications that two subjects are likely to fill a more important part than has been hitherto allotted to them in education, and there are possibly few adults who have not felt the deficiency of their own training in those respects. We allude to Science and Modern Languages.

With respect to the former, we cannot perhaps more effectually enforce its claims as an educational agent, than by quoting the words of an eminent man of science :—

“All knowledge of natural science that is imparted to a boy, is, or may be, useful to him in the business of his after life; but the claim of natural science to a place in education cannot be rested upon its practical usefulness only. The great object of education is to expand and to train the mental faculties, and it is because we believe that the study of natural science is eminently fitted to further these two objects, that we urge its introduction into school studies. Science expands the minds of the young, because it puts before them great and ennobling objects of contemplation; many of its truths are such as a child can understand, and yet such that, while in a measure he understands them, he is made to feel something of the greatness, something of the sublime regularity, and of the impenetrable mystery, of the world in which he is placed. But science also trains the growing faculties; for science proposes to itself truth as its only object, and it presents the most varied, and at the same time the most splendid examples, of the different mental processes which lead to the attainment of truth, and which make up what we call reasoning. In science, error is always possible, often close at hand; and the constant necessity for being on our guard against it is one important part of the education which science supplies. But in science, sophistry is impossible; science knows no love of paradox; science has no skill to make the worse appear the better reason; science visits with a not long deferred exposure all our fondness for preconceived opinions, all our partiality for views that we have ourselves maintained, and thus teaches the two best lessons that can well be taught—on the one hand, the love of truth; and on the other, sobriety and watchfulness in the use of the understanding.”

In putting forth the claim of Science to be admitted as an integral part of the course of study at Ackworth, we do not mean that there shall only be a few lessons given to one or two classes by their teachers, with no *special* knowledge of the subject, as is sometimes done at present. We desire rather that those subjects shall be systematically taught by teachers possessing real knowledge of their various departments, and that the instruction shall commence with the lowest class, and be carried on systematically through the whole school. The principal difficulty in carrying this out would at first be the want of competent teachers; but let it once be known that a career is open to such, and suitable persons will prepare themselves for the posts. The plan to be pursued should be to raise the standard of our teachers to the level at which we consider our education should be fixed, rather than to lower the educational standard to suit the attainments of the teachers. No amount of learning will be found too much even in teaching elementary classes.

We are sensible of the benefits which have been received from the Flounders' Institute, and wish carefully to guard against misconception; our only desire is, that we may not be regarding a certain very moderate amount of progress in the right direction as *all* that is desirable. In education, to remain stationary, is to retrograde.

We come now to the question of teaching the Modern Languages. We are aware that some little effort is made in that direction at the present time at Ackworth School, but it may be questioned whether the result has been satisfactory; whether, in fact, the acquaintance gained with the French or German grammar has not been more than counterbalanced by the defective pronunciation acquired. That such should be the case is not surprising, as the study of Modern Languages has never flourished at the *Flounders' Institute*; the time

devoted to these being limited, compared with the classics. Doubtless many hold the opinion that the object sought to be attained at Ackworth is merely to give a thorough English education, and therefore the modern languages are not required. There would be great force in that objection could we secure that, in after life, none of the scholars should leave the place of their nativity, or be brought into contact with natives of other countries. In so commercial a country as England, and with constantly increasing facilities for travelling, it behoves us to make sure that the rising generation shall profit from the inconvenience we ourselves have suffered from our own imperfect instruction. As to an English education, we may express our opinion *en passant* that, if such a thing has ever existed, its days have long been numbered.

One reason for the cultivation of modern languages in our national seminary has, we confess, long rested on our minds. It is impossible not to be painfully struck, when reading the journals of ministering Friends, with the oft-repeated loss and hindrance confessed to have been experienced from not being able to hold direct intercourse with those they are visiting. This alone would weigh heavily with us when considering the question of the admission or rejection of modern languages as an important part of the Ackworth curriculum. The School should be the nursery of the Church in every respect.

“Religion and education are not distinct and separate, but are intimately connected the one with the other. Whatever impedes the progress of the one is detrimental to the other, and, on the other hand, whatever furthers the cause of the one is for the advantage of the other.”

Youth is pre-eminently the time for the acquisition of living languages. At that age the memory is good *for everything* which interests it; there is great flexi-

bility in the organs of speech ; and, above all, there is generally complete absence of *mauvaise honte*,—that great bar to the progress of adults.

We do not venture to enter into details on the present occasion further than to remark that the introduction of the only natural mode of instruction, viz., *vivâ voce*, would, with one or two short lessons weekly, under competent masters, and in the lower classes entirely without grammars or preparation of any kind, lay such a foundation that in after years nothing would have to be unlearnt.

The knowledge of both science and modern languages possessed by the average graduate being only book knowledge, it would be practically of little use for classes conducted as indicated above.

As the best means of securing proficiency in the French and German languages, with science, we would suggest whether the time may not have arrived for the establishment of a branch school in France and Germany. As many are doubtless aware, the idea is neither novel nor untried, it having been already successfully adopted. The main object to be borne in mind is that, as we have to prepare our pupils for the position of English men and women, the whole course of instruction, both home and foreign, must be specially arranged so as to secure that end. The result of education at Continental schools is seldom very satisfactory, the pupil often becoming partially denationalised, without receiving any corresponding benefit.

The plan proposed would combine the advantage to be derived from residence on the Continent, coupled with the valuable privilege of religious oversight and instruction, generally so efficiently carried out in schools under the management of Friends. The whole course of education would be systematically English, residence on the Continent simply enabling some

branches to be more perfectly taught than could otherwise ever be the case. As the time now occupied in travelling to any locality likely to be selected probably does not materially exceed that which was formerly required to visit Ackworth from various parts of England, no real difficulty as to oversight, &c., need be apprehended on the score of distance.

The additional expense would, of course, be distributed over the whole number of pupils, home and foreign, it being intended that all should participate in their turn: the two last years being spent on the Continent; subject, of course, to certain conditions. No serious apprehension need exist as to the financial success of the scheme. The undoubted superiority of the education would induce many parents to enter their children at Ackworth who now decline to do so, and there would consequently be a larger proportion of the children of those to whom a few pounds per annum more or less is not a consideration.

To those who would object that Ackworth School being principally intended for the children of less favoured parents, the proposed education would be unnecessarily good, we would reply that education is the best investment that can be made, and that possibly had the education given at Ackworth in former times been better than it was, there might not at the present time be so many parents not in a position to pay the highest charge—viz., the cost per head.

One more suggestion, and we conclude. Amongst so large a number of scholars as Ackworth generally contains, there are doubtless, from time to time, some possessed of abilities superior to their fellows, which superiority scarcely attracts attention at present. Under more favourable circumstances any exceptional amount of talent, either for science, literature, or art, might be rendered conspicuous, and it might then be *desirable* that such scholars should be encouraged to

devote themselves to that path in which their natural abilities indicated that they would most probably succeed. For such cases one or more exhibitions of value should be provided, tenable for three or four years at either English or foreign universities. The knowledge that there were valuable prizes resulting from attention to school duties could not fail to have a beneficial influence on the whole school. In the world, hope of reward is the sole stimulus for exertion; there seems, therefore, little force in the objection to rivalry at school, under suitable regulations. That great interest is taken by Friends in education is evident from the fact that there are at present schools in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, either wholly or in part supported by them, and we cannot, therefore, doubt but that any well-considered proposal to augment the efficiency of their own School would meet with the warmest support.

We look forward to no endowments, believing the influence of such is always injurious. The expenses of all educational establishments should be met by the payments of the scholars; for there is great reason for doubting the continued efficiency of a school which requires subscriptions for its support. Probably it would be well if all institutions not self-supporting ceased to exist. Less difficulty, however, would probably be experienced in raising contributions for a first-class institution than for one where the education was of an inferior description.

We now briefly recapitulate the main points urged.

1. That Ackworth School be annually examined, previous to the General Meeting, and that the report of the examiners *in extenso* be presented to that Meeting.

2. That the examination by Friends generally at the General Meeting be continued as heretofore.

3. That no scholar be presented for examination who has already been examined in that class.



4. That Continental branches be established, for the two highest classes of both boys and girls.

5. That, after a certain date, those only who are entered at nine years of age be admitted to the branch schools.

6. That, provision be made, by exhibitions or otherwise, for the encouragement of such scholars as, from their course at school, have evinced qualifications of a special character.

We have purposely omitted all matters of detail, wishing only to put forth a few general principles. We hope, in doing so, we have wounded no susceptibilities; and the subjects proposed having rested on our mind for years, any remarks made can have no special reference. In so complicated a matter as the management of a large school, the union of many minds is necessary; we therefore submit our remarks to the consideration of Friends generally with the desire that that Institution on which our forefathers expended so much anxious labour, may be transmitted by us to the next generation, not merely unimpaired, but with all those improvements which increased facilities place at our disposal.

The above remarks are not intended to apply exclusively to the education of boys, but the subject of female education possesses special characteristics, which can be best treated in a separate paper.

AMICUS.

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NOTE.—For reasons which we deem sufficient, we have been induced in this instance to forego the rule that “Every article in our columns (exceeding three *pages in length*) shall bear the name of the writer.”

The subject of Ackworth education and training, both of the boys and girls, is one of great interest to Friends generally, but the opportunities afforded at the General Meetings and School Conferences are too short to allow any extraneous questions to be introduced. In inserting this paper it is not, therefore, under the supposition that all its arguments will be accepted by the reader, but rather in the hope that it may lead to a profitable expression of different views from other minds having equally the same objects at heart. Whilst we do not admit personal discussion in our pages, we shall be prepared to receive distinct papers upon these questions from any other standpoint than that advocated by the present writer.

EDITOR.

## THE USE OF LANGUAGE IN EDUCATION.

BY CLEMENT L. SMITH, A.M.\*

IN a story or a play the perfect plot is that in which, however varied the details of the action may be, there is no part that does not in some way contribute to the final result. And in architecture, likewise, that is the perfect design in which each one of the essential elements, set forth itself in the form, and with the adornment, that best expresses its meaning, is combined with the rest into a unit, symmetrical and compact, with no vacant spaces left to be filled up with useless members ; only poverty of talent resorts to the false window or the needless column. Make these as beautiful in themselves as you will, they still lack the grace that only fitness and use can confer ;

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\* This paper was delivered as an Address at a meeting of the "Alumni Association" of Haverford College, U.S., on Seventh Month 1st, 1873, by C. L. Smith, a former student, who is now an assistant professor in *Harford* College, U.S. At a time when the question of the study of foreign languages, living and dead, is so earnestly mooted, we have considered that the sentiments of so thoughtful and cultured a writer on the other side the Atlantic, who was educated and trained at the Friends' College in Pennsylvania, might be a not inappropriate contribution towards enabling the advocates of the various schemes propounded to arrive at an unbiassed and sound conclusion on this important subject. The relative claims of languages as compared with natural science and other branches of knowledge, are so continually cropping up in connection with the best mode of education at our various middle-class schools that, without enforcing all the contents of this stirring appeal from the "*non-utilitarian*" side of the question, we shall be glad to insert a distinct essay from the opposite point of view, if favoured with such.—EDITOR.

they are excrescences, that do not adorn, but mar. No part is ornamental which exists only for ornament.

And in planning the structure of our lives, it seems to me, we shall not go far wrong in following a principle similar to this. In more than one way it may be brought to bear upon the manifold actions and habits which make up our existence; but I now have especially in mind our periods of work and of enjoyment, which I suppose most people would compare with the useful and the beautiful, respectively, in architecture. And so I am led to ask, as we lay aside our work and gather together here to-day, What is it for? This festival, inserted among our days of labour, no doubt it is pleasant, but is it a useless member, or does it serve some purpose in the general plan? It were an ungracious question, in the midst of our enjoyment, to ask what good it does were the answer not so ready. The beautiful is indeed subordinate to the useful, but it is indispensable to it; nay, in their most perfect form, the two are identical. The light and graceful balustrade of a balcony is all the more useful for its lightness and grace. The architect who should substitute for it a solid wall would err greatly, but not more than we, should we seek to make every day of our lives what the Romans called a "solid day." Holidays are certainly useful if set in appropriate places, and for suitable purposes.

And among the holidays in which our busy people are wont to indulge themselves, I hold there is none more fully justified by its usefulness, if it be rightly used, than the day which the college graduate devotes to his *alma mater*. Whether our public holidays contribute materially to the purposes for which they are appointed,—whether any considerable good results from setting apart a day on which to be patriotic, another on which to be thankful, a third for humiliation,—is at least open to question. Nevertheless,

these days have their uses; and highest among these uses I count the custom of family gatherings, of making the holiday the occasion on which children and grandchildren meet together about the old hearthstone, and keep alive year after year the sweet influence of home, —a sacred flame, to be cherished with more than Vestal's care, for on it depends the life of the State.

Very like such gatherings is our meeting to-day. Haverford was the nourishing mother of our later childhood; it was she that implanted in us many of the germs of such good as has been or shall be in our lives; and it is good for us, and not pleasant only, to gather about her from our scattered abodes and our varied pursuits, to strengthen the ties that bind us to her and to each other, to subject ourselves, if for an hour only, to her beneficent influence.

We need no better reason than this for our yearly pilgrimage; yet it has a further and a higher use, which perhaps we do not keep in view as we ought. We do well to refresh in our minds the instruction we received here, to carry it with us everywhere, and reproduce it in our lives; but while doing so, let us not neglect the fountain at which we drank, that it may do for others what it has done for us. When we come here for our own enjoyment and our own good, we do well; but we shall do better if we keep in mind the good of our *alma mater* also. Haverford may be greatly strengthened if we gather about her in a helpful spirit; and on our part, it is only the return that is due, and more than due, for the great good we have received at her hand. When we speak of our *alma mater*, do we think how true it is that Haverford is ours? I fear the courts of law would not recognise our title; but the "real estate" and movables which are subject to their jurisdiction are not all of Haverford. The grass and trees of this beautiful lawn, the classrooms and dormitories of yonder building, all the

external features of the place, closely interwoven as they were with our life here, are still but a small part of what Haverford is to us. The trees and the grass renew themselves from year to year; you may pull down every building, and set in its place another in every way different, — larger and more handsome, better adapted to its purpose, — we shall rejoice at the improvement, but the place will still be Haverford.

All these things are but the body; the spirit, the life of the place, is something higher; and it is not sentiment, but sober, practical truth, to say that that indescribable but no less real something is ours. In fact, the two leading colleges of the country have made practical application of this truth, the one partially, the other wholly, in the laws that provide for the election of their governing boards. And whether formally recognised or not, this principle will, in course of time, establish itself. The graduates of a college are its natural trustees, and upon them, or upon some of their number, will devolve, sooner or later, the control of it. Haverford is as yet scarce forty years old, and already half its managers are graduates, and a large majority of them are alumni. That is as it should be; the worthy men who founded this great trust could leave it to no successors more fit to hold it than those who have shared in its benefits. And as for the rest of us, to whom the administration of this trust has not fallen, we still cannot be indifferent as to the way in which it is administered; we cannot forget that we are true children of this house, and have an abiding possession in it; that its every gain is our gain, its every loss our loss. If we escape the responsibility of administration, we still cannot escape the fact that it is our college whose welfare is concerned, and that her reputation cannot be separated from ours. We can at least strengthen the hands of those who bear the responsibility; if it is not

ours to give counsel, we can at least give support. And there is most need of support just now.

I look upon our annual gatherings here as one way of promoting this object, and it is chiefly for this reason that I am glad we have returned to our old time of meeting. Our individual preferences, I suppose, are divided, and some of us would choose the delightful temperature and brilliant foliage of autumn before all the attractions of the commencement season. But if we have the interest of Haverford at heart, as well as our own enjoyment, I think we shall feel drawn to her at this time—the anniversary of that day to which we, while here, looked forward with hope and eager desire,—and find our pleasure enhanced in linking our festival with hers, rather than in keeping apart and holding our reunion by ourselves out in the cold.

And I have relied on your care for all that concerns Haverford in selecting for your consideration this evening a subject which I might otherwise fear would not have for you the interest which it excites at my nearer professional standpoint. I propose to ask your attention to some thoughts I have gathered together on the value of Language in Education.

There is a lull in the storm which raged with such fury a few years ago, threatening to demolish utterly the old college course, and set up in its place a system in which what were flippantly called “useless studies” should have no place. But it is only a lull; the battle is not yet fought out, nor will it—nor should it—ever come to an end so long as human knowledge shall continue to increase. New fields will be explored, which cannot be kept closed to the student. The question will always be, To what point shall old studies recede *before the advance* of the new, so that the room allotted

to each shall accurately correspond to its relative importance? I believe the true solution of this problem is an elective system. I believe the relative importance of different studies is not the same for any two persons; and as the range of studies that are worthy of a place in a college is even now many times too large for any one student to contemplate in the space of four years, so the variety of minds to be trained demands a range to choose from, wider than any one mind can pursue. But, unhappily, the American college that has means adequate to the proper support of such a system does not yet exist. It is only at the large city hotel, where you pay roundly for the privilege, that you can obtain for your dinner your own choice of viands without any reference to the tastes of others; the means of an ordinary college make it resemble more closely the simple country inn, which can offer but one course for all. So we are brought back again to our problem, How shall we choose from the great number of worthy subjects, those which are most suitable for the instruction of the young? Obviously there can be no fair solution of this problem without a full acquaintance with the merits of all branches of study, and a liberal spirit towards all.

There is no room for prejudice, or narrowness, or ignorance here. No one is fit to judge in the case till he has examined it carefully in all its parts, with a determination to recognize good wherever it may be found, and to select, not the branches that are most striking, or most recent, or most popular, or even most useful in themselves, but those that are, on the whole, best adapted for purposes of instruction. Of course, therefore, in discussing the value of language in education, I am offering only a contribution to the general discussion, not traversing the whole subject. I limit myself, first, because the subject is altogether too extensive to be treated in the time for which I can



ask your attention ; and, secondly, because the claims of natural science, which is just now the most aggressive opponent of language, seem to need no advocate.

The striking discoveries, the wonderful inventions that have curbed the mightiest forces of nature and grasped the subtlest, and made them serve the daily wants of man, have aroused the attention of the people, and the cry has gone forth that these are the worthy objects of study. What use can there be, it is said, in acquiring *dead* languages ? If you must teach language, teach those that are living and can be of some use in after-life, and fill the place of that other worthless stuff with modern science. And many good people are convinced that the study of nature must be a far nobler and more elevating pursuit than "poring over musty tomes," for it is the study of the works of God.

Now, if these considerations have anything to do with the subject at all, they certainly do not favour physical science to the disadvantage of language. The works of God in nature are indeed worthy of the deepest contemplation of the student ; but a greater work of God, one still more worthy of contemplation, is the mind of man ; and this can only be studied by means of language, which is at once its staff and its sword, its support and its weapon, its only means of receiving and of giving forth ideas, and without which it would never have risen above the level of the brute. As to the epithet *dead*, which is applied in such contemptuous tone to the languages of Greece and Rome, I am compelled to admit that the manner in which those languages have been very often taught has given too good reason for the opprobrious term.

When the boy is set to learn a series of iron-clad rules, like so many theorems in geometry, and to attain a glib facility in repeating them and applying them, half by certain external, unessential marks, and half

by guess-work, without the least intelligent appreciation of any principle of language,—when, in short, he learns the language as if it were not only dead but had always been so, it is no wonder that he rises from his study with a vague idea that Cicero and Demosthenes were very much to be pitied for the quantity of grammar they had to learn in order to master Latin or Greek, with no idea that his time might have been better employed. But, after all, the deadness was in the instruction, not in the language. There is in the study of every subject one way which will produce only dead fruits, and another way that will inspire it with life. There is one way of studying nature that will bring in a knowledge of the material world, which, though it be exhaustive, will yet be as dead as the driest stores that lumber the antiquarian's brain; there is another way that will inspire the minutest grain of sand on the seashore with life,—

“Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones.”

And so it is with language. Investigation has shown that the various tongues spoken in Europe to-day are, with only two or three exceptions, all branches of one great language which was spoken in the interior of Asia centuries before the beginning of history. From this common stock, by imperceptible stages of growth, have arisen the various kinds of speech that have existed in historical times, the languages that are called “dead” as well as the living, the ancient as well as the modern. Each of these is but a stage of growth, a period which attracts attention by the brilliancy of its literature, or is lost sight of from want of any records, but which grew insensibly out of what preceded it, and advanced as imperceptibly to the succeeding stage.

the "dead" from the living languages? Shall we say a language is dead if it is no longer spoken? Then when did Latin, for instance, cease to be spoken? At what point will you draw the line, beyond which the language is dead Latin, and since which it is living Italian, or French, or Spanish? You may set it ten years back, or a hundred, or a thousand, with as good reason for one point as for another. He that now speaks of *dead* languages has failed to see the light that has shone on our age. The discovery of the unity of language, and with it the comparative method in philology and in history, is the great contribution of the nineteenth century to the advance of human knowledge; and Freeman, one of the first of living historians, does not hesitate to say that this contribution "marks a stage in the progress of the human mind at least as great and memorable as the revival of Greek and Latin learning" in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. And men who are crying out against the ancient languages in our colleges as useless relics of the period of the revival of letters, would do well to look about them and observe that other branches of learning besides natural science have made signal progress in our day.

"The new method of investigation," I quote again from Freeman, "has broken down the middle wall of partition between kindred races and kindred studies; it has swept away barriers which fenced off certain times and languages as 'dead' and 'ancient'; it has taught us that there is no such thing as 'dead' and 'living' languages, as 'ancient' and 'modern' history; it has taught us that the study of language is one study; it has taught us that no languages are more truly living than those which an arbitrary barrier fences off as dead; it has taught us that no parts of history are more truly modern,—if by modern we mean full of living interest and teaching for our own

But these arguments for natural science really have no place here. They had to be noticed, because they are used to depreciate the study of language. Men still call Greek and Latin *dead*, and people, impressed with the striking achievements of physical science, conclude there must be something especially alive and modern in it, and hence that it is well adapted for the instruction of the young. The most enlightened advocates of physical science know that these considerations have nothing whatever to do with the question. There are other grounds, good and sufficient, why physical studies should have their place in a college course; but even they cannot dispense with the study of language.

When you are guided through the factory of some great cotton-spinner, and your mind is filled with admiration at the intricate contrivances of human ingenuity by which the great rough bales of cotton are transformed to finest threads, you are not likely to observe, or to give more than a passing thought to, the silent stream of water that flows steadily along the hill-side, half hidden by the overhanging bushes, to the mill. But he who owns the looms and cards is not likely to forget it; he will cherish with all care its uninterrupted flow, for he knows well that it is the very life-blood of all the complicated members of his vast machinery. And this language is to science,—its very life-blood. And when we admire the wonderful inventions for which our age is distinguished, it is worth while to remember that it is not, after all, the machines of wood and metal, though they perform their work as if they were living things, that are the proper objects of our admiration, but the intellect of man which conceived them, which seized upon the forces of nature and made them subject to his pleasure. And if we would insure the recurrence of such achievements in the future, it is not so important to make the

the popular notion, there should be nothing absurd in this.

Unhappily, teachers—or perhaps I ought to say bookmakers—have countenanced this notion. Though there is really much instruction in language in our schools, there is, or has been, little that professes to be such. I remember that, on beginning the study of grammar, I was first set to learn by heart a definition somewhat like this—“English grammar is the art of writing and speaking the English language correctly.” Now, as we had in those days certain other exercises in writing, and as we supposed we already knew how to speak, the one word in that definition that impressed me was the last, and to my mind the object of grammar was to teach people to avoid errors of speech—that and nothing more. And from the utilitarian point of view that is a very useful object.

To get on in the world, to raise himself to a position higher than that in which he was born, a man must be ready to associate with those on the higher level. To me this appears an object very useful, perhaps, but very petty ; and if it brings the further result of leading a man to despise the homely country speech of his fathers, which has the fault of being a little nearer the speech of Shakspeare and Milton than the polite English of to-day, and if it lead him to hold himself above the speaker as well as the speech, why, then it had been better for him never to have opened a grammar. And if the object of grammar be to teach correctness in speaking, of what use is it to those children who have learned to speak correctly at home ? The real use of the study of grammar is, first, to discipline the mind ; a child who has learned to distinguish a noun from an adjective, or an adjective from an adverb, has expanded his mind to admit those ideas which, simple as they seem to us, are by no means easy to the child's understanding. And

secondly, the study of grammar is the beginning of the study of language; the principles of grammar are the fundamental principles of all language, the solid foundation on which the learner must base all his later efforts in expressing his thoughts or in interpreting the expressions of others. But if the popular conception of language be true, there is no need of all this.

The falsity of this popular conception appears to me so obvious, that I should hesitate to spend more words upon it were it not silently taken for granted by those who would exclude the study of language from our colleges. If men consider the study of language useless, it must be because they fail to see that such study can either improve language or increase our skill in using it. For it will hardly be said, I suppose, that language itself is useless.

What, then, is language? We have no need here to enter into the vexed question of its origin. Whatever it was in the beginning, there is no doubt as to what it is now. It is a complex system of sounds, which are classified and made subject to certain laws in order to express human thought; it is a human system, moulded into its present shape by human use—a combination of devices to accomplish certain ends, to supply certain human needs; it is in all its details thoroughly human, and, like everything human, is imperfect and capable of development. The brute is endowed with certain powers which are sufficient for his needs, and, within his narrow sphere, virtually perfect from the beginning. There is no progress, no improvement. Man, on the other hand, is endowed with almost no powers at the start, but he has germs which may serve as the basis of practically unlimited development. It is the larger gift by far; but he pays for it the price of having nothing perfect. For what

from the other endowments of man. The faculty of speech is not like the instinct of the brute ; it is the capacity to use an intricate system which man has built up for the expression of his thoughts—an imperfect capacity, an imperfect system—but a capacity that we may improve in ourselves every day of our lives, and a system which man will continue to work upon, for good or for ill according as he does it with care or with negligence.

And before coming to the use of the study of language to the individual, let us dwell a moment upon this last point. The value of language to each of us depends not only on our skill in the use of it, but also, and not less, upon the capacity of language itself as an instrument to express our thoughts. Various languages, as we know, differ in this respect : each has its strong and its weak points. Moreover, the same language varies in capacity at different periods : it grows or it decays. The great writers of the past, whose works are our admiration and delight, are our benefactors as well ; for by their labours and the models they have left us they have made our language a better instrument than they found it.

Every one who has found language but imperfectly expressing his thought, and has struggled successfully to adapt it to his purpose, has increased the capacity of language. And looking at it in this light, I hold that among the objects of human study none can be named of higher value than the study of language—none that could not, for the interests of human progress, be better spared or suffered to flag among men. For language is the setting which holds the priceless jewel, truth. If the setting be imperfect, the jewel may be but half revealed ; if neglected, it may wear away with time, and the stone drop out and be lost.

But let us not dismiss this grave subject lightly with a metaphor. Look at the religious history of the world



we must study these, and that is a part of the study of language. And if it be our duty, as it is the duty of all, to impart to others the truth that is in us, let us not neglect the instrument that is given us for the purpose. Let us do our utmost towards perfecting it, that when we or others come to use it, it may fail in nothing of transmitting all the mighty force of truth that wields it.

And let us also,—this is the second great object of the study of language,—let us also perfect ourselves in handling this instrument. Of course this applies first of all and chiefly to our mother tongue, and all instruction in language should be brought to bear on our capacity to use our own. But it would be a great mistake to conclude from this that we should study no language but our own. Towards attaining a complete command of our language, the very first requisite, the only foundation on which we can securely build, is a thorough knowledge of the principles of all language.

Language is in some respects like an intricate machine. Now an ignorant man may learn, by imitation, to work the most complicated machine, and produce with it all the results that can be effected by one who is intimately acquainted with all its parts and thoroughly understands every principle of its action. But you will not trust the ignorant man with your machinery; for if any unexpected interruption occurs, he is immediately at a loss and helpless. Language is more complicated than any mechanical contrivance; it is applied not always, like the latter, to accomplish the same results,—its applications are as many and as varied as the thoughts and feelings and desires of men; upon its smooth working depend the issues of life, and happy is he who never fails from ignorance or from want of skill in the use of this powerful but delicate instrument.

We all learn language at first by imitation; if we



education is chiefly or only the acquisition of knowledge. If this be the true theory, then it is not difficult to show that *dead* languages are useless, that the study of Greek is valuable for none but prospective clergymen, and that the college course should prepare a boy for his future occupation, whether he is to be a chemist, a civil-engineer, a book-keeper, a telegraphist, or a photographer. Now the object of education is not chiefly to acquire knowledge, but to discipline the mind; not to fill the brain, but to form the understanding.

There is a certain amount of what may be called necessary knowledge, which it is the duty of a college to disseminate; but it is no part of the duty of a college to teach the special facts and principles which each of its students may need in his future occupation. I do not forget that the necessities of life are heavy upon us; that the majority of young men cannot afford to pursue a college course, and then prepare for their special pursuits afterwards. That means merely that the majority of young men cannot go to college, and that other schools should be provided for them. It does not in the least affect the question of what is best for those who can go. And, after all, we do not hear of our college graduates going begging. "But they do not get rich!" some one will say. No, they do not generally grow rich; but if that is what the argument means,—and I fear it does mean that,—it may be safely left unanswered. Perhaps, in this country and in this age, it is no bad thing to have the community leavened with a body of men who do not place riches above all other earthly blessings.

Education, it is usually said, should be a preparation for life. But even in this apparently obvious truth there lurks a dangerous fallacy, and when it is interpreted to mean that life is separated into two portions, of which the first is the only preparation for the second, the fallacy shows itself. Education is a preparation

for life ; but it should not be forgotten that education is a part of life also, and that it begins, not when the child goes to school, but in his cradle, and ends, not when he graduates from college, but when he dies.

To-morrow will go forth from these walls a band of young men, as we went forth in the years that are gone, with feelings that we remember so well. The superficial observer groups them together without distinction, as men who have been educated alike, and who are, with some slight difference of ability, equally fitted for the struggles of life. But is it so ? One, perhaps, has spent his childhood in a wealthy home, where all his wants were supplied with no effort on his part, while another has won his way with hard struggles, step by step, to the doors of Haverford ; one has been guided carefully by wise parents, while another has been spoiled by mistaken kindness, or driven with harshness, or repressed by want of sympathy,—what various influences can you not imagine as having formed their youthful minds ? Was not this a part of their education, of their preparation for life ? And while they have been here, have those things which they had in common been all the influences that acted upon them ? Were there not in the mind of each, secret thoughts which were moulding their characters quite as much as the outward influences in which all shared ? And when they finally leave this pleasant place and pass “from college to life,” as the expression is, they will not find, if we may trust our experience, any perceptible change in themselves. They will find that their up-hill journey thus far has not brought them to a plateau, as perhaps they had imagined, but only to the foot of a farther ascent, much like the one they have just completed. And their readiness to enter upon the work before them will not depend on the number of facts they have collected but on the train-

every day, if it be rightly used, will be a preparation for the day that succeeds it, till their days shall be no more.

The four years of a college course, then, are not the only preparation for life ; still, they are the years in which that preparation can be carried forward under the most advantageous circumstances and with the least obstacles. How, then, shall we use this opportunity ? When the boy comes to college he has acquired much of what I have called necessary knowledge at the preparatory schools. What shall he study ? We are asked to teach him useful facts, and particularly such as may assist him in his future calling. For forty years, perhaps, after leaving college, he will devote himself to that calling, turning the whole course of his education into that one channel, growing by daily practice more perfect in the knowledge of it. Is not that enough ? Is not his calling well enough provided for without encroaching upon those precious four years which are to prepare him for life ? And his calling is not his life.

He is sure to gain in good time all the special knowledge his circumstances in life may require, and of the facts he has learned in college he is equally sure to forget all that he does not have occasion to use. But the training he has received, the strength his mind has acquired in mastering those facts, and the principles that govern them, is a possession that does not depend on the fickleness of memory ; that he can use for any purpose to which his mind may be applied ; that will not desert him, but will go on increasing if he continue the efforts by which it was acquired. The most useful studies, therefore, are not necessarily those which furnish the largest array of useful information ; they are those that are best adapted to develop the mind.

The method which is recognised as best in moral

instruction is also best in intellectual. As in practice the two should go hand in hand, so the true method should be the same in both. How do you set about making a child good ! Not by stuffing his mind with precepts and maxims ; not by recounting to him all the illustrious deeds of good men, the sufferings of martyrs, or sublime examples of self-sacrifice. These are all very well as far as they go. But circumstances do not repeat themselves, and in the temptations that beset us we are seldom assisted much by the knowledge of what some one else did under other circumstances. Nay, there is danger in going wrong by trusting too implicitly in precept and example ; they are blind guides if followed blindly. It was the Pharisees, the devoted followers of the prophets, who, in their day, played the part of persecutors of prophets. By making keen the moral sense, by developing the sensitiveness of conscience, by inculcating a love of good and a hatred of evil, by strengthening all good impulses and repressing the bad, by reducing the passions to habitual subjection to the will, and by establishing all good habits,—in short, by long and patient training,—you will best fit a man for the trials of life.

And so, too, for all of life that demands the application of his mental powers,—and what part of life does not ?—you will best prepare him, not by storing his memory with facts, but by training his mind, by making keen his mental perception, by developing his judgment, by strengthening his reasoning power, by building up the habit of readily concentrating his attention at the command of his will. The facts will be of little avail when new facts are to be dealt with ; what will then be needed will be the readiness to bring a well-trained mind to bear upon the problem in hand.

Now as compared with those branches of science

discipline which they afford,—mathematics, logic, and metaphysics,—language is in one respect superior to any of them, namely, in its adaptability to every variety of mind. The study of mathematics or of logic is most excellent training, and not chiefly for those who have what are called “mathematical minds,” but rather for those in whom some degree of exactness in thinking may be cultivated, though their natural bent is averse from it. For mathematics, as a study, I have a particular fondness; but in teaching it, I have found that there are many minds to whom it is mere torture after they have passed beyond the elementary branches. In one step or another of a course of reasoning they are sure to stumble, or else they cannot grasp enough points at once to reach the conclusion; and in demonstration to lose a part is fatal. It is like the pill which the physician conceals in delicious preserves: he who can swallow it whole finds its taste all sweetness, and receives much benefit from it; but there are many unfortunate people who can never help biting a pill in two, and it is very bitter when divided.

To understand completely the principles of language requires as powerful a mind, as profound thinking, as mathematics; but it is not, like the latter, inexorable in its requirements. There are some minds that can never comprehend it entirely, there are some that can comprehend but little, but there is no mind that cannot comprehend a part; and the least part is useful.

For training the average mind, language is a more suitable study than metaphysics, because it teaches by example that of which metaphysics teaches the theory, which is beyond the comprehension of many. Metaphysics treats of the varied processes of the human mind; language exhibits the same mind in active operation; language is in every way the product of the human mind: as a system it has been built up by human

minds ; as spoken, it is the manifestation of the human mind in action ; as preserved in literature, it is the storehouse of human thought. As once the rays of the sun, warming into life the material elements in the lap of the earth, gave birth to a luxuriant vegetation, which afterwards died and fell to the ground, and turned, as it lay, to stony hardness, dark and cold, but is now brought forth again to give light and heat to our dwellings, so have the thoughts and feelings of men clothed themselves in language, which, though it now seems dead to those who know not how to use it, may still be made as fuel to the fire of the soul, and a light to guide our footsteps along the tangled pathway of life.

I have thus tried to set forth—in words too extended, I fear, for your patience, but all too brief for my subject—the reasons why I consider language worthy to hold an important place in a scheme of liberal education ; first, to resume, because language is an intricate mechanism of supreme importance to man, which may be itself improved by culture, and in the use of which each individual may increase his own skill ; and, second, because the study of language is one of the best means of training the mind. I have thus treated the subject from a utilitarian point of view, and tried to show that the study of language is useful in the narrower sense of that word.

There is a broader and truer interpretation of the word, which is not recognized by those who call themselves practical men. But if everything is useful to man which contributes to his happiness, then the æsthetic culture which results from the study of classical literature, the higher tone of mind, the broader

for it has been my purpose simply to answer the oft-repeated question : "Of what practical use is the study of language?" Nor have I thought it necessary—nor do I think it right—to disparage natural science in order to exalt my own favourite study ; my respect for natural science is too great, and the merits of language place it above the need of any such advocacy.

There are, in the domain of natural science numerous truths of which no one should be ignorant ; and the study of it affords excellent training of a sort not furnished by any other branch of knowledge. For both these reasons it must hold a place in every course of liberal study. But when it is studied, not for the value of the training it imparts or of the truths it teaches, but only with a view to its practical application to special pursuits in after-life, and is expanded till all studies that have no such special application are crowded out, then you have no longer a college, but a polytechnic school ; and useful as institutions of the latter class are, they cannot supersede the college, nor should the college attempt to do their work.

High up on the western wall of the new Alumni Hall at Harvard, are inscribed the words,—

HUMANITAS . VIRTUS . PIETAS

words of a *dead* language, if you please, but, to the student of language, glowing with life. They express the three-fold, yet single object of a college. By *pietas*, which to the Roman meant the duty that springs from affection, he also designated his duty towards his gods ; what word of Christian English can express as well as this Pagan word the whole religious duty of man, as taught by Him who summed up all the commandments in love to our Father in Heaven, and to our brother on earth ? It is not without significance that our English word *piety* has lost its human element, and suggests no longer any duty toward man. So, too, *virtus* meant more to the Roman than

its equivalent does to us. For while it indicated all the moral excellence which we call virtue, its obvious derivation made it more like our *manliness*, and could never fail to suggest to him that to be virtuous was to be, in the highest sense, a man. These two words, then, embrace all the aims of religion and morality, which must form a part of any scheme of education, simply because, as I have said, education is a part of life, and there is no part of life from which these can be spared.

But the main object of a college course, as such,—the object for which a young man leaves his home and spends four years of his life at college,—is the culture of the intellectual faculty. And here again let the *dead* language instruct. *Humanitas* was the word by which the Roman designated his culture,—*humanity*, *manhood* once more, only not like *virtus*, confined to the moral qualities, but manhood in its broadest sense,—the full, symmetrical, many-sided human character, not highly polished at one point, rough elsewhere, but with every part developed to the extent of its capacity.

Surely this is a higher aim than that of the special schools, whose appropriate place is *after* the college course,—not side by side with it as rivals. Since there are many young men who are prevented by poverty or other causes from going to college, let them by all means be provided with the instruction that shall fit them at once, as well as may be, for some special pursuit. But let no one pretend that they are as well off as if they had gone to college, and let us not drag the college down to their level. Let the college hold fast to its loftier calling; let its constant aim be



“WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST? WHOSE SON IS HE?”

MATTHEW XXII. 42.

“WHAT think ye of Christ?—whose son is He?” Such was the question once put by our Lord to the Pharisees; a simple question, easily answered as they understood it, and the response, prompt and undoubting, was readily given: “they say unto Him, the son of David.” The chief priests and elders, in their reply a little time before as to the origin of John’s mission, had, to save their credit on the one hand, and to avoid popular indignation on the other, resorted to an evasive—“we cannot tell”: the Sadducees and Herodians, caught in their own devices, had been silenced: entrenched behind tradition; prepared, if need were, with Scripture proof; sure of the consenting applause of any who might overhear their words, every Pharisee in the group was swift to claim for the royal house this last and highest honour; all men knew that the Messiah, when He came, would be the Son of David.

The answer, so far as it went, could not be gainsayed, but underlying the surface was a deeper and more important truth which it did not even touch, which those who surrounded the questioner would gladly have left undisturbed. Genealogical points, safe and easy to settle; knotty disputes as to tithings and oaths; the minutiae of ritual;—these were their province; they did not care to be brought face to face with the something—what it was they knew well, shut their eyes and harden their hearts as they might,—the something that the next few words, so quietly spoken, so unmistakable in their meaning, laid bare before them: “How then doth David in spirit call

*"What think ye of Christ?—whose son is He?"* 111

Him Lord, saying, the Lord said unto my Lord, sit thou on my right hand until I make thine enemies thy footstool? If David then call Him Lord, how is He his son?"

The words, David's own, a quotation from the 110th Psalm, were too well known to be treated lightly, must have been too generally received as a reference to the Messiah to be put aside. Had any doubt existed, how easy a simple denial would have been; what would the unsupported assertion of "the son of the carpenter" have availed against the critical decisions of learned Pharisees? Words, read and re-read mechanically, who shall say how often, now for the first time instinct with their true significance to some at least of the bystanders, uttered as they were by a voice that had been heard in the synagogue, but had nothing in common with that of the formal synagogue-reader, confronted them with startling power and meaning. "What think ye of Christ? whose son is He?" "The Lord said unto my Lord"! The answer that had sounded so full and satisfying a moment since, how empty it was now! Silence, or a frank confession of past ignorance or error—the choice lay between these, and those who "loved the praise of men more than the praise of God" could have had little hesitation in deciding which to adopt.

Face to face at that moment stood the Jewish people, in the person of these representative Pharisees, and that Messiah who through the ages had been the centre of every national hope and desire; the theme of closely-studied, jealously-treasured prophecy; the point on which all eyes of high and low, rich and poor, were fixed. At last, in the fulness of God's time, He, the Promised One, had come unto His own, and "His own received Him not." Why? Because He for whom they looked, was not "He of whom Moses in the Law and the prophets did write." They had

conceived the idea of a Messiah such as they believed the Jewish people required, an earthly restorer of Israel to her old place among the nations, a king in whose court they could have been at home; a prince sent of God truly, for without such a sanction the religious element,—which gratified their tastes, and which was in other ways so advantageous,—would have been wanting; but essentially a Messiah after their own mind, not the mind of God. Full of these expectations they confronted Jesus of Nazareth, and, Scripture in hand, refused to recognise Him to whom book after book bore such emphatic testimony. Day after day, as proofs thickened around them, as prophecy after prophecy was fulfilling before them, the more resolutely did they shut their eyes and close their ears and harden their hearts against conviction, until that which should have been a blessing became a curse, adding guilt to guilt. Put to silence by David's own words, words which admitted of but one answer, and that one which they could not give without condemning themselves, nothing remained for them but to raise the cry of blasphemy, and in his turn silence their dangerous opponent.—“Crucify Him, crucify Him.” “We will not have this man to reign over us.” “His blood be on us and on our children.”

Let us glance for a moment at John vi. A somewhat similar subject was under discussion. “The bread of God is He which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world.” “I am that bread of life.” These were our Lord's words on that occasion, and the Jews murmured at them and at Him. “This is of a truth that prophet that should come into the world” had been the exclamation of the multitude who had shared in the five loaves and the two fishes, and they had been willing forthwith to proclaim Him their king, clinging as they did, just as much as the

Pharisees, to the idea of temporal sovereignty as connected with the Messiah ; but the outburst of popularity was checked when deeper things,—spiritually higher claims on the part of the speaker than they could comprehend in the one case, chose to concede in the other,—were touched on. “Hard sayings” they called them, and forthwith “many of his disciples went back and walked no more with Him.” Many, but not all. The truth, dimly seen it may be, mingled with many false ideas, much clinging to old vain hope and opinion, but still the truth, held in an honest and good heart, was bearing fruit already : what Pharisees, Scribes, rulers, doctors of the law, had failed to grasp was yet within the reach of Peter and his companions. “Lord, to whom shall we go ? Thou hast the words of eternal life, and we believe and are sure that Thou art that Christ, the son of the living God.” “Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.” What a commentary on these words the two scenes afford !

“What think ye of Christ ?” Turning again to Matthew’s record, let us glance over the twenty-first and twenty-second chapters. On what a strangely-diversified group our Lord’s eye may have rested when He asked that question. Specially addressed as it was to one party, may we not believe that it reached other ears as well ?—those of Sadducees, lingering on the outskirts of the crowd after their mocking endeavour to bring the resurrection of the dead into ridicule ?—of the multitude, so ready to cry Master and Lord when there were any sick ones to be healed, any hungry ones to be fed, and yet so easily prejudiced and turned aside by a word from those in authority ?—of the disciples, slow of heart to understand, weak of faith to receive all that concerned their Master, yet in their poor measure faithful over a few things, and destined to receive many things ? Had each been

appealed to separately, how different would the answer have been. Ignorant and thoughtless, some, it may be, had never pondered the matter at all; entrenched behind foregone conclusions, or resolved not to convict themselves, others, like the Pharisees, might have striven to hide their confusion under the veil of silence; mocking and scorning, others would have replied with idle jest and sneer. It needed no words to make known the response of every heart to Him who that day offered, as it were, one more avenue of escape to His enemies; who made one last attempt to open self-shut eyes, self-closed ears, hearts hardened in self-destroying pride and obduracy. The question, "What think ye of Christ?" had been addressed to the whole Jewish people from the very beginning of the Messiah's earthly ministry; it continued to be so to its end. The scene on Calvary was the nation's reply. Individuals here and there, despised, persecuted, cast out of synagogues, driven from city to city, answered otherwise. "He came unto his own and his own received Him not, but to as many as received Him to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name."

But was the question, with all the life and death issues depending on it, only addressed to those who that day heard it? One after another each generation of men, surrounding the Lord like the strangely-mingled group at which we have been gazing, have listened to the words "What think ye of Christ?" one after another, the uttered or unuttered answer of each individual has been known to Him; one after another each has passed away, to give place to some new listener, until to-day we, in our turn, are standing hearing the same words, and consciously or unconsciously recording our reply to them.

"Whose son is He?" The question with us, as with the Pharisees of old, centres round these four words, or

rather round the thought at their root. Are the Scriptures, God's revelation to man, to be received simply, humbly, implicitly, as the Divinely authorised exponents of the person and character and offices of Christ, or are man's thoughts to supplement, alter, diminish, nay, set them aside altogether, when they clash with his ideas and wishes ? Had David's words agreed with the Pharisees' preconceived opinion respecting the Messiah, how freely acknowledged, how openly endorsed they would have been ! Did the Scriptures at this day tone in with man's idea of the Saviour how eagerly would they be cited, how gladly listened to ! The Bible now, as then, is the Father's testimony through the Spirit to the Son, and now, even as then, "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him ; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

Error repeats itself from age to age ; springing always from the same root, each new growth, however influenced by outward circumstances, is but the successor of some former outcome of evil, as that in its day replaced one still earlier, and did time and opportunity admit, it would be an interesting study to trace through the eighteen intervening centuries the successive disciples of each of the schools of thought represented in the two chapters of Matthew's Gospel. It would bring into striking contrast the works of the flesh and the fruit of the Spirit. But though such an inquiry is far beyond our limits, we need not forego all the teaching it would contain. Let us pass in review the various sections of the group, and, transferring them to our day, see what each, separated from special Jewish surroundings, would represent ; and as we do so let us ask ourselves, not, "Is this

recognised by us or not, the prototype of not one will be absent.

To whom shall we turn first? To the foremost in the group, the Pharisees, zealous, active-minded men, full of religiousness, keen to detect error in thought or laxity in practice in their fellows, held in high esteem by those around them, in yet higher by themselves. Who are their representatives now? Those surely (and how numerous the class is need not be told) who, members of the various sects of Christendom, prove day by day how easy it is for a man to be a devoted champion of a creed, strict in religious observance, untiring in the maintenance of Church discipline, exercising wide-spread influence throughout a life-time, while yet a total stranger to the love of God. Tradition made sacred by its antiquity; a system of theology beautifully reasoned out and elaborated by man's intellect; that *esprit de corps*, the workings of which are as visible in the religious world as elsewhere,—all these and many more items which we need not stop here to enumerate, combine to produce that strangest, saddest of paradoxes—a man so full of religiousness that there is no room in his heart for obedience and humility: so absorbed with listening to the "they have said" of the fathers, the "I believe" of his own fallible heart, that the solemn "It is written" of the Word of God is used rather for corroboration of opinion than for its basis, and is unhesitatingly wrested, or passed over in silence, should it seem to contradict established theory. And this often, we believe, without conscious dishonesty of intention. The idea of hypocrisy, now so indissolubly connected with the term Pharisees is, we must remember, purely arbitrary. True, we cannot but infer from our Lord's words that in His day the "whited sepulchres" were many, but, on the other hand, Paul's emphatic testimony to his own sincerity may assure us

that then, as now, it was possible for man, in perfect good faith, to make "the commandment of God of none effect through his tradition."

What is at the root of this form of evil? The mistake of the Pharisee of old,—the mistake of his modern representative—listening to the words of men instead of receiving the words of God in all their fulness and simplicity. If, in place of collecting elaborate glosses on the sacred text, the gathering together and investing with ever-increasing weight and authority of the ponderous traditions of the elders, the simple, honest study of the Law and the Prophets had been diligently pursued, not to fit prophecy to man's idea of the Messiah, but to seek out the signs by which the Messiah after God's mind might be recognised, how unambiguous would David's words have sounded; how each well-known passage, fulfilling day by day, would have shown that the long-expected One was in their midst! If at this day the Bible were studied rather than theology; if every article of belief were based by every individual holding it on a distinct Scripture basis, on the "It is written" instead of a creed or a catechism, or any human authority; if in its purity, freed from all gloss or interpretation of man, the Bible and the Bible alone were to be made the sole ultimate appeal on doctrine in Christendom, how many false professors, brought face to face with living truth, would be put to silence? how many scales would fall from hitherto blinded eyes?

Is it not a fact, established beyond all need of further proof, that the mind of man cannot stand alone—that those who reject Divine guidance, putting aside or undervaluing Scriptures, are strangely prone to prize too highly the thoughts and words of some



- was founded on the false teaching of the originator of their sect, teaching blindly received, and made the occasion of further error. Unlike the Pharisees, they prided themselves on the total rejection of tradition, in the common acceptation of the term ; the Scriptures, but deprived of their living power, they professed to receive and follow. Walking by sight and not by faith, lowering the Divine and elevating the human element, were the most strongly marked tendencies of the party.

Who are the Sadducees of our day ? or rather, in mournful truth may it not be asked, Where is the ancient Sadducean spirit absent ?—that spirit which seems to permeate the whole religious world, withering all freshness, chilling all ardour, striving to substitute its own vain speculations for the unchanged, all-sufficing word of God, while it claims high credit for its complete freedom from the superstitions of the past ? By one of those silent revolutions, the workings of which it is so difficult to trace, while yet the result is often so well marked, the open infidelity of the last century has given place to the more subtle infidelity of the present. Few blasphemers are to be found in the group of to-day, but no less bitter is the sneer hidden under the apparently frank questioning ; no less determined is the revolt of man’s heart against Divine authority. It has been remarked that, in the Old Testament there is singularly little distinct reference to a future state, its full revelation seems to have been reserved for the New ; and yet it is by a quotation from the Scriptures that our Lord disposes of the ingenious cavil of the Sadducees. Simple faith walks in light and safety where human reason gropes stumblingly along. Asking questions, raising difficulties, arraigning the truth now of one part of God’s Word, now of another, yielding the homage of the intellect to the beauty and grandeur of Bible language, while

openly or tacitly denying its spiritual power, the Sadducees of our day are recording their answer to the solemn inquiry of the Lord.

The multitude—what is their response ? Following in crowds to-day, hanging on the lips that spake as never man spake ; to-morrow scattered to their various homes, not to spend one passing hour in the presence of Jesus until it may be some great crisis in family life, some threatened bereavement, some sore sickness urges them forth in anxious quest of Him of whom they have so long been content to lose sight ; ready to hail Him as a king, but never taking on them the badge of discipleship ; ever trusting to His long-suffering mercy, and forgetting that the day is coming when they will look and call in vain, when their loudly-urged plea “ We have eaten and drunk in Thy presence and Thou hast taught in our streets ” will be met with the stern “ I never knew you, depart.”

They stand round us in throngs, this multitude—the unsaved men and women of our generation. Of every rank, from the highest to the lowest, listening Sunday after Sunday to the Gospel message, if indeed it can be called listening ; so familiar with the truth in outward form, such total strangers to its vital power, while one by one their faces grow dim to sight and fade away ; day by day their places are being silently filled up, and with their answers recorded they vanish for ever. Harkening now to the Pharisees, now to Sadducees, now to the Lord Himself ; now turning away in utter forgetfulness of all that they have heard ; taking every testimony, receiving every teaching, trying none by the only true test ; knowing the Christ of the pulpit, the platform, the essay, the poem, the magazine article, not the Christ of the Scriptures, to know whom and whom alone is life eternal.

Can it be that man is too prominent in man's teach-

and powerful, is wrapped up and blunted in our many words of explanation and exhortation?—that the unalloyed Word is not brought to bear in all its intensity on the immortal spirits around us? Is it possible that through much wisdom of words the Cross of Christ is made of none effect? Let us see to it, lest it may in any case be so, for the danger of such evil is great, while on every hand the shaking and falling of those from whom we had looked for better things, shows the worthlessness of the faith that stands in the wisdom of man instead of the power of God.

And, lastly, few in number, humble, unlearned as they were, we turn to the disciples. “I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now.” “O fools and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken.” Even to them these words could be addressed by One who knew the secrets of every heart, yet they had received the Christ sent of God; under the rubbish of national prejudice and early teaching which cumbered their spiritual apprehension, there was the germ of living faith. “What think ye of Christ?—whose son is He?” Their answer was already recorded, an answer into the fulness of which, at the moment of its utterance, it may be they could not enter, but which was hereafter to become gloriously clear to them in the pages of Scripture. Slow of heart is, thank God, not hard of heart! “Unto them that have shall more be given, and they shall have abundance.” What the abundance in this case was, how amply the Epistles of Peter and John testify.

The disciples of this day, around what Lord and Master do they gather? One of their own devising or one sent of God? One who, according to human judgment, is fitted to repair the ravages of the enemy and restore the lost kingdom, or one to whom the all-wise Jehovah has assigned the task?—the Christ

of man's imagination or the Christ of the Scriptures ? Too often slow of heart, it must with shame and sorrow be confessed that they are, like those of eighteen centuries ago, dim of sight, weak of faith, even as they were ; like them, struggling with much false teaching, many false ideas, yet seeing in Him towards whom they press even closer and closer, " He of whom Moses in the Law and the Prophets did write," while ever the more distinct and fearless becomes their response to the heart-searching question, " What think ye of Christ ?—whose son is He ? "

Who can measure the immense difference between a faith built on the mists of tradition, the vain dream of Church authority, the shifting sands of man's thoughts, the waverings to and fro of impulse and feeling, compared with that that rests simply and wholly on the immutable word of a living God ? based in every part on the unshaken foundation : " It is written." How is it with our faith ? Of this we may be certain that though this is a day of much profession of religion, he who dares to take the Bible in its integrity must be prepared to be in the minority. When the question is asked, many will begin the response with us ; before it is ended, our voice will be heard alone, and eyes of scorn and contemptuous pity, and anger too, will be turned full on us. But what will that matter if other eyes besides are fixed on the true-hearted disciples—eyes visible to faith now, to be seen in the glory hereafter ?

" All the counsel of God." I would briefly touch on a point of which these words are suggestive. Has there not been a tendency, more or less marked, amongst some disciples to speak and act as if the Old Testament more especially belonged to past times. the New

ignorance, half in carelessness, content themselves with cultivating the surface of the ground and wondering at such small traces of hidden wealth as the plough and spade turn up, instead of having recourse to the patient, laborious use of the pickaxe and hammer; so they have seen many truths, much beauty on the surface of pages which, dug into, really worked, would have yielded stores of unequalled riches. Is it not sorrowfully true that in much of the preaching and religious teaching and writing of the day, there is a lack of well-balanced solidity—too much about it of man’s assertion—assertion capable, it may be, of ample proof, but nevertheless *man’s* assertion still, instead of actual Scripture, chapter and verse? What is amiss? Is it not the absence of much of the deep instruction to be found in the Old Testament, the ever-varying, ever-concurring testimony to Christ that pervades it from Genesis to Malachi, prophecy, type, more or less distinct, shadowing forth Him of whom—the closer we search into it, the fuller will grow our certainty that so it is!—the entire Bible is one volume of evidence. True there are many Christians who know little beyond the New Testament, by whom the Old, save in certain portions, is scarcely read, not at all studied; but is this well? From such the answer to their Master’s question, real and earnest as it may be, cannot come with the intensity of conviction personally, nor, as regards the reluctant listeners around, can it bring such glory to Him as the same words from those to whom the utterance of lawgiver, prophet, priest, and king of the Old Testament, form one intelligent whole with those of the apostles and disciples of the New—each building up and completing the other. Would that every “man of God” at this day were thus perfect, “thoroughly furnished unto all good works!”

One word before this paper closes. Reader, what dost *thou* think of Christ?

“ God so loved the world that He gave his only-begotten son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” (John iii. 18.) “ He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, and he that believeth not the Son, shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him.” (John iii. 36.) Dost thou believe ? “ For it pleased the Father that in Him should allfulness dwell, and having made peace through the blood of his cross, by Him to reconcile all things unto unto Himself.” (Col. i. 19, 20.) Is this blood-bought peace thine ? “ I am the light of the world.” (John viii. 12.) Is He thy light ? “ I am the vine, ye are the branches ; he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit, for without me ye can do nothing.” (John xv. 5.) Art thou an abiding, fruit-bearing branch ? “ The bread of life.” (John vi. 32.) “ The good shepherd.” (John x. 11.) Is He such to thee. Canst thou, looking to the future, say with Paul, “ I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.” (2 Tim. i. 2.)

Solemn, intensely personal these questions all. Remember all that is included in them ; all that hangs on the answer !

ANNA D. PEET.

## REMINISCENCES OF JOHN T. RICE.

IN attempting a biographical sketch of the career of our late valued friend and coadjutor John T. Rice, we find but little material out of which to weave anything like a life-history. He had a peculiar disinclination to journal writing, arising in part from the fear of recording more than he felt, or cultivating a spirit of self-consciousness, and our reminiscences will necessarily be gathered more from personal information than from any records which he has left behind.

There are many lives full of circumstances, remarkable in their character, and very eventful to the individuals themselves, which to the outside world would, if narrated, appear tame and prosaic; the more especially when passed in comparative seclusion, or apart from the great social and political struggles through which a nation passes.

But we are by no means sure that the most conspicuous careers usually afford either the largest amount of material for profitable thought, or the most valuable lessons for those who come after. An existence spent in the hurry and worry of this world's affairs, full of excitement and stirring adventure, is often more calculated for history than for biographical notice; but those who wish to look beneath the surface, and to trace out the secret springs of usefulness and of religious progress, will often learn much from the study of lives which, though meagre in incident, have been richly laden with fruit. It is therefore not so much as an active an

zealous promoter of national questions, or in connection with political organisations, but rather as a useful, earnest, and consistent member of the Society of Friends, that we shall attempt to gather up a few biographical memoranda concerning our departed friend.

John Thomas Rice was the eldest son of James and Mary Rice, and was born in Southampton, in 1821. His bachelor uncles John and William Rice for many years carried on a prosperous business as ironmongers in the High Street at Southampton, where they lived with two maiden sisters. When he was about two and a half years old, his favourite aunt Rachel went down on a visit to Merthyr, in Wales (where James Rice had recently taken an ironmonger's business), and after overcoming various objections, she brought her infant nephew back with her to Southampton, to be henceforth adopted by them.

When about four years old he was seized with a very severe illness, so that his life was almost despaired of. The mother's heart yearned after the absent child, and the arrangement entered into by the uncles (and upon which in the ordering of Providence his future life of usefulness so much depended) was well nigh frustrated. He was taken back to Merthyr to be again with his parents, and it needed a second visit by his persevering and loving aunt to induce them to carry out their previous intentions. Great was her delight when she again reached Southampton, and presented her little charge to the gratified uncles, saying,—“I have got the dear boy back again.” She devoted herself with almost more than motherly care to his childhood's needs, and he on his part looked up to them all with a dutiful affection, which remained until their life's end.

From his earliest years they cultivated his sensibili-



ties, training him in the fear of God and love to man, and instilling into his young mind a love of poetry, and observance of the beauties of flowers and other objects of nature, and especially a kindness to animals, which remained with him throughout his life.

On reaching an age beyond their powers of teaching, he went for a short period to a day-school in the town. When about twelve years old his uncles felt that it would be of essential benefit for him to be sent to some Friends' boarding-school to complete his education; and after many doubts and many tears on the part of his aunts, he was sent to Isaac Brown's well-known school at Hitchin, thus supplementing the Friendly religious training which he had received under his adopted relatives.

The father had married out of the Society, and, according to the custom of that day, "the discipline took its course," and he was disunited. On leaving Merthyr he came to reside at a mill which belonged to his wife's father, at Nursling, near Southampton, where he carried on that business until his death in 1834. Throughout his life he continued to attend the Meetings of Friends, remarking that there was no other body with whom he could worship with a like comfort. His widow was left with five young children now dependent upon her. She had no connection with Friends, and the remaining children were brought up in a manner different in every respect from the subject of this memoir. The elder uncle, John Rice, was for some time Clerk of Poole and Southampton Monthly Meeting, and during many years of his life occupied a sphere of usefulness in the Society of Friends, of which he and his other brothers were attached members. It was more especially to the effects of his upright example and circumspect life and conversation that his nephew was in the habit of attributing the blessing which followed him in after days; and we think it

was mainly from this source that he derived that honest straightforwardness and true-heartedness of character for which he was particularly distinguished.

We believe that a thankful sense of the great benefits of an early religious training in his own case was a powerful motive for the great interest which he displayed on behalf of the education of the young. He was ever very earnest in endeavouring, both by precept and by monetary assistance, thus to raise the children of those who themselves cared little for the religious or moral teaching of their offspring. The grave has too recently closed over his remains for us to illustrate this trait, but some of our readers will, we doubt not, recognise the justice of these remarks from their own personal knowledge of facts bearing out our assertion.

On his entering school at Hitchin, although from having mixed so little with boyish companions he was at first shy and retiring in his disposition, his liveliness of temperament and love of fun soon made him a general favourite. During his three years of school life, although not unfrequently involved in minor "scrapes," he had a keen sense of the distinction between boyish mischief and frolic and that which was sinful, and it was very noticeable how resolutely he would stand back from that which was untruthful or morally wrong, whilst ready to unite with the foremost in those actions "lawful but not expedient" into which many of the best class of boys are led by an exuberant buoyancy of spirits, often to the great trial of their teachers, as well as of their over-anxious parents. But throughout the time he was at Hitchin school we believe he earned the general character of being an obedient and well-conducted lad.

The ardency with which he entered into out-door

will be remembered by his surviving schoolfellows, who can hardly fail to recall his prowess in this respect; while the proverbial straightness of "Rice's balls" made him a dangerous antagonist, often playing sad havoc with his opponent's score. Each ball, swift, high, and unerring in its course, was delivered straight at the middle wicket (not altogether unemblematical of his own character). There was nothing of circumlocution about them, either of twisting, round hand, or "artful slows," but, facing the goal aimed at, he would bowl away true to the middle stump, and great was his merriment as one unfortunate wicket after another fell before his unerring aim. He possessed also a like cleverness in throwing; and during the half-holiday walks many an unhappy bird had to succumb to his singular skill in this respect. There was a current tradition amongst his schoolfellows, that "Rice was the only boy forbidden by the teachers to throw at birds, because he was the only one likely to hurt them."

In respect to his studies in the school, we may say that, without showing any particular talent for learning (except a retentive memory), he got through his work successfully, generally devoting about as much attention to lessons as was sufficient to enable him to keep his place in the class, and to earn the requisite number of "marks" to gain a monthly holiday and walk.

Many incidents might be given concerning these happy school days, when he and the writer sat side by side, at the same desk, studying the same lessons, and, alas! too often involved in the same merited punishment for misdeeds; but their narration would fail to interest beyond the circle of those few school companions now remaining who knew him intimately. His distinguishing traits at this time were a ready wit and great love of the humorous, combined with a

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strong under-current of religious sensibility and conscientiousness in word and act.\*

In the hilarity of schoolboy life it is often difficult to detect the inward working of the soul, except when some unwonted circumstance occurs to draw it forth. Such an event happened during the last half-year in which John T. Rice was at school.

Shortly after the winter vacation, one of the elder boys, a special companion, who had always paired off with us in our "First-day rounds," when the school gathered into small coteries to walk and talk in select circles amongst themselves, and who also slept in the same room, was taken dangerously ill. He was delirious during the last night we saw him, and within three days the terrible news ran through the school that poor Lewis May had died! The remembrance of that solemn event is still fresh before me as I recall the shock which then seemed to paralyze every boy, and which was shortly followed by that deeply affecting spectacle, when his sorrowing school-fellows all gathered in the adjoining court-yard around the plain oak coffin of their lost friend, gazing with saddened faces and beating hearts upon the bier which contained his mortal remains. It is so impossible for ordinary lads in full vigour of health and spirits to realise this nearness of death, that an event of this kind must bring more vividly than perhaps any other thing, before boys the great uncertainty of existence even for themselves.

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\* The following simple illustration of this carefulness of conduct might be mentioned. Copying from an irascible French master, who was in the habit of giving vent to his feelings by a not unusual French ejaculation, the elder scholars had adopted in play a like

Such was the case now, and his sorrowing playmates had never before comprehended with such vivid reality those well-known lines—

“ Youth and the opening rose  
May look like things too glorious for decay,  
And smile at thee ! But thou art not of those  
Who wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.”

Amongst the many providential currents shaping the future of the life of John T. Rice, we may place this early death of an endeared companion. Sad as such an occurrence must ever be, at the time, to all around, not a few may in after life be able to look back with thankful hearts that they have personally been amongst the number of schoolboy mourners, and in the retrospect have to bless God for the privilege of such an early and bitter experience of life's uncertainty. In this instance, we believe, the effects upon the school at large, and more especially upon some of the elder scholars, were deep and ineffaceable.

On leaving school J. T. Rice returned to live with his uncles and aunts. At that time they were settled at Nursling, having retired from business, but they continued to attend Southampton Meeting, and came regularly to it, as long as health and strength were granted them. In later years they resided at Shirley. During many years their nephew remained with them, without being put to any business. He had very little to occupy his time—excepting reading. He has often said in later days, “that he got through a great many books, but of a promiscuous character, and, but for the companionship of these books, he should often have been very unhappy—as he was without any companions of his own age to associate with.” They all went into Devonshire in 1839, he remaining with them there until 1841 ; still he did not

panions in country excursions. The climate of the north also having an invigorating effect upon him, his old buoyancy of spirits returned, and before he left Yealand, he became known to a small circle of refined and literary people, who could stimulate his desire for knowledge, appreciate his best feelings and sentiments, and encourage him in the path of godliness; and with these he corresponded after leaving Yealand.

On his return to Southampton he appeared to be changed in character, and established in the views held by Friends, and he applied for re-admission into the Society, which was cordially responded to by them. After this we find him earnestly taking steps Zionwards, and the same straightforwardness and usefulness which distinguished him as a lad re-appeared in more decided forms; he felt himself as one to whom much had been forgiven; he therefore loved much, and it seemed henceforward to be his chief concern to enter in at the strait gate, and to walk in the narrow way that leadeth unto life, seeking first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, knowing that all needful things should be added unto him.

He continued to reside at Nursling for a time, with his uncles, and then went to live at Henley-on-Thames, not far from Reading. Here he began a corn business, which he carried on for several years, and succeeded in making it a pretty good concern, so that when he left the place he sold the business to some advantage. He was esteemed by some of his immediate neighbours at Henley, one of whom was a Roman Catholic priest, who valued him for his known probity and fairness, as well as liberality of sentiment.

J. T. R. attended Reading Meeting, and was well acquainted with various Friends there whom he much respected, and he delighted to be associated with them at times in objects of public usefulness—promoting peace principles and other kindred subjects.

Time went on, and he was engaged to be married to Sarah Grace, daughter of the late William Waithman, of Yealand; and after this it was arranged that he should settle in the North, and become a partner in the flax-mill at Bentham. He went to reside at Yealand, where he was married in May, 1852. This connection was blessed to him in every way, and his cup of happiness was full to overflowing; whilst his attached uncles rejoiced in seeing him who had been the object of their long years of careful interest and affection thus settled in a large manufacturing concern, and occupying a position of much importance in the district around, as well as an attached member of the Society of Friends.

But this outward sunshine and repose was not to last unsullied by the breath of tribulation. In his case the words of our Lord seemed applicable in a marked degree, "Every branch in Me that beareth fruit He purgeth it that it may bring forth more fruit." Dark clouds were gathering around his path. In 1854, a large concern, in which his own senior partner was also engaged, was brought to the ground, dragging with it the firm in which John T. Rice had, since his marriage, been a partner. Very great and wide was the sympathy expressed for the family and himself, and bitter indeed was the blow which thus fell upon our friend's prospects in life. But He who had been with him heretofore in his various experiences was still nigh to uphold and strengthen, and John T. Rice passed through this terrible ordeal with the dignity and the uprightness of a true Christian. "I have known him," said an old friend of his, and one well qualified to judge, "in the time of high prosperity and in the hour of deep adversity. We differed much in our

that can befall a man, in which he did not display an honest nobleness of character and a Christian demeanour and integrity worthy of the high profession made by your Society."

We believe that his experience in relation to these afflictive dispensations found a true and heartfelt utterance in those beautiful words of the Psalmist :—

"O bless our God, ye people, and make the voice of his praise to be heard :

"Which holdeth our soul in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved.

"For Thou, O God, hast proved us : Thou has tried us, as silver is tried.

"Thou broughtest us into the net ; Thou laidst affliction upon our loins.

"Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads ; we went through fire and through water : but Thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place.

"I will go into thine house with burnt offerings : I will pay Thee my vows,

"Which my lips have uttered, and my mouth hath spoken, when I was in trouble.

"I will offer unto Thee burnt sacrifices of fatlings, with the incense of rams ; I will offer bullocks with he-goats.

"Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul.

"Blessed be God, which hath not turned away my prayer, nor his mercy from me."

Cast down, but not in despair, John T. Rice and his brothers-in-law speedily and energetically set to work to redeem their shattered fortunes. They made a composition with their creditors, and then diligently commenced to reconstruct the business upon its old foundation, and, under the blessing of God, were remarkably successful in their business. He and his wife had come to reside at Bentham in 1855, and for some years lived at Grove Hill, in a very retired and economical manner, only keeping a very



moderate establishment, and being without a carriage long after his income would have justified his having one, until the Bentham flax concern was quite clear from all sums owing to any one under the composition in 1855. In due time J. T. Rice had the extreme satisfaction of seeing this accomplished and, in 1864, he had paid every one in full, with interest added to the amount.

But whilst thus diligent in restoring his outward position in the world, he was careful to give the best of his labour and talents for the service of the Lord who had revealed Himself as his Redeemer and sanctifier. His coming to settle at Bentham was an epoch in the history of that small manufacturing place, many of the inhabitants of which were mainly dependent for their livelihood on the two extensive flax-mills which were occupied by his firm.

The Society of Friends had all but dwindled away in that locality, and only at a place some two miles from his own home was there a small and feeble gathering of a few scattered individuals called by our name. At this little meeting-house at Calf Cop he was a diligent attender; walking there and back on the First-day and week-day, and holding on the First-day evening a Scripture Meeting at Bentham, of which we shall speak presently. The meetings for worship were for awhile held in silence, but in course of time the voice of that valued and earnest minister of the Gospel, Grace Bellman, was heard amongst this little band, endeavouring to stir them up into a more lively and active condition. With the exception of his wife and himself, the congregation was then composed of Friends mostly in the humble walks of life, but this in no wise marred the loving relationship and union amongst them.

Feeling that the act of attending his own meeting for worship was not all the service that the Lord was

requiring at his hands, and having, as he apprehended, no call at that time to the public ministry of the Word, he very prayerfully sought direction in any labours that might present themselves to his mind, resolving that no consideration as to the *smallness*, or of the humble character of any effort, should deter him from undertaking it, if only he could feel that the Lord was with him therein.

Probably in few persons was this willingness to undertake work of an apparently insignificant character more strikingly exemplified than in John T. Rice. He seemed fully to have imbibed the truth that great results mostly flow from small beginnings, and that no work or service is too trivial for the Christian to engage in if it be but in the *right* way. It was thus that his own life's history was a practical exemplification of the Gospel declaration, that "he that is faithful in that which is least will be faithful also in much"; and having proved himself faithful over a few things, he was, year by year, in the providence of God, being increasingly made "ruler over many things," to his own joy and to the great and lasting blessing of those amongst whom he so diligently *exercised* the gifts committed to him. Instead of unduly pondering over their comparative littleness, he knew well that the faculties of soul, as of body, are certainly increased by vigorous regular exercise, and he carried out this knowledge practically in his own example.

The following testimony, from the pen of one who knew and loved J. T. Rice for the work's sake, conveys in a short space so graphic a description of the more salient points in his character, that, although not written for publication, we feel that we cannot by any words of our own so clearly portray those distinctive features by which he will be recognised by many who read these lines. He thus expresses himself:—

“ In considering the character of John T. Rice, so far as I was acquainted with it, I am impressed with its *simplicity*. His bold and clear handwriting reflected the order of his mind I think more strikingly than is at all usual. The directness and absence of circumlocution in his letters on any subject, has, I dare say, caused many of his correspondents to smile.

“ I suppose this simple direct common-sense order of mind was natural to him ; and it seemed to me to be the marked feature of his religious, no less than of his business or social, character. In this respect he differed from the ordinary type of Quaker character.

“ It is exceedingly common to find among Friends excellent common-sense in respect of the affairs of trade or of politics ; but I think it remarkable there is not more of *sanctified common-sense* for the affairs of the Church. Now this J. T. Rice had in large measure. I apprehend he was not a man of large natural endowments, but it seemed to me as if they were made the most of, and that he was such a useful man because his religious faith was real and singularly healthy in its development, not leading into anything of impracticable mysticism.

“ He differed I think from anyone else I have known in his faith in the Quaker system as fitted for men generally. I might cite —— as a man who believed in the Quaker system for *Friends*, if well worked,—and he did try to work it, and not without success in respect to the keeping up of meetings for worship and discipline, and other society regulations within his quarterly meeting.

“ Again you meet with many Friends who believe Quakerism would work if some change were made in it. One attaches great importance to a doctrinal change, another to a constitutional change, *e.g.*, abolition of birth membership, but J. T. Rice believed in Quakerism as a faith and a system which he thought would answer for the people of Bentham, just as it was in his power to work it. Hence, humanly speaking, his success.

“ I remember the only First-day I ever was at Bentham he engaged three times in vocal prayer in the course of the day. Here we see the same feature—his simple reception of prayer as the appointed way for obtaining heavenly blessings, and his diligent use of the means provided.”

“The members of Yorkshire Quarterly Meeting” (writes another Friend) “who are old enough to remember Bentham Meeting as it was some fifteen to twenty years ago, must always cherish a warm regard for the memory of one who was made the instrument of effecting so marked a revival both in numbers and religious earnestness.

“It was surely a mark of the mingled strength and simplicity of his character that he should have cast in his lot with this little, discouraged handful, and have set himself in a loving spirit, not only to “strengthen the things that remain,” but to recover lost ground. Much blessing appeared to flow from the use, in a humble, trustful spirit, of very simple means—such as the Scripture Reading Meeting previous to the Meeting for Worship in the morning, and an evening Scripture Meeting for the poor of the village near his own house. He would, however, have been the first to confess, in reference to the striking results that followed, ‘It is God that giveth the increase.’

“His position as the largest employer of labour, the magistrate, and the person of most influence in the place, did not seem to affect hurtfully his religious influence. He enjoyed, I believe, the confidence of all, and his proceedings were tempered with Christian sweetness and humility.”

From another valued friend, who was well acquainted with his career, we have the following reminiscences:—

“The lesson of his life appears to me to be that of deep religious convictions, leading to a faithful and diligent occupation of the talents committed to him—talents, not brilliant I should say at first, but vastly improved by use and cultivation; and those convictions, so powerful and dominant, as to produce a fearless and unflinching adherence to that course which he had regarded as right for him to adopt.

“He was strongly attached to the principles of Friends, and while by no means indifferent to the importance of clear,

sound Scriptural views of Divine truth, it appeared to me that that aspect of Christianity had a peculiar hold upon his mind, which leads to a steady continuous aim to promote the religious, moral and social well-being of all that came under his influence. He seemed never weary in well doing; wisely considering that it is not to spasmodic and occasional efforts, that we are to look for permanent effects, so much as to the steady, gradual building up, stone by stone, of the spiritual edifice.

“Whilst desirous of being regarded as a Friend, he was very liberal to other denominations, not only to the Wesleyans and Primitive Methodists, but not hesitating, where he could do it with a clear conscience, to open his purse to the dominant Church in any useful work—unpalatable as the claims of that Church always were to him.

“As a magistrate for the West Riding of Yorkshire his place will not readily be supplied. He was evidently looked to as one to whom an appeal could be at any time made when justice had to be done. That which was right always stood foremost before him, and he advocated and maintained it unflinchingly.”

In corroboration of the foregoing remarks, we may add a few lines from one who was resident in the same Monthly Meeting, who knew him mainly through the business meetings of the Society, and from other pleasant associations in connection with various undertakings for the good of others, and who had enjoyed much of his encouragement and help in connection with the First-day schools in that locality. He thus writes:—

“ . . . He was eminently hopeful, and enjoyed much trust and faith in the blessing of the Lord following the faithful use of means. He believed thoroughly in *work* for the Saviour, and had a marvellous power of imparting to others the zeal he felt himself.

“He was a thorough believer in Friends’ distinctive views; he had real and full confidence in them, and believed it his duty, whilst respecting the feelings of others, to do his best not only to win to Christ, but to the religious society of which he was himself a member. Whilst very liberal and generous in his estimate of the good in others, he ever sought to draw

men to his own way of receiving the Gospel. I lay peculiar stress on this, because I think it was the one special cause of his success in influencing others; he thoroughly believed in the *practicable* nature of Quakerism.

"As a politician, he maintained the dignity of the Christian character, and even in the strife of a contested election his speeches breathed the Christian spirit; he made his hearers feel that he was striving, not for party, but for the side which he believed to be the nearest to truth and wisdom.

"He was wonderfully happy in just making the seasonable remark, or giving the needful caution or counsel at the right moment, and his genial pleasantry often greatly tended to a favourable reception."

We fear wearying the reader with a repetition of the same thoughts in reference to our departed friend; but, as these reminiscences are professedly gathered from various sources, we know of no better method of bringing his life under review than by giving the impressions which rest upon the minds of those who knew him and understood his peculiar gifts. It is by no means an uninteresting fact that, without any comparing of impressions, these various friends, living in different places and under different conditions, should each have been so peculiarly struck with the same distinctive traits.

But we will content ourselves by making one more copious extract from an esteemed correspondent, who had an intimate knowledge of John T. Rice; conveying, as it does, something of an outline picture of the place and people amongst whom he laboured, and of the simple unpretending character of the works which, had his life been spared, would (under the Divine blessing), we doubt not, have been still more signal in results. It has been stated that, at the close of 1871, the number of Friends at Bentham was forty-five members, seventy-five attenders, and thirty-seven attenders under sixteen years of age. These figures would show an increase, in the ten or twelve years

during which these Gospel efforts were carried on, of a very encouraging character.

“In the years 1858 to 1863,” writes our correspondent, “the attention of Friends had been much directed to the subject of religious instruction of our members, and this movement, so much in sympathy with J. T. Rice’s own impressions, had his earnest support. It was on a Seventh-day afternoon, in the winter of 1861, that I went by his invitation to Bentham, and read at a meeting called by him, held in the Wesleyan schoolroom, a little paper I had prepared on a religious subject. I was his guest, and this was my first introduction to the hospitalities of Grove Hill, where in after years so many seasons of happy Christian intercourse were enjoyed.

“On First-day morning we walked across the fields to the little ancient meeting-house of Calf Cop, where about twenty met for worship. Amongst them was Grace Bellman, that worthy Deborah whose labours in the cause of Truth were abundant both in meetings and amongst her neighbours at their homes. It might truly be said of her, at this period of her life, that the word of the Lord dwelt in her richly in all utterance ; and probably one of the effects of her overflowing ministry was to keep in the background our friend John T. Rice, who had not at that time been heard in a meeting for worship, though, I believe, it was even then a service to which he felt himself called.

“On the evening of that day we repaired to the humble upper room amongst the back premises of an inn near his house, and there, by the light of a couple of candles, he read the fourth chapter of Philippians to a most attentive audience of seventy to eighty persons, afterwards briefly expounding the chapter. The simple solemnity of the scene, the earnest sincerity of those who took part in the service, as well as of those who listened, and, above all, the manifest

crowning of the assembly (as I thought) with the Divine presence and blessing, made an impression on me which the lapse of a dozen years has not effaced.

“It was, I recollect, a calm moonlight evening, and when the public labours of the day were over, he and I passed an hour together in the pleasant garden at Grove Hill, pacing round among the shrubs, and enjoying the refreshing air. The love of God was between us, and it bound us together in a bond of Christian friendship, which was never loosened till that day when the sad and sudden news of his death made me a mourner as for a brother.

“The impression made on me by this first visit to Grove Hill, and confirmed by many subsequent ones, was that of the simple unaffected piety of the ruling spirit there. The cordial acceptance of, and loyalty to, the principles of Friends, held with an enlightened view of their responsibility and adaptation to the wants of mankind at large ; the earnest and prayerful desire to devote to the Lord’s service, the gifts received, and the influence which outward position gave. Indoors, on that first occasion, the conversation turned on points of Christian experience, in which we were then all probably but recent learners, and it might truly be said that ‘we took sweet counsel together.’

“At that time the Grove Hill premises, where he resided, were much smaller than they now are, enlargements having been made on two occasions since ; and those who have ever visited Bentham will easily recal the genial hospitality with which he entertained visitors, especially those of our own Society, when engaged on religious service, or in connection with meetings for discipline and philanthropic labours. . . . It was evident that he regarded outward wealth as a stewardship for the Lord ; and the sums he expended in the distribution of books and tracts, in help for his poorer neighbours, in the support of various



religious and benevolent institutions, as well as in subscriptions to public objects, must have been very considerable. . . .

“It was my privilege to be acquainted with some of his earlier forthcomings as a minister, and to be officially placed in communication with him in reference to his being ‘recorded’ in that capacity in the year 1865. The state of his health often prevented his being at our Monthly and Quarterly Meetings. On occasions when other ministers were present at the meetings at Bentham, J. T. Rice systematically kept in the background, so that my opportunities for hearing him in vocal public service were fewer than I could have wished. The utterances I have at intervals heard were simple and unadorned, yet earnest, sound, and often giving evidence of Divine power with remarkable freshness.

“For many years, he told me, he never went to meeting without first asking, on his knees, for a blessing on the assembly. ‘The dear pastor’ was the title by which he was spoken of by some around him, and it is one which expresses at once the love and esteem in which he was held, and the function he so well discharged.

“Hopeful in the Lord ; strong in the strength that prayer brings ; dauntless in advocacy of the Truth ; a true gentleman ; kind and considerate towards those who differed from him ; aiming to overcome an adversary rather by love than by the exercise of force ;—such is my estimate of the character of him, of whom I could but feel, when the last sad duties were performed, ‘I was dumb with silence ; I held my peace, even from good, and my sorrow was stirred.’ ”

Although in the last few years of his life our friend became more widely known in the Society, and as his means rapidly increased, he distributed with a generous hand to different benevolent and religious insti-

tutions throughout the land, he was ever well concerned to "cultivate his own vineyard first," and in no case would he pass by the just claims and needs of his own neighbourhood, to take part in any foreign labours, however popular or attractive. We believe that this "duty around our own doors" is an essential characteristic of the true and loyal Christian worker; and as an example worthy of being held forth to all, we have gathered from the local paper which contains an account of J. T. Rice's funeral, the following epitome of some of the local things which were done by him, without, however, leaving other duties, which were wider a-field, undone.

"Mr. Rice settled at Bentham eighteen years ago as a member of the firm of Messrs. Waithman & Co., of Bentham Mills. He soon took action in every movement of a benevolent character. The funds of the Mechanics' Institute, then the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society, and finally the 'British Workman' were greatly augmented by his liberality. Occasionally he gave lectures on geology, the Bible, &c., to working-men in the surrounding villages. He was always ready to help in sanitary, educational, and other measures for the improvement of the village and its inhabitants. The village was much improved in its appearance by the erection by Mr. Rice of model cottages and other buildings.

"He was a warm advocate of the habits of temperance, and acted for several years as President of the Association. Indeed every work of a tendency to raise mankind to a higher scale of morality and happiness, by whomsoever originated, had the sympathy of his heart and the help of his purse. The Liberal cause in the West Riding has lost in Mr. Rice a staunch and generous supporter.

"The loss of Mr. Rice will be keenly felt amongst all the religious bodies in the neighbourhood. The Bible Society, the different missionary societies, and all the Sunday schools were liberally supported by him. The poor of every name in their necessities were helped from his bounty. He was an ardent lover of peace, and a year or two ago was the means of beginning an anti-war society at Bentham.

“The loss so much lamented by the people will be most keenly felt by the Friends, for by his kindness, labours, and liberality the Society has greatly increased at Bentham. Through Mr. Rice’s liberality and influence, a very neat and commodious meeting-house was erected in the centre of High Bentham. This meeting-house becoming too small, in 1870 it was enlarged one-third at the expense of Mr. Rice. The First-day school adjoining the meeting-house was built at his sole expense, and the books, &c., needful for carrying it on, were provided by him. Books for the meeting-house library were chiefly contributed by him.”

At an epoch such as this, when Conferences are being held to search out the means by which our Society may enlarge the border of its tent, lengthening its cords, and strengthening its stakes, it seems a desirable thing to look around practically on what *has* been done, as well as theoretically upon what might be doing. The tendency of Friends’ minds in this day is, we think, strongly towards attempts in the direction of the efforts carried on at Bentham, with so evident a blessing, under circumstances by no means especially favourable. (*See note, page 151.*)

The secret of success in this case would seem to have been in “small beginnings.” The Scripture readings, to which allusion has been made, were begun under great outward discouragement. In a dingy room—an upper chamber at a public-house—badly ventilated and badly lighted, were gathered, in the year 1857, some half-dozen hearers; not all of them religious persons, more than one professing unbelief in the Truths of the Gospel. Feeling an inward prompting to this humbling service, he steadily persevered until the half-dozen grew into the dozen, and gradually onward towards a regular attendance of from eighty to one hundred, when they moved into a larger room at the Friends’ Meeting-house. Commencing with a pause, he would read a chapter and follow with a few simple explanations, closing with a short silence. He

felt for awhile much discouraged under the work. Engaging in prayer for guidance before going to these meetings, he was oft impressed with a sense that something more was needed ; and in great brokenness of spirit he was, on one particular occasion, constrained to kneel down publicly, with this handful of scattered souls, and fervently to pray for God's blessing on them and the work itself. The barrier seemed now to melt away. The heart of each one present was touched and warmed, and from that period there appeared to be a really heavenly blessing upon the service ; the Lord Himself giving the increase.

His hands were greatly strengthened, and his heart cheered by the visits of James Backhouse, Benjamin Seebohm, and other beloved fathers now gone to their eternal rest ; and this little undertaking on behalf of the ignorant around his own dwelling became, in some sense, a model effort which has been since adopted successfully in many other places. It will, we trust, be increasingly followed by well-concerned Friends, who, knowing that they are not their own, but are bought with a price, feel bound to lead others also to glorify God in their bodies, and with their spirits which are God's. The one counsel to those who asked his advice concerning the establishing of similar Scripture meetings, was : Begin in a *very small way*, and pray for increase in the Lord's own time.

But little further seems required at our hands, concerning our late friend and coadjutor. The extracts which we have given from others will sufficiently convey the manner of his life to those who were personally unacquainted with J. T. Rice, and will, we doubt not, also vividly recall him to the minds of those who knew him well. He served more than once on the Committee of Ackworth School, and took a great interest in this institution as well as others of a similar character in the North of England. At the Yearly

Meeting he took an increasingly active part, especially upon those subjects which bore upon the development of practical Quakerism. His last visit to London was on the occasion of the Friends' Conference in Eleventh Month, 1872, where he appeared in usual health. Some honoured "fathers of the Church" present, having expressed anxiety concerning the deliberations, and fears concerning the changes which were under discussion, he rose, and, in a few earnest sentences, endeavoured to cheer the faint-hearted, exhorting all present to be of a trustful and hopeful mind; adding that the Lord would assuredly be better to us than our fears.

He returned home to watch at the bedside of his beloved wife, who was dangerously ill, and concerning whom he was deeply anxious. On one of the last days that he was out of the house, meeting a neighbour who wished to converse with him on business matters, "No," said he, "I cannot talk to thee now. I am going to lose my poor wife, and my mind is so full of trouble for her." She was raised up, and a very few days after he himself was laid upon the bed of sickness, from which he never rose again, and in less than three weeks his loving, earnest spirit had taken flight to the eternal realms above.

Concerning this last illness we have but little to record, neither is much needful. "Tell me not," said one formerly, "how a man died; tell me how he *lived*, and I can then forecast the rest." So was it with our lost friend. The virulent fever of which he died, and the medicines administered, prevented much expression, but his countenance portrayed the peace and rest within. To his faithful attendant at the earlier part of his illness he said, "I have made my peace with God, whichever way it may go with me." When asked, later on in his illness, how he felt in his mind, he emphatically responded, "It is all right there!"

At another time, when his breathing was much worse, and the partaking of food more difficult, he said, "We have need of patience." To which his attendant added, "Yes, that after ye have done the will of God ye may inherit the promises," and to this he gently bowed his head in assent.

During his illness a psalm or hymn were occasionally read to him, and he joined in repeating the following lines out of Wordsworth's poems:—

"One adequate support  
For the calamities of mortal life  
Exists—one only; an assured belief  
That the procession of our fate, howe'er  
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being  
Of infinite benevolence and power,  
Whose everlasting purposes embrace  
All accidents, converting them to good.  
The darts of anguish fix not, where the seat  
Of suffering hath been thoroughly fortified  
By acquiescence in the will supreme,  
For time and for eternity. By faith—  
Faith absolute in God—including hope,  
And the defence that lies in boundless love  
Of His perfections."

Very near to his close, prayers were offered beside his bed that his passage might be an easy one—that Jesus would be with him—so that he might sensibly feel the everlasting arms were underneath him to the last, at the end of each of which he fervently responded "Amen." He lay calm and peaceful, and a few moments before the close, he faintly said, "Farewell," and, without a struggle, quietly breathed his last.

Deep and wide-spread was the grief felt at this great and unexpected bereavement, as the sad news spread from house to house in the district around; and woeful indeed was the aspect of the little town on the morning of the funeral. The closed shutters and drawn blinds at the cottage windows told the same sad tale as that

depicted on every face. On reaching the entrance-gate, the poor coachman, struggling with his tears, endeavoured to welcome us, but, looking at us, and under a fresh sense of his calamity, he responded in broken utterances, "Ah, sir, the staff of the house is gone; there is none to welcome ye!" and burst into a fresh flood of tears.

Those who have visited the house of mourning when the master of it is there lying in his narrow cell, can best comprehend the feelings of the guests assembled in the same large dining-room where its late beloved owner had so oft welcomed his friends in former days; and we will not attempt to raise the veil of sorrow which rested over the distressed group of cherished friends who then mingled their grief together. The funeral was very large, and was a time of great solemnity. Our reminiscences would perhaps be incomplete without appending the description given of it by the Lancaster paper, the editor of which was amongst the throng of attendant mourners:—

"Our obituary last week recorded the decease of J. T. Rice, Esq., J.P., of Grove Hill, which took place early on Friday morning, from an attack of fever which prostrated him soon after his return from London, in November. The funeral took place on Monday, the 9th instant, and was an occasion unequalled, we apprehend, in the annals of Bentham for the general mark of regret at the public loss sustained. We became aware of this on arriving at the station from the numerous groups with saddened countenances which lined the road. Opposite the gates of Grove Hill, the crowd was so compact that it was with difficulty way was made for the carriages.

"The funeral cortege, with plain unplumed hearse, was distinguished by that simplicity which would have accorded with the wishes of the deceased; and 'the pomp of woe' was little needed where all around so practically showed their sympathy with the friends of the departed. Places of business were closed, and the blinds drawn along the route, almost every house furnishing some addition to the funeral.

"The place of interment, Calf Cop, in Low Bentham, is a spot not devoid of interest to those versed in local annals ; here the most Protestant of Nonconformists have had, on the somewhat bleak and bare hill-side, a meeting-house and burying-place since the days of their founder, George Fox. The view of the surrounding country, and the bold outline of Ingleborough, is very fine, but on Monday afternoon, the grey sky and snowy hills half veiled in mist, seemed in perfect harmony with the saddened feelings of those who crowded into the graveyard till every inch of standing ground was occupied, and large numbers remained outside.

"We have witnessed many funerals, but it has never before been our experience to hear the sobbing of such a multitude, or to see the hushed weeping of strong men which broke the silence of the pause with which, after the manner of the Society of Friends, the mourners surrounded the plain oaken coffin. This silence was broken by the voice of a Minister under whose care Mr. Rice partly received his education, who said, 'We stand around this grave in humble and reverent thankfulness for the mercies of God in Christ Jesus ;' speaking of the love the large assembly bore to him who was now laid there, desiring not to exalt the creature, but to glorify the grace of God, and to give thanks for a race run, a victory won, a crown gained, yes, worn now with rejoicing in the presence of God.

"All who were able to obtain places, shortly afterwards followed the immediate friends into the meeting-house, where, after a time of silence, another Friend addressed the audience. He said:—'In sitting with this numerous company in this old house where we have so often heard the earnest voice of him whose earthly remains we have laid in their last home, I have felt as if the words of the Psalmist would describe the feelings of many hearts, "I was dumb, I opened not my mouth, because Thou did'st it." What would we not give to hear again his voice entreating us to follow Christ ? What would we not give to feel again the warm beatings of his heart as, moved by the Holy Spirit, he spoke of the things of God ?' By the love that we bore him, by our love for our own souls, higher still, by the love we bear, or ought to bear, for our Redeemer, he called upon all to follow our departed friend, as he sought to follow Christ.

"A Minister from Kendal next knelt in prayer, asking a



blessing on all present, on the bereaved widow of the departed, and on the servants of his household.

"The concluding address was given by Mr. B——, who said he had felt as if he could in silence have mourned for him who was taken from them. A month ago our departed friend was among them in perfect health; which of us could say that in one month hence we might not be called to face the awful realities of death and eternity? Let those who were not concerned for their eternal welfare delay no longer, while they who already loved their God and Saviour, to them let this day be a season of fresh consecration."

But our loving yet sad task is done. We have endeavoured in the foregoing reminiscences to bring before the reader, not the portrait of a man great in his labours, or gifted with unusual talents, but of one who was eminently conspicuous in his desire not to suffer either the two or the five talents to lie buried or unused.\* We trust we have practically shown how

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\* In a paper in his own hand-writing, in 1871, we find the following, viz:—"In addition to the ordinary meetings for worship held at Higher and Lower Bentham, and a First-day School held at the former place, the following efforts are made by Friends of Bentham Meeting:—

"1. Many Friends and 'Attenders' meet half-an-hour before meeting on First-day Morning, to read and consider a chapter of the Bible. This meeting partakes of the nature of a Bible Class, and is found to be a good preparation for the meeting for worship.

"2. A Bible Class is held at the Friends' Schoolroom, Higher Bentham, every Fifth-day evening.

"3. During several months of the year two or three devotional Cottage Meetings are held every week.

"4. On two evenings every week during the winter months classes are held for teaching young men elementary and more advanced subjects, and a large Night School for young women is held on Seventh-day evenings.

"5. A Friend spends a considerable portion of his time in circulating Tracts throughout the neighbourhood, and the temporal wants of the poor receive some attention.

"6. A Scripture Exposition Meeting, of a doctrinal character, is held at the Meeting-house, Higher Bentham, every First-day evening. This meeting is well attended, and has been regularly held for sixteen years."

true it still is that, by so using them, they become manifold more, to the praise of the great Husbandman.

Some feeling of compunction has accompanied us as we have written page upon page concerning one whose humility would assuredly have forbidden us to occupy the columns of the *Friends' Examiner* in anything like commendation of himself or his doings. But we have felt that nowhere else could so fitting a tribute be paid to the honour of Him who bestowed upon J. T. Rice both the will and the power thus to work for His cause on the earth, as in the pages of this periodical, in which he took a lively interest, and of which, as well as of the *Old Banner Essays*, he was one of the originators as well as a contributor.

They who have worked heart and hand with another, and have felt the genial influence of a reliant spirit, and the comfort of a genuine and hearty encouragement under every contingency, can best comprehend the blank which his removal has left in the conduct of this periodical. Although not a frequent contributor to its pages he was a very warm supporter of the work, impressing his own cheerfulness and lively energy upon all who were connected with it.

Our earnest and abiding desire is, that this simple record which we have given as reminiscences concerning the life of John T. Rice, may not only perpetuate his memory, but that it may stir up many to labour in the same wide field of service, within and without the borders of our own religious Society, to the blessing of others, and to the great good of their own souls; that thus it may be emphatically true concerning our lost friend—that “He being dead, yet speaketh.”

W. C. WESTLAKE.

## LARS: A PASTORAL OF NORWAY.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

GENUINE poetry has always a refining and elevating influence. That which is base or bad cannot be truly poetical; although it may be associated with what is so, as flowers may be thrown upon a heap of foulness, or a diamond may shine in the midst of the dust. Imagination has been called, by some authors, the handmaid of faith. Though it is truly not more so than our other faculties, yet it may be no less so than they, when used and not abused.

There must be, however, some other aim than the mere luxury of fancy to make attractive the imagery of poetic creation to minds trained in a wise economy of their powers. No models can compare, in the blending of real beauty with the deepest moral lessons, with the parables of our Lord. Of uninspired compositions (shall we venture to be sure that they were altogether so?) the highest approach to perfection in the noblest use of imagination has been attained in Milton's "Paradise Lost," and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." Yet many poets have ministered to minds diseased, as David's harp did to Saul; and many have added delight to the contemplations of those in full health; reflecting the sunlight from nature and human experience,

"Oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din  
Of towns and cities,  
And passing even into the purer mind,  
With tranquil restoration."

Among American poets, Bayard Taylor has ranked rather in the second than in the first line, in general

estimation. This poem, "Lars," is considered by his admirers to be his best. Taking it up without expecting to read it through, the present writer was caught, first by the beauty of its descriptive lines, and then by the singularity of the narrative. The latter gives it a certain claim, or at least excuse, for being noticed in these pages. The poem opens among the peasantry of Norway. Youth, hope, and love ; jealousy, strife, and death ; these are the living themes first brought before us. Two youths contending for the favour of a rustic maiden, one slays the other. The survivor, not loved by her, leaves his country, and wanders to America. Seeking a new home, he finds it at the farm-house of a Friend, in Pennsylvania. This daughter, Ruth, seems like a good angel to Lars' half-savage nature. Tempted once to fierce and violent anger, the forgiveness of Ruth and her father (a minister among Friends), Lars is humbled, softened, and changed. He joins the meeting of Friends ; marries Ruth, and becomes himself a preacher.

After a few years, Lars feels drawn to visit, in love, the home of his birth, in Norway. Ruth joins him. They reach his native town ; and soon the brother of the man whom he slew long years before, according to the custom of his country, challenged him to mortal combat. For this, Lars is prepared in accordance with his new principle of peace. Thus the crisis that follows is described by the poet :—

" Around his waist they buckled then a belt,  
And brought a knife, and thrust it in his hand.  
The open fingers would not hold ; the knife  
Fell from them, struck, and quivered in the sod.  
Thorsten, apart, had also bared his breast,  
And waited, beautiful in rosy life.  
Then Thorkil and another drew the twain  
Together, hooked the belts of each, and strove  
Once more to arm the passive hand of Lars :  
In vain : his open fingers would not hold

The knife, which fell and quivered in the sod.  
He looked in Thorsten's eyes ; great sorrow fell  
Upon him, and a tender human love.  
'I did not this,' he said ; 'nor will resist.  
If thou art minded so, then strike me dead :  
But thou art sacred, for the blood I spilled  
Is in thy veins, my brother : yea, all blood  
Of all men sacred is in thee.' His arms  
Hung at his side : he did not shrink or sway :  
His flesh touched Thorsten's where the belts were joined,  
And felt its warmth. Then twice did Thorsten lift  
His armed hand, and twice he let it sink :  
An anguish came upon his face : he groaned,  
And all that heard him marvelled at the words :  
'Have pity on me ; turn away thine eyes :  
I cannot slay thee while they look on me !' "

We need not prolong our sketch of this narrative. Reconciliation follows ; and Lars and Ruth return to their American home, taking with them her who had been the innocent occasion of Lars' early strife. The triumph of love and peace is thus made complete.

To us, the principal interest of this poem is that it is an attempt to celebrate the conquest of love over hatred, and to dignify the gentleness of self-sacrifice as it has seldom been honoured in the writings of any poet. But we have to lament what appears to be a marked omission. Peace is honoured, and its lessons were learned by the subject of the poem amongst Friends ; but the Gospel of the Prince of Peace has almost no mention at all. Even from the poetical standpoint, this is a grave fault ; Longfellow would scarcely have committed it, as witness his "Divine Tragedy," "Golden Legend," and other poems, in which he draws from the New Testament rich materials for poetic use. But it is strangely painful to hear words, which never came into the world except through the teaching of the Christ of Nazareth and His chosen ones, put into mouths almost forgetful of

His name. It might, quite probably, not be admitted by the author of "Lars" that there was intended any such forgetfulness.

We owe to this work at least the acknowledgment that it brings before many readers, through the beauty and force of its verse, the noblest and most wonderful, though most rarely touched upon, of all human themes—the birth of a new nature in man, the change from an earthly to a heavenly character.

H. HARTSHORNE.

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COLLOQUIAL LETTERS.—No. XVIII.

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MEETINGS AND REPORTS.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

At the London Conference, the question of the desirability of allowing reports, and of furnishing the same, cropped up more than once. And the settlement then made, though, perhaps the best the tardy introduction of the question allowed, was not a satisfactory solution of the difficulty. It is evident that the question will speedily have to be considered even by the Yearly Meeting. It is notorious that reports of the Yearly Meeting's proceedings do appear, and it is beneath its dignity to allow these to appear on sufferance.

Reverting to the Reports of the Conference, it may be stated that in addition to those in *The Friend* and *British Friend*, many others appeared in daily and weekly journals in London and the provinces. Some of these were fair, if brief, records; others seemed to have internal evidence of being the work of partisans.

There are the "three courses" open to Friends in this matter. There is the plan of throwing open the great meetings of the Society to "the press," but this, we fancy, few will advocate. Even reporters, if they knew the peculiar arrangements of Friends' Meetings, would hesitate before consenting to give an accurate report thereof. For there is a want of what

in other assemblies enables them to record the judgment to be, and prevalent feeling therein ; the applause, the divisions, the decisions, the formal "resolutions." Again, there is no resolving into "committee of the whole house" to consider matters which it is inexpedient to discuss in public. And if the principle be approved of, where would its application end ?—for the arguments applying to the Yearly Meeting would equally apply to Quarterly and Monthly Meetings.

The second course is that which is undignified in itself, and which provokes the present discussion. It need only be named—for it forces (to gratify the natural and legitimate curiosity of absent Friends) the surreptitious reports, which are not only unsatisfactory in the mode under which they appear, but are unsatisfactory in themselves. Without disparaging the work of "amateurs," under their present adverse circumstances, it is not too much to say that the reports usually circulating amongst Friends, not unfrequently miss the chief points of interest in speeches, and give instead wordy platitudes. Clearly some change is necessary.

Probably this would be best secured by the authoritative engagement of professional short-hand writers, trained and expert, whose reports shall be issued in minature to the press, and in full, with needful alterations, amongst Friends.

Thine sincerely,  
S.

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*Notices of Books Received.*

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*Memoir of Robert Charleton.* Compiled chiefly from his Letters. Edited by his Sister-in-Law, Anna F. Fox. (Pp. 302.) London : Samuel Harris & Co.

This valuable biography of the good Robert Charleton will probably be on the library table of many of our readers. We hope that it will not be allowed to find its place upon the bookshelf until its interesting and soul-animating contents shall have awakened a sympathetic response in the heart of every possessor of the book.

Amongst other valuable matters will be found a very interesting chapter concerning the embassy from the Society of Friends to the Emperor of Russia in 1854. Robert Charleton

formed one of the deputation of the three noble-hearted men who conveyed the Address from the Meeting for Sufferings to the Emperor upon that occasion, and despite the obloquy and ridicule attempted to be cast upon it by the war-at-any-price party, we confidently predict that, in the future history of the Russian War, their conduct as Christian men will shine out to posterity in an infinitely brighter light than the headstrong folly of the party who studiously kindled that miserable war-flame.

Sad, in one sense, as it is to see the published memoirs of beloved fellow-Christians following each other so rapidly, this feeling of loss is in some measure mitigated by the knowledge that they have not lived in vain, and that they have bequeathed to us who remain a bright example and a noble fame. How completely does such a life as Robert Charleton's illustrate the well-known words of Longfellow :—

“ Lives of good men all remind us,  
We may make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us,  
Footprints on the sands of time ;

“ Footprints that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, may take heart again !”

But not alone has he left the footprints to cheer us on by his example. He has left behind him deeds that will long survive in their effects upon the well-being of mankind—another true Christian philanthropist added to the long roll of Bristol worthies who have preceded him.

*Progress, and other Poems.* By M. S. (Pp. 192.) London : J. R. Smith. Carlisle : G. & J. Coward.

The preface to this little volume of poems sets forth that the object of the book is not so much for poetic thought and imagery, but “for purely practical purposes; the aim of its homely rhymes being to strengthen, or stimulate, or cheer the too-doubtful heart of common toiling men and women.” It is therefore clear that to review it very critically would be subjecting it to a test for which it was never intended. This proves also an excuse for the otherwise regretful circumstance that its author should confessedly have published it in a condition which want of leisure and delicate health have prevented her from amending. As a collection of homely



ballads, with a good sensible and cheering tone about them, we can commend the book for perusal by the class for whom it is more especially intended.

*Triumph of Iron.* A Poem. By FRANCIS C. NAISH (Pp. 32.)  
Price 1s. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

With a considerable facility both of language and of rhyming, the author of this small poetical effort endeavours to trace out the wondrous effects, good and evil, which have resulted from King Iron. After alluding to the successive periods of the stone age and the bronze age falling trampled 'neath the heel of victorious iron, he goes on with, alas! too much truth to say that,—

“Of all the wealth of treasure God hath stored for human use,  
Hidden in the hearts of mountains, buried in the fertile plain,  
None hath such power as iron, none hath suffered more abuse,  
Wrought more evil to His creatures, done more despite to His  
name.”

It is a melancholy fact that the inexpressible boon of this chief of metals for supplying man's wants and advancing civilisation, should also have been converted by man's enmity and wickedness into a means of creating the most direful suffering, both in body, mind and estate, through the cruel demon of war, with its swords, javelins and muskets, battle-axes, chain-armour and daggers, cannon balls and bombshells and iron-clads, all combining for the destruction of human life.

*The Systematic Bible Teacher.* A Monthly Magazine for Home and School, designed to aid Parents, Pastors, Sunday School Teachers, Ragged School Workers, City Missionaries, and others, in the Religious Training of the Young. (Pp. 280.) London: S. W. Partridge & Co.

We give the full title of this little work as conveying to the reader the nature and object of its contents. It is published as a monthly magazine for one penny, as a complete system of Bible teaching, in four grades, combining doctrinal and narrative teaching, and has for one of its especial objects the *home teaching* of children.

The “general directions for teaching” from their extreme simplicity are valuable. It also contains selected daily *home* readings in the Scriptures for each day in the month and

will ensure for it that universal circulation which it deserves. Any book that tends to lay the duty of religious teaching upon parents, and also effectually assists them in their attempts to fulfil this duty, is worthy of our hearty commendation.

*Opachee.* A Poem in Two Parts. By ICHABOD. Sheffield: Pawson & Brailsford.

It is much to be regretted that, where there is not a rhythmical ear, poetical effusions should not be committed to the care of judicious friends before publication. We cannot compliment the author of this little volume on this his maiden effort, and hope his future attempts may be more successful. We believe none but the highest rank of poets can safely venture to follow in the metre or the style of Longfellow's "Hiawatha."

*Smith's Fruits and Farinacia.* Condensed by Professor F. W. NEWMAN, for the Vegetarian Society. Manchester: John Heywood. London: F. Pitman.

Although this book is much condensed "to adapt it to the busy and unscientific reader," its 112 pages of closely printed matter will be found to be by no means a trifling compilation. We do not pretend to go into the reasonings of this book, which are succinctly set forth under twenty-four distinct headings; but we think some of them, as in the one on climate and temperature, is too short to be satisfactory or convincing to the sceptical. To those who have adopted the vegetable theory, this book will be undoubtedly satisfactory; but we do not anticipate its making many converts in Old England.

*Frank: the Record of a Happy Life.* By his Mother, H. W. S. (Pp. 196.) London: Morgan & Scott.

This deeply interesting narrative of Frank Whitall Smith, a student of Princeton College (United States), who died on his 18th birthday, was originally compiled by his mother for his brother and sisters, and the circle of his own friends. We rejoice that it has now a wider sphere of usefulness, and, as a book eminently fitted for boys who are growing up into young men, we trust it will obtain a wide circulation. We doubt not that its contents will awaken longings after the same happy experience in the hearts of many who peruse this record of the struggles, failures, and victories of a young Christian.

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*N.B.—The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the opinions expressed in any article bearing the signature of the writer.*

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THE EARLY FRIENDS.

PART III.—“THE FRUITS.”

“Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.” Probably amongst the varied analogies of nature by which the Lord Jesus illustrated His teachings, there is none which obtains from all classes a more ready assent, or which is more universal in its application than that of the “tree being known by its fruits.” It is a doctrine which we instinctively apply to all the systems, theories, and inventions of man, since it is at variance with the first principles of man’s nature to suppose that anything which is bad in its essence will bring forth good results. We can-

the things of this life, and, whilst contemplating the supposed goodness of any principle, we turn rapidly to the resulting practice with an intuitive perception that there is, and must be, a harmony between the two as entire and positive as that between the fig tree and the fig, or the healthy vine and its clustering fruit.

In a former number we have endeavoured to set forth the nature of the Christian Doctrines upheld by the Society of Friends from their rise until this day. It is often cause of great wonder in this age how views so orthodox, and in accordance with the teachings of Holy Scripture, should have been so vigorously assailed, and its professors held up as heretics of the deepest dye. No explanations that George Fox and his cotemporaries could make were listened to with ordinary decency by their calumniators, and as the latter had an ever available weapon of conviction ready to hand by tendering the "Oath of Allegiance" to men whom nothing could induce to swear at all, it came to pass that, whilst seldom convicted of the charges originally brought against them, they were almost certainly condemned guilty upon some minor question. The outside world seeing them thus continually convicted, and sent as culprits to the common gaol, stopped not to inquire the causes, but looked only at the facts which were apparent; forgetting that the prisons throughout the length and breadth of the land were thus crammed, not with heretics or rogues or lawbreakers, but with righteous and God-fearing men and women imprisoned for conscience' sake.

It is also often a matter of astonishment to those who are unacquainted with the immense labours of the early Friends in promulgating their Scriptural doctrines, and distinguishing tenets, that the people at large were in such strange ignorance concerning these. But when we reflect that they were at their earliest rise a "sect

everywhere spoken against," their books were not likely to be read, or their statements to be listened to, except by the comparatively few who were seekers after the truth, and ready to search for themselves whether these things were so. The result was that an extraordinary proportion of those Christian professors who were thus induced to investigate the facts, were not only satisfied of their orthodoxy, but united themselves to this despised and persecuted body. It is, we think, patent to the historical reader of this age, that the head and front of their offending in the eyes of their judicial opponents and clerical persecutors was not on account of their inward doctrines, but because of their unpleasant outward practices. The justices and clergy of that day would, for the most part, have allowed them to believe or disbelieve what they pleased. It was when the Friends protested against a hireling ministry, and endeavoured to arouse the people to the unrighteousness of the lives of high religious professors, and the wickedness of many of the teachers and justices in the land, that, failing to convict them in their religious life and conduct, they combined together to crush out this people by hurling anathema at their doctrines.

It is asserted that in the present day there is a disposition to "tone down" our doctrines, and thus bring them into accord with those of other Christians; and, therefore, that the reason why the Friends are accounted "orthodox" in this age is readily explained. But the writings of our forefathers in the truth, are very simple and explicit concerning their accord with other Christian bodies. William Penn, in his "Defence of Gospel Truths," addressed to the Bishop of Cork, thus writes:—

I paid him, viz., ‘*Why, we believe the same ; ’tis what we preach as well as you.*’ For except it be the wording of some of the articles of faith in school terms, there are very few of them professed by the Church of England to which we do not heartily assent.” (Penn’s Works, vol. ii, p. 895.)

And again he says (p. 910) :—

“I say then that where we are supposed to differ most, we differ least ; and where we are believed to differ least, we most of all differ ; which I explain thus :—It is generally thought that we do not hold the common doctrines of Christianity, but have introduced new and erroneous ones in lieu thereof. Whereas we plainly and certainly believe the truths contained in the Creed which is commonly called the Apostles’ ; which is very comprehensive, as well as ancient. But that which affected our minds most, and engaged us in this separation, was the great carnality and emptiness, both of ministers and people, under their profession of religion, they having hardly the form of Godliness, but, generally speaking, denying the power thereof ; from whom the Scripture warns believers to turn away.”

But notwithstanding this agreement in doctrine, there is unquestionably something connected with the principles and the education of Friends which distinguishes them as a class from their fellow-men, and we consider we are fairly entitled to regard the “old-fashioned Friend” as the legitimate outcome of the principles in which he was trained. We do not stop here to analyse his peculiarities, or to say how much and what portions of this religious training could be spared without affecting his distinctive character ; but our conviction is that as in material things, the whole is composed of parts, so is it in the typical Friend, and that hardly any portion of his testimonies or his peculiarities could be shorn away, without very sensibly detracting from the whole man.

The doctrine of the inward guidance of the Holy Spirit—or as Canon Kingsley describes it, “the doctrine of Christ in every man, as the indwelling word of God, the light who lights every one who comes into

the world," was unquestionably the basis of the Friend's character. It gave an individuality to his life and duties which no corporate or Church possession could inspire; it isolated him as a dependent servant of Christ, waiting to know His will concerning him, and ready to stand still or to go forward, to do or to suffer, according to the inspeaking voice of the Holy Spirit. The sense of responsibility and caution which such a doctrine inspires when practically carried out—the waiting to know the Lord's will in *all* things—has a tendency to produce an over conscientiousness and a scrupulous tenderness of conduct which, unless its possessor is *actively* engaged in religious work, is apt to become unhealthy and morbid in its tone. Such was not unfrequently its result in the middle age of our Society, when there was much external apathy and spiritual inaction, but we do not often find it so amongst the early Friends, who were in labours so abundant, and whose continuous religious services kept them in spiritual health and liveliness; neither is it to any large extent discernible in the race of Friends now. We confess indeed to a fear lest in the "expansiveness" of their religious profession in this day, there should be a spreading out in breadth, and in width, and in height, without that corresponding increase in depth, which is essential for the continuance of the type of the true Friend.

Doubtless, also, the early Friend's character was influenced by its negations. His Christian testimonies were largely concerned with prohibitions and negative protests. Thou shalt not pay tithes, thou shalt not swear, thou shalt not fight, thou shalt not preach for hire, thou shalt not uncover the head or use flattering terms to the rich or great—these and many other abstentions from the ordinary usages of Society pro-

amongst their own sect, and their very little association with others in ordinary domestic life, we have a glimpse of something of the framework out of which the distinctive character of the Friends' Society has been moulded.

That many of these peculiarities are, through changed circumstances, rapidly falling away, is a self-evident fact; neither can any reconstruction of discipline now restore all "the good old paths"; but it remains to be seen whether the loss of these time-honoured ways of testimony-bearing shall be made up by other modes of action equally based upon the sense of individual responsibility towards God. If otherwise, it becomes a vital question for us whether the corporate existence of our religious Society can be definitely maintained.

But our object, in this third article on the early Friends, is to look at the particular fruits which their profession has produced. We have endeavoured, in our first paper, to show how Protestant and how Evangelical were their views on the great doctrines of Christianity and the Atonement; and, secondly, we descanted on their unswerving faith in the inward light of Christ's spirit as the reprover for sin and unrighteousness, and their spiritual guide and support. It only remains for us to cull a few instances, from a vast variety of the published lives of consistent Friends, of the fruits of that Spirit by which they thus professed to be led and guided. The Apostle Paul, in writing to the Ephesians, says that "The fruit of the Spirit is in all goodness, and righteousness, and truth;" and to the Galatians (ch. v. 22), he writes, that "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."

Nothing can be further from our intention than anything approaching to vain-glorying concerning the



lives and examples of our predecessors in the truth ; but in the belief that it was by the grace of God they were what they were, and that amidst all their human infirmities they were enabled so to let their light and good deeds shine before men, we feel that to refer to their faith and good works is no departure from that humility which must be the portion of every Christian community, when, in the light of God's countenance, they compare themselves with that measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ, to which we are all called in the unity of the faith (Eph. iv. 13).

Love towards the brethren was made the testing point of discipleship by the Lord Jesus Himself. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one to another."—John xiv. 35.

Abundant are the instances of the development of this first-fruit of the Spirit in the early annals of Quakerism. After making every allowance for the cementing effects of persecution and suffering, we can only look with admiration on the fruits of love displayed by multitudes of men and women amongst them in their early history.

We know something of the horrible condition in which our gaols were half a century ago, before the transforming hand of Elizabeth Fry and her companions cleansed them of their physical and moral pollution. We know also that in the seventeenth century they were incomparably worse than they were in the beginning of the nineteenth. We know how dear liberty is to every man, and how loth we are to put the woes of others upon our own backs, especially if our so doing should be the means of tearing us away from our friends, undermining our health, and ruining all our prospects in life. And yet we find it recorded as an historical fact that, in the year 1659, there were 164 Friends who calmly and coolly offered themselves, by a petition to Parliament, to lie in prison,

person for person, in the stead of such of their fellow-professors—men and women—who were under imprisonment because of their religion, and in danger of losing their lives, as many had already done, from the length and extremity of their sufferings! Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends; and we know of no record since the Christian era which more beautifully manifests the sweet influence of a divine love than in this willingness of over 150 persons to forsake home and wife and lands in exchange for the noisome dungeon in order to liberate those whose only claim upon them was the precious fellowship of the Gospel. We have all read of Damon and Pythias, desiring each to save the other by sacrificing himself; but they were sworn friends, and bound together by the closest personal knowledge and affection, whilst that of these 164 voluntary martyrs was for men and women who, in many cases, were personally unknown to them.

Concerning the next spiritual fruit mentioned by the Apostle—that of joy—the illustrations before us are too numerous for solution. We will simply take one or two as displaying this gift, and the succeeding one of “peace in believing,” under outwardly very adverse circumstances.

David Barclay, Laird of Uri, in Scotland, and father to Robert Barclay, the Apologist, was a man of good family and estate. He fought in Germany, under Gustavus Adolphus, and obtained the rank of Major. When the civil war broke out in this country, he became Colonel in the Royalist army, having under his control the Scotch shires of Ross, Sutherland, and Caithness. He married, in 1647, a daughter of Sir Robert Gordon, the second son of the Earl of Sutherland. After the defeat of Charles the First’s army he entered Parliament, and his integrity, noble bearing, and successful influence on behalf of many who had

lost their estates, made him very popular amongst the Scotch gentry and nobility. He left Parliament in 1656, and in 1667 we find him, with a courageous resolution, braving at once the scorn of his friends and the world's dread laugh, by avowing himself one of the despised people nicknamed Quakers.

Probably there is no profession or association from which human nature would less expect to gain a joyful and happy convert to Quakerism than from the ranks of cavalier officers. The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, were all so largely intermingled with the profession of the "Gay Cavalier," that the unattractive bearing of a meek and scrupulous Friend could offer no enjoyment or charm. Yet we see this once honoured cavalier and colonel of Scotch Dragoons, preferring to cast in his lot with this suffering sect, attending their religious meetings, ignominiously dragged again and again unresistingly through the streets of Aberdeen to the Tolbooth prison, insulted and abused, and accepting joyfully the spoiling of his goods, for the sake of that joy and peace in believing which he experienced under his new profession of faith. The spirited ballad of Whittier concerning this heroic man are too well known to admit of insertion in these columns, and we will only turn to his last days. He died in his 76th year, in 1686, and was preserved (says his historian) in resignation and patience under great pain. Two days before his death he said, in reply to his son Robert, who had expressed his desire that He who had loved him might be near him to his end,—*"The Lord is nigh me,"* afterwards adding, *"The perfect discovery of the day-spring from on high, how great a blessing hath it been to me and my family!"* In the afternoon several of his friends visited him: after some words were spoken and

ever!" and added, "How precious is the love of God among His children, and their love one to another. My love is with you, and I leave it among you." His latest ejaculations were in rejoicing prayer: "Praises, praises to the Lord;" "Let now thy servant depart in peace;" "Into Thy hands, Oh, Father, I commit my soul, spirit, and body," and shortly afterwards he breathed his last. No repining over lost influence, shattered prospects, or broken worldly friendships, but like the treasure hid in the field, which, "when a man hath found he for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath to buy that field," so was it with this rejoicing disciple of the Lord Jesus. Under most adverse and disastrous outward circumstances, after joining the Friends' Society, he was still able to rejoice evermore, and in everything to give thanks.

But perhaps a more remarkable instance of the fruits of Quakerism was in the case of Lieutenant-Colonel Lilburne, who commanded in the Parliamentary army under Cromwell. He was, says Sewell, "an extraordinary bold man, very stiff and inflexible," and of so quarrelsome a disposition was he, that Cromwell once said of him that if there were no other subject to wrangle over, he believed that John Lilburne would be divided against himself—John would quarrel with Lilburne, and Lilburne with John!

Having been in high favour with the Protector, he might have attained to great preferment by a little conciliation, but his restless nature kept him alive to every injury or attempted infringement of rights. He was prosecuted at law for publishing books against the Government, and was imprisoned for publicly accusing Cromwell, both orally and in writing, of falseness and tyranny. He defended himself undauntedly before the jury, reiterating his charge, and so vehement and impetuous was he that, though acquitted by the jury,

Cromwell feared to release him. He ordered him to be conveyed from prison to prison, and he was finally immured in Dover Castle. The Protector again and again offered him his liberty if he would but sign a declaration never to draw sword against the Government. This he persistently refused to do, and he remained in prison until after the death of Cromwell. Whilst in prison he was visited by Luke Howard (a worthy and well-known Friend), by whom he was convinced of the truth as held by Friends. His fierce and turbulent spirit was changed into a gentle and loving condition, and in him the blessed fruits of peace, long-suffering, and patience were remarkably illustrated. Whilst imprisoned at Dover, his loving wife, who had previously embraced the principles of Friends, thus wrote to him :—

“MY DEAR,—Retain a sober spirit within thee, which I am confident thou shalt see shall be of more force to recover thee than all thy keen metal hath been! I hope God is doing a work upon thee, and me too, as shall make us study ourselves more than we have done.”

To which he thus replies from his dungeon :—

“OH! MY DEAR LOVE,—To live upon God by faith in the depth of straits is the lively condition of a Christian. Oh! that thy spirit could attain unto this, according to thy desire in thy letter and my own present frame and spirit. . . . And as for my liberty, about which thou so spendest and weariest thyself, as thy letter acquaints me thou dost, I can say to thee that I am, in my present temper of spirit, ready to say with Peter, ‘It is good to be here.’ For here, in Dover Castle, through the lovingkindness of God, I have met with a more clear, plain, and evident knowledge of God and myself, and His gracious outgoings to my soul, than ever I had in all my lifetime. And now submissively and heartily can I say, ‘The will of my Heavenly Father be done in me, by me. and for me.’ ”

of the present enjoyed delightful dispensation of the eternal everlasting love of God unto my soul."

The fruits of peace were also strikingly evidenced in his outward conduct. With the same firm courage as of yore, he now writes as a man of peace :—

"By the Lord's inward spiritual teachings I am led up into power in Christ, by which I particularly can and do hereby witness that I am already dead or crucified to the very occasions and real grounds of all outward wars and carnal sword-fightings and fleshly bustlings and contests, and that, therefore, confidently do I now believe, I shall never hereafter be a user of a temporal sword more, nor a joiner with those that do. And this I do here solemnly declare, not in the least that I may avoid persecution, or for any politic ends of my own, or for the satisfaction of the fleshly wills of any of my adversaries, but by the special movings and compulsions of God now upon my soul am I in truth and righteousness impelled thus to declare."

He again dates from "Dover Castle, the place of my soul's delightful and contentful abode, where I have really found that which my soul hath many years sought diligently after, and with unsatisfied lovingness thirsted to enjoy."

Upon Cromwell's death he was liberated from prison, and remained a faithful and loving Friend until his decease, two or three years afterwards.

The early annals of our Society abound with similar instances to the foregoing, wherein the influence of the principles of Friends in converting irascible, irreligious and pugnacious men in the army and elsewhere, into peace-loving and patient followers of the Lord Jesus, transforming them from the strife of arms into the gentleness of servants who "must not strive," and who are enjoined to resist not evil.

Without drawing unprofitable comparison concerning the fruit-bearing branches amongst Friends and other religious bodies, we know of no religious pro-

fession which so completely changed the character of men and their subsequent avocations. Far be it from us to think that the shelter or training of any religious profession can eradicate from any human heart those works of the flesh which are described by the Apostle as being made manifest;—hatred, pride, variance, emulation, strife, sedition, murders, revellings, and such like; but the way in which many soldiers after the flesh laid down their arms and renounced the occasion and grounds of all war on joining the Friends, and became good soldiers of Jesus Christ is, as we hold, a very remarkable testimony to the influence of that Holy Spirit under whose teachings they professed to act. Their former combativeness as soldiers was turned into combating against sin and wrong, and their weapons were no longer carnal but spiritual,\*

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\* We are not asserting that no soldier can be a faithful Christian—indeed we have very many notable instances to the contrary, wherein the army captain has been also the Gospel preacher. But what, after all, are the conditions? Take, for instance, the career of that much-loved Christian soldier Captain Hedley Vicars. Who can say that his occupation as a fighting man *perfectly* harmonised with his life as a disciple of Jesus Christ? His religious earnestness stands out nobly as a beacon-light to the irreligion and immorality of the camp, but what shall we say of his death?

We know well that it has been the fashion to extol everything connected with names such as his on the military roll, but no dread of “singularity” shall induce us to applaud that which the soul must weep over. Compare for a moment the peace-breathing and loving death-beds of any of the long list of early Friends and former soldiers with an eyewitness’s account of the last hours of poor Hedley Vicars as given by his own biographer:—

“The Russians (says he) were advancing. Vicars ordered his men to lie down and wait till they came within twenty paces of their ambush, in fact into the very jaws of death. Then he shouted, ‘Now 97th, on your pins and charge.’ They poured in a volley, and drove the Russians back, leaving at least 200 R. . . .”

mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds, and bringing every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ.

It would be equally easy to gather from the histories of literary and cultivated men, both amongst the clergy and laity, evidences of the display of the same Christian graces upon their conversion to the tenets of Friends. As an illustration of this kind we will take that of James Parnell, a highly-educated young gentleman, who, at an early age, died a martyr for the Truth, displaying an amount of Christian magnanimity, goodness, long-suffering, and gentleness under cruel affliction, such as could only result from the power of Divine grace upon his soul.

He was born at Retford in Nottinghamshire, and when about sixteen years of age he visited George Fox in a dungeon at Carlisle, and was there convinced of the truth as professed by Friends. "He was (as Sewell tells us) by the Lord quickly made a powerful minister of the word, showing himself both with his pen and with his tongue a zealous promoter of religion, and was, on this account, despised and cast off by his relations. Of small stature, he was nevertheless endued with great ability and power. He visited Cambridge, publicly disputing with the undergraduates there, and was thrown into gaol. He subsequently travelled through Essex preaching, exhorting, and disputing, to the conviction of many souls.

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under his uplifted right arm. He fell—the main artery was divided, and in a few minutes he bled to death." Yes; the soul of this much-loved Christian took flight into the regions of eternity with those 300 others; three of whom he was, in his very last moments, engaged in destroying, and for all of whom, equally as for himself, the Lord Jesus died. Captain Vicars died in the act of deceiving the enemy and taking away their lives. Colonel Barclay and Col. Lilburne died in love with all mankind, forgiving their foes as well as their friends.



But, with all his fiery zeal and courage, there was bestowed upon him by the grace of God the sweet gentleness and humility of the Christian disciple. "Many grievous offences (says his historian) he bore without displaying any heat or anger, so that he was a real pattern of patience and meekness." At Colchester, on one occasion, when coming out of the church, a rude fellow struck him with a great staff, sneeringly saying, "Take that for Christ's sake." To which James Parnell, turning round to the striker, meekly answered, "Friend, I *do* receive it for Jesus Christ's sake."

Nothing could exceed the cruel and brutal treatment in Colchester gaol which he endured. The gaoler was a wicked man and his wife equally bad, and both of them seemed bent on increasing the sufferings of a righteous man. They oftentimes fell upon poor James Parnell, swearing they "would have his blood"—robbed him of victuals sent to him in prison by his loving friends—forbad their seeing him, and took away his bed, compelling him to lie upon the cold damp stones. He was put into a hole in the wall, and shut up until almost stifled from lack of air, and on one or two occasions in the depth of winter, when he went out into the yard for a little air, the gaoler shut him out all night in the cold. "This den," says Sewell, "is indeed a direful nest, as I have seen for myself, having been in the hole where this pious young man ended his days." His brave friend Thomas Shortland, who had witnessed all these atrocities, but nothing daunted, craved permission to lie, body for body, in the place of James Parnell, if he might be cared for at a Friend's house, until a little healed of his bruises. But all in vain. After about

approached, he said "I feel I die innocently," and, turning his head, added, "This death must I die, Thomas, but I have seen great things. Don't hold me, but let me go." To which he solemnly replied, "No! dear heart, *we* will not hold thee!" and then, stretching out his suffering limbs upon the cold stones, James Parnell fell into a quiet sleep, and calmly breathed his last an hour afterwards.

"Oh change! oh wondrous change!—

Burst are the prison bars:—

This moment—there so low,

So agonised—and now

Beyond the stars!

"Oh change! stupendous change!

There lies the soulless clod—

The sun eternal breaks—

The new immortal wakes—

Wakes with his God!"

Thus did this young and valiant Friend, a true soldier of the Lamb, conquer through sufferings; a noble instance of meekness under oppression, forgiveness under injuries, patience under affliction, and joy under privation—showing forth the fruits of the Spirit to the praise of Him in whose name he lived and fought and died.

We had marked several other lives as fair illustrations of the genuine spiritual fruits of the Gospel principles accepted and upheld by the early Friends, but space forbids their insertion. It is the less needful that we should extend these examples, inasmuch as our columns have for several past numbers contained biographical notices, from the pen of a valued contributor, of many valiants of that age, who bore the burden and heat of the day, and of whom it may be justly said that the good tree revealed itself by its fruits. We will, however, find room for a brief notice of one who was tried in a marvellous degree, but in whom the grace of God was in the end triumphant.

James Naylor (to whom we refer) was the son of a respectable landowner, near Wakefield. He, like many other of the early Friends, served in the Parliamentary army, but, in the year 1651, he renounced his profession, and united himself to the Friends' community. He was a man highly gifted and very eloquent—so much so that we read that thousands flocked to hear him, including many titled persons, and those attached to the Court. The fulsome adulation he received from some, led to a woeful result. His imagination got the better of his reason; he was convicted of blasphemous conduct, in tacitly submitting to the impious extravagancies of a few who addressed him as the Son of Righteousness—kneeling before him, and kissing his feet. This man, who in our time would have been at once handed over to his friends to take charge as suffering under a temporary hallucination of mind, was seized upon because he had professed himself a Quaker, and was made an example of to gratify the pent-up rage of their too long baffled persecutors. The sentence passed upon him by Parliament was of so inhuman a character that it is hard in these days to realise its possibility. On the report of a committee, it was resolved "That he be set with his head in the pillory; whipped by the hangman through the London streets; then pilloried again; his tongue bored through with a hot iron; that he should afterwards be branded with the letter B burnt upon the forehead," with sundry other shocking indignities.\*

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\* This sentence it will be remembered, was at first executed but in part. After being exposed in the pillory for two hours, he was stripped and inhumanly whipped at the cart's tail from Palace Yard to the Old Exchange, receiving 310 stripes from the hands of the savage Executioner. Through this terrible ordeal he was brought to so low an ebb that some of his actually dying under their hand.

The same calm endurance and patience under suffering and under the just reproaches of his friends was displayed by James Naylor throughout his life, and at the close he spoke to those around him of that spirit "which delights to do no evil nor to revenge any wrong." He deeply repented of his former conduct. "My heart (he wrote) is broken for the offence that I have occasioned to God's truth and people. I beseech your forgiveness wherein I evilly requited your love in that day. God knows my sorrow for it. Nothing do I intend to cover."

The meekness of spirit which can thus bear the reproach of friends and the persecution of enemies is not a natural gift, but is an evident fruit of that spirit "which thinketh no evil but rejoiceth in the truth."

Yet apart from these peculiar fruits, which were brought forth under the cruel persecutions to which the Society of Friends was, in its early days, subjected, there has been a practical carrying out amongst them of the second great commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," which has gained for them a philanthropic reputation such as is possessed by no other religious body in proportion to its numbers. We believe that, to a very large extent, this special development of character has been influenced by their religious tenets, and we feel justified in ascribing the honour and credit which these manifold works of mercy may have brought upon them, to the blessed effects of a training in the fear of the Lord, and to the sense of individual guidance and responsibility to God, which has formed so prominent a feature in their theological teaching.

EDITOR.

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spited; and when the sentence was finally carried out, a wealthy merchant of London, named Rich, moved with compassion at Naylor's sufferings, boldly went to the Exchange, stood by him at the pillory, and held his hand whilst he was burned on the forehead and bored through the tongue.

## THE SUBJECT RACE.

IN a book written by Sir Arthur Helps\* the reader is prepared to find wise, tolerant, merciful thoughts, and the dumb creation may rejoice that they have found such an advocate. Our old, valued "Friends in Council" are surely doing well to devote some of their time to considering how to remedy the wants and woes of the mute pleaders for our compassionate kindness.

Many of us know what it is when the mind is painfully occupied with the details of some terrible disaster involving fearful suffering, to turn away from the columns which record a fresh calamity with the feeling that we cannot just then bear the burden of any further claim on our sympathies ; and a sentiment of the same kind perhaps prevents some persons, already over-weighted with a sense of the sorrows of their kind, from giving their attention to the wide, painful subject of the wrongs of the lower animals. Yet it is needful for these to be known in order to be remedied, and every sickening case of brutality dragged to light and punished, is so far good service done.

Those who refuse to spare their own sensitiveness by remaining in ignorance of these things, will appreciate the cost to himself at which Milverton† has bought the knowledge which he lays before his friends ; but perhaps the most valuable part of the book is that which bears on the place which animals occupy in the economy of the world—in a word, their *rights*. This

will sound strangely to those who hold the somewhat arrogant notion that they exist solely for our benefit and pleasure; but not so to those who believe that they were created not only for this end, but for their own enjoyment, by a bountiful and beneficent God, obeying in return—what man so often does not—the laws under which they are placed.

We think it was Rowland Hill who said that “he would not give anything for that man’s religion whose dog and cat were not the better for it”; and surely humanity to animals is as absolutely a duty as to our fellow-men, though written lower down in the scale; for “power, to its very last particle, is *duty*”; and the ever-narrowing circle in which despotism reigns still surrounds the whole animal world.

Gross, deliberate, purposeless cruelty is so perfectly fiendish that to those who practise it a much stronger preventive than remonstrance is needed; but our author maintains that it is not this atrocity, but ignorant and careless cruelty, that is the common evil, and he lends the weight of his opinion to the view that want of imagination is at the bottom of a great deal of it, just as the same defect often accounts for a lack of sympathy towards human beings. We think this position is incontrovertible. It goes far to explain the cruelty of ill-trained boys, which they call *fun*, and the more cold-blooded inhumanity with which some men act in such matters. What, for instance, can be more inexcusably selfish than to sell a high-bred, nearly worn-out horse, for a few pounds, to work in a cab? A case of this kind was mentioned not long ago to the writer; yet we may be sure that the owner did not see the transaction in this light. Could an imaginative man have been guilty of this act? Would he not have thought of the once young and powerful creature which had given its master so many years of patient service? Would he not have pictured to

himself how it would miss the care and luxuries to which it had been accustomed, how heavily labour would tax it under inferior conditions, its liability to positive ill-usage, and then feel the thing impossible to do ?

It may be argued that it is not everyone who can afford to indulge his feelings in this respect. . But if a man cannot afford to be just and humane to his horse, he cannot afford to keep it at all. Many persons may be quite unable to pension off old horses, or to find good masters for them, but they are able to go to the expense of having them shot ; and it is selfishness, not humanity, which would rather let an animal suffer than adopt the trying, yet merciful, alternative of having it destroyed. The writer could mention a cab-driver who thus ended the days of an old, long-used horse, rather than risk its being worked to death. An example which some gentlemen would do well to follow.

If it be the unimaginative, the thoughtless and the ignorant who have to be instructed and enlightened as to the treatment of animals, no one can complain that the field for service is not a sufficiently large one. Sir Arthur Helps, while making practical suggestions respecting their transit by rail or water, the enormities practised in the name of science, &c., yet looks at the introduction of a better spirit into the matter as the best remedy. He believes that culture and familiarity united will generally achieve the desired result, but separately they commonly fail, except when familiarity is carried very far, as with the Arab and his horse. The most hopeful scholars must always be the children ; there is a sort of instinctive attraction in their minds towards animals, but it needs to be wisely directed. To stimulate their imagination, or turn it into the right channel ; to gently check the cheap sympathy which will shed tears over the sorrows of a fictitious kitten in

a story-book, but will not prevent worrying the real kitten a minute after; to teach them that if their modes of showing affection to animals are a *pain* and annoyance to the latter, that those manifestations of regard must be changed, are lessons useful for a lifetime. No caging of wild birds, no squeezing of kittens, no teasing of puppies, no holding of butterflies in little hot hands, under the name of love, must be allowed by those who wish their children to learn betimes,

“Never to blend their pleasure or their pride  
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.”

Canon Kingsley's comment on the common sentiment, that little boys cannot help teasing animals, is the very pertinent one—that little boys *must* help it. There seems admirable moral training in the regulation existing in some—we would hope many—schools, that the immemorial boyish practice of bird-nesting, which, perhaps, like stone-throwing, is innate, should be carried on under the merciful restriction that only one or two eggs may be taken from a nest, and that it should be no further tampered with. This is a practical way of educating in kindness and consideration, which hereafter may not be limited in its application to birds, while the plan gives scope for that physical exertion, sweetened sometimes by a taste of danger, which is needed by the overflowing energies of boyhood.

It is harder to decide about the amount of encouragement to be given to collecting insects. It may at once be conceded that the lives of a few dozen of these are a small sacrifice, if hunting them keep a boy out of harm's way. But in judging of the pursuit itself there is a great difference between procuring specimens when studying entomology as a science, and disguising under its name that indulgence of the organ of destructiveness, which reminds one of the French



sneer concerning the typical Englishman who says, "It is a fine morning; let us go and kill something."

Here we touch unavoidably on the whole question of what is called "sport," and, without presuming to enter on it, and knowing, as we all do, that sportsmen may be humane and compassionate, and that with many it is the accessories of fresh air, and vigorous exercise, and skill that are the charm, yet it will hardly be denied that he is a higher specimen of the naturalist who patiently and lovingly makes himself acquainted with the haunts and habits of living things without molesting them, than he whose first thought at the sight of a beautiful bird or insect is, how to kill it. There is something so delightful in watching innocent, happy life, that it will jar on the feelings to have it rudely disturbed.

Ignorance about animals is often very difficult to reach. It seems to require a certain amount of knowledge in order to be aware of one's ignorance, and a man who has mismanaged horses for twenty years will be likely scornfully to reject the suggestion that he can possibly need any instruction. It is wonderful how doing a thing wrong every day for a long time is supposed to prove it right; and this is sorrowfully the case with those whose one theory in the education of animals is *blows*;—not only for wilfulness, disobedience, or laziness, but for fatigue, for fright, or for no cause at all. Let us hear Milverton on this point:—

"We begin to teach by blows, which are things very difficult to understand; and then we wonder that we have no hold upon the regard of the animal, and, in fact, that we cannot manage it. Now, many animals, I should say most animals, have a Macaulay-like memory, and certainly never forget ill-treatment. . . . There are several domestic animals of my acquaintance which, having learnt the thorough friendliness of the men, women, and children with whom

they live, are very remarkably fearless. Seize hold of them suddenly; threaten them as much as you like; they have that perfect confidence in your good intentions that they will bear the threatening gestures with an equanimity and absence of nervousness which are unknown in man. I mention this fact with a view to show how much we might increase the happiness of these animals with which we live, if we were *uniformly* kind to them."

Of course the author does not mean to exclude necessary discipline, by the absence of which animals may be spoiled as well as children, though not half so seriously, but that, as with children, gentleness and patience should be the rule, severity the exception. Nor must animals, any more than children, be the safety-valve of our own ill-temper. If the ignorance of the stolid carter is not easily dissipated, there is a much more refined ignorance which may be as hard to penetrate. When educated persons undertake to keep animals of whose nature and habits they know scarcely anything, they may unconsciously inflict on them suffering and unhappiness, by unsuitable food, by exposing them to too great extremes of heat and cold, by too close confinement, as in the case of dogs, and by twenty other mistakes which, by a very little trouble in gaining information, may be avoided; and it can scarcely be too much to require that those who choose to take charge, for their own pleasure, of anything living, should be able to make it comfortable.

But apart from our duty in the matter, we may get great pleasure and comfort from intimate intercourse with these lower animals. They will not question this who have ever known the almost human love of an intelligent dog, and met the glance of its eyes, through which one could fancy an imprisoned soul was looking. For our own sakes it is well to learn to love these "dear, dumb creatures."

JANE BUDGE.

## A PLEA FOR "TIME."

BY FRANCIS FRITH.

"Setting a great rate upon the world he sees not, and neglecting the opportunities of the world he sees."—SIR MATTHEW HALE.

AN old man, with wings and a scythe—neither of them in use—is the emblematic representation of Time. It is difficult to see how he could perform the two operations of flying and mowing at the same time. Leave him his scythe, but take away his wings;—for Time proceeds deliberately—if not slowly. Not too soon has the old motto "*Tempus fugit*" disappeared from the faces of our clocks, alongside the crawling fingers. Time "wins the race," more upon the principles of the tortoise than of the hare. And he not only mows, he ripens and gathers in—his crops: he does not only pull down, he builds up. He was not created merely nor mainly, as a Destroyer. Eternity alone will reveal the ultimate extent and grandeur of the *constructive* plan committed to his hands. It will be the only enduring portion of his work, and it is certain that it is by far the largest and most important part also.

Meanwhile, to no two men perhaps does he present exactly the same appearance. Irreligious people, though his professed votaries, altogether mistake and degrade him; and even good people, we fear, do not always entertain him with the consideration he deserves. Let us see how far we can reasonably and truthfully extol his mission.

tunity specially designed and wonderfully adapted for the development of the Life of Faith.

No wonder that to sceptics and irreligious men Time is a mystery full of perplexity and vexation. It needs just such a revelation as that of the Bible to explain and justify, or in any adequate measure to utilize the scheme; and assuredly Christianity—viewed with reference to the possibilities no less than to the requirements of Time—is a system, not only entirely reasonable and philosophic, but displaying a degree of adaptation and wisdom manifestly Divine. The very difficulties and objections that seem prominent to a superficial eye—the antagonism of evil, the unbelief and apathy of a great portion of mankind, so far from detracting from the beauty of holiness and discouraging us from its pursuit, seem calculated only to heighten its lustre, and incite us to cherish the hopes and exhibit the graces of the Gospel.

Hitherto, in all ages of the world, a terrible amount of evil, of sin, and darkness, and unbelief, has been manifest. On the other hand, there has always been more or less of the light of Faith: "the life and immortality brought to light by the Gospel," have been possessed and enjoyed by thousands—that is a fact no less certain than the other. It is obvious, too, that the surrounding darkness, so far from obscuring the light, makes it conspicuous. The Christian Church is a city set on a hill, that cannot be hid: by no means so glorious and attractive as it should be—but still, a fact, and a glorious one—individual Christians *are* lights "in the world," whether we regard the peace and satisfaction to which they attain—so strongly in contrast with the unrest and apprehension of "the world"—the dignity and purity of their principles, or the loving and serviceable tenor of their lives. Let worldly men say what they may respecting the similarity of the life and mental condition of the two

classes, we know how utterly different they are ; how, from the very roots, their thoughts and actions diverge. It is only in the simplest and most essential of our temporal needs and interests that there is any common understanding between worldly and religious men ; but the nature and extent of the difference is understood only by the latter. " If the light that is in you be darkness, how great is that darkness " ! so great is it that worldly men are not even aware of their own condition. They " put darkness for light and light for darkness." But no such blindness bewilders the Christian. He recognises to the full that there is something anomalous and alien to the *visible* scope and spirit of Time in the inner life which he seeks to live. He does not hide from himself that they are, in a certain sense, antagonistic. He knows that the spirit and the flesh " lust against " each other. Along with a vigorous new life, the germs of the old nature are still rooted in his heart—shooting up at times in unexpected and specious forms—whilst a large portion of his fellow-men have no sympathy with his hopes and fears, nor he with theirs.

Indeed one of the most remarkable features of the present life, from the Christian standpoint, is the actual co-existence of conflict and peace, weakness and power, blindness and illumination ; the former qualities being our portion by nature, the latter by grace.

Such are the seemingly unfavourable conditions under which alone Time offers to men the hopes and blessings of the Gospel. Are they *really* unfavourable conditions ? Is Time the puny but deadly enemy of eternity ? Is mortal life—not the handmaid—but the uncompromising foe of life everlasting ?

No. God forbid !

There is a law which pervades the whole moral creation. It is this—that if a man's heart be truly and honestly right in the sight of God, all things

work together for good ; if the contrary, then these very same conditions "work together," facilitate, necessitate, the ruin and punishment of the sinner. We admit that darkness, ignorance, pride and lust are the natural crop of the sin-cursed fields of Time. They grow spontaneously ; we may gather them everywhere by armfuls. And so, *if you will*, Time will help you heartily to destruction ; and crowds of people *do* will it, and persistently reap this crop, feed upon it, and assimilate it easily and naturally. It is pleasant to their eyes, and seems to them good for food. But there are not a few who abhor it ; their souls sicken at the thought and sight of it. It is to them an object of desire only in moments of extreme weakness and proving. Like the stones in the wilderness of our Lord's temptation, it is rather an ever-present reminder that "man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." The sense and sight of evil drive them to the God of grace and holiness. Walking in the midst of "darkness that may be felt," they themselves are the very "children of light and of the day." Having carried as slaves the burden of sin, they exult in their freedom. Still in the self-same world in which they wallowed and suffered—remembering the wormwood and the gall—they hold in their hands the very cup of salvation, made a thousand times more delicious by the contrast. Whilst recognising the apparent anomaly of their position—in the world, but not *of* the world—they do not ask to be taken out of it, but to be kept from the evil ; and, being thus kept, they witness the wonderful fact that evil itself ministers to their good. We dare not quite say that, if there were no evil in the world, there *could* be no good ; that, if it were not for unbelief, faith must needs die : but we see clearly that, at a certain point in the life of faith, it is greatly strengthened and ennobled by its conflict with doubt

and difficulty. How watchful and tender, how humble and God-reliant, how altogether lovely, is holiness in the presence of sin ! It is like the angel Gabriel contending with the Devil—"The Lord rebuke thee !"

In heaven, we may conjecture, there will be no beauty by contrast with deformity, nor magnanimity depending upon difficulty. Happiness, love, and knowledge, direct and proximate emanations from the Deity, will be reflected by angelic natures with such power and splendour as to need no background of gloom to set them off and make them glorious. There, contrast will be that of splendour with splendour, not of light with darkness, as here. It is difficult to see how the graces of faith and patience and self-denial, faithfulness under temptation, submission in affliction, meekness under contradiction, and many other qualities which so greatly adorn the humanity of Christ and of His followers, can have any place, in those substantive forms, in Heaven. This life, it would appear, is the sphere for their exercise. They seem to have been specially designed and created for Time, and Time for them. Hereafter we shall not, indeed, lament that faith is exchanged for sight, danger for security, labour for rest, and hope for realisation ; but, if there be any celestial equivalent for regret, methinks it will be that we did not more faithfully and diligently use this wonderful opportunity of Time to exemplify and enjoy those sweet and rewardful Christian graces ; and yet they are probably the seeds from which, when they themselves have perished, shall spring a crop of still brighter virtues—just as the natural body, sown in dishonour, is raised in glory, "not that same body," but its likeness or equivalent, spiritualised and sublimated. There are probably millions of created beings who have never borne the burden of the flesh, but are not even they "all ministering spirits," sent forth to minister to

those poor children of Adam, who are, nevertheless, heirs of salvation ?

Infinitely beyond the value of worlds is the favour of the Most High when the uses of Time—all but this last—are at an end. *Here* is something to measure, not only the value of Time, but even of salvation, by ; and there is nothing else, beside this perishing attribute of Time, by which it *can* be so estimated. The very vanity of this great and beautiful globe (the "vanity of vanities," because, though so vast and wonderful, it is evanescent) is a quality of inestimable value. Moreover, upon this nothing, everything of supreme human interest hangs ; upon this point of Time, Eternity itself is balanced ; and so, grand as Eternity is, although Heaven is indeed "a consummation devoutly to be wished," we put a huge value upon this little dot of Time. It is so small ! So much the more need to make the most of it. It is full of trouble and temptation ! Bless it then, prize it *therefore*. "Count it all joy when you fall into divers temptations, knowing that the trial of your faith worketh" all those graces of Time ; whilst "these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Eternity *needs* the painful lessons of Time :—this furnace of human life, with its upward flying sparks of trouble, is a thing for which proved and purified spirits will thank God for ever.

Shall we smart and shrink from the evil, and not *therefore* embrace the good ? Shall the life we have led,—feeding swine in a far country,—shall its hunger and misery have so prostrated and debased our souls that we shall not, henceforth, prize the plenty of our Father's house as we never did before we wandered ? What means that joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth more than over ninety and nine "just persons" (those ministering spirits who were ever with the Lord, never left Him, and therefore) who need no repentance ?



Behold the unspeakably glorious ministry of Time, ever-contributing, adding to, the very joy of Heaven!

The soul-proving, quality of Time—its office to weigh and measure, as it were, the substance of our lives, which is also to be the measure and relative condition of our immortal states—is certainly a stimulating, if not an exhilarating, thought. He "will reward every man according to his works," "Quit you like men, be strong," are words which are not likely to be thrown away upon manly spirits. Think also of the solemn significance of the parables of the Talents and of the Unfaithful Steward;—how they magnify the importance and value of Time. Again, "Work while it is called to-day, for the night cometh wherein no man can work." "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest."

The Old Testament reveals nothing at all clearly *but* Time. The faith and obedience which its saints exhibit are based principally, if not altogether, upon promises and expectations which related to this life only. To them, at all events, Time was something more than a shadow. It was on the strength of a worldly promise, relating not even to themselves but to their remote posterity, that Abraham, Isaac and Jacob were content to live as "pilgrims and strangers" in the lands where they sojourned. Now—in addition to this same time-serving life of faith which they lived not in substitution of it, we have the stimulus and support of the hope of immortality: but they detract nothing from the dignity and importance of Time; faith has still the promise of this life as well as of that which is to come.

"For the Son of Man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his house and gave authority to his servants and to every man his work."

The indefinite longing which we imagine most men feel not to waste their lives—to do some sort of a life's work which shall be, according to their views of the subject, worth living for—is doubtless a Divine impulse of great practical value.

A life's work is a comprehensive phrase, suggesting widely different spheres of action. One man's line of visible duty is no rule for another; but the first and by far the most important portion of every life's work—the working out the salvation of the individual soul, and the perfecting of Holiness—is common to all.

Although this is strictly a private and distinct work, having reference only to the attitude of the soul toward the Divine Being, it cannot be altogether disassociated from the visible and relative duties of life.

It is indeed largely affected, in a reflex manner, by the actions which it originates. Those actions, being no more than the necessary outgrowth of the inner life, are rather the indications of the work, than the work itself.—“Cleanse first the inside of the cup and platter, that the outside may be clean also.” “Make the tree good, and his fruit good.” Our anxiety should not be so much as to what visible and active form our life's work should assume, as whether our own souls are right in the Divine sight. If they are so; if our own faith and hope and rejoicing are strong; if we ourselves are “continuing instant in prayer,” to be kept watchful and pure; if we are seeking by every possible means (and chiefly by communion with the Lord through His own Holy Spirit), to be enabled to use every moment of time in the manner most accordant with His will, under the circumstances in which His providence, and our own watchful reference to His guidance, has placed us;—the tree being thus made good, we need not fear but that the fruit will be so too. And yet, although we recognise the general bearing of

this truth, we can hardly repress an anxiety lest we should fail in the more active service of our lives. Feebleness and indecision of character; a want of early and persistent training in the habit of compelling action to follow hard upon conviction; and, lastly, conventional usages and trammels, may, each and all, afford good grounds for anxiety in this respect. For we must bear in mind that Time is not only the mould in which souls are cast for Eternity, it is also a grand and sole opportunity to serve and glorify the Creator, and to promote certain interests of our own, under conditions nowhere else provided; in and by which, His own wisdom, strength, and love are infinitely magnified.

A golden opportunity indeed! so brief; so splendid! never,—never to be repeated. To be surpassed, but not matched nor repeated, even in Heaven. Elsewhere to be looked back upon with a longing so intense and so hopeless as of itself to constitute Hell.

And after all, life is something more than a "vale of tears." Are there not times for laughing as well as for weeping; for dancing as well as for mourning; times of peace as well as times of war? Beside barren mountains, are there not green pastures and still waters? This "wilderness journey" is not to be hurried or shuffled through, "as best we may," just because it is the only way to the "better country." It is a journey of infinite importance and interest; every step is serious; every moment of untold value.

Childhood, although inferior in a sense to manhood, and preparatory to it, is a lovely time, having its own peculiar joys, exemptions, and privileges, as well as its heavy—though swiftly-passing—troubles: and is not Time the childhood of souls? Here they receive their education—a process largely analogous in its uses and effects to those which intellectual training confers

are connected, or co-operative, is a question, the drift of which would be, as to whether the cultivation and acquirements of the intellect are carried with us beyond the grave: a speculation of great interest, truly, but impossible, we think, of any satisfactory solution. We feel a natural and creditable desire to know as much as possible of the beauties and mysteries of this wonderful earth, whilst we are upon it. We very properly want to see—albeit it may be, “through a glass darkly”—as much as we can of the wisdom and power and Divine skill of the Creator, as manifested in His works. But whether merely intellectual knowledge—literary or scientific—for instance, is designed to form any portion of our ultimate endowment of eternal felicity, we may be permitted to doubt. We hold, as a metaphysical tenet, that the mind, or intellectual faculty, is strictly a temporary gift, and will have served its full purpose when this life ends. And yet, besides ministering to our temporal needs, it has a necessary and important part to serve with reference to the Soul, being the means by which we apprehend the literal portion of Divine Truth—that portion which relates to the exigencies of the present life, and is addressed to our finite understandings. And here, as incidental to this portion of the subject, can we with sufficient delicacy (whilst appreciating the Apostle’s “desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better”) just point to a feeling—from which we can scarcely withhold a timid sympathy. It is that which is so beautifully suggested by the well-known lines—

“For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
This pleasing anxious being e’er resigned;  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?”

And, again, by Mrs. Somerville, in the eighty-ninth

year of her age. After professing that she thought of death with composure and perfect confidence in the mercy of God, she says,—

"We are told of the infinite glories of that state, and I believe in them, although they are incomprehensible to us ; but, as I do comprehend, in some degree at least, the exquisite loveliness of the visible world, I confess I shall be very sorry to leave it. I shall regret the sky, the sea, with all the changes of their beautiful colouring ; the earth with its verdure and flowers ; but far more shall I grieve to leave animals who have followed our steps affectionately for years, without knowing for certainty their ultimate fate, though I firmly believe that the living principle is never extinguished."

Peradventure it is not needful, nor desirable, that this sweet and fond regret should be altogether rooted from our minds. Perhaps it is not altogether foolish, nor sinful ?

It is written of heavenly states, that "one star differeth from another star in glory"—in capacity, in wisdom, in innate and reflected splendour, dignity and station ; in power, love and service ; perhaps also in degrees of holiness. There are all these differences apparent in Christians upon the earth, even amongst those who are "justified by faith." We do not doubt that some of this difference is due to the clear right and power of the "potter to make one vessel to honor and another to dishonor" (to different degrees of honor?). But as high attainment in any of these particulars upon earth is evidently the result of faithful and diligent co-operation with Divine gifts and grace, so it is reasonable to suppose that this attainment will mark, at all events, the starting point of the eternal life ;—in other words, the future state may be entered upon precisely at the point of actual attainment reached in this life—it being understood, both

tiatory sacrifice of the Redeemer, through faith, is essential and sufficient. It is only by slow degrees,—by almost imperceptible stages of advancement in the intensity of our convictions upon the matter,—that we give full practical effect to the thought that, by the way in which we spend each moment of our Time here, we are really contributing to the state of feeling and attainment (in other words, of happiness?) in which we shall spend Eternity. Let us refer again to the parable of the Talents;—*in proportion* to the industry and fidelity with which they were "occupied" was the blessing pronounced.

Finally, let us recognise that it is very largely the humanity of Christ which has made mortal life thus sublime. What are those wonderful texts which assert that, although He was a son, yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered,—that although He was tempted in all points like as we are, He passed through life without a stain of sin! Thus He hallowed the weakness of the flesh—thus He displayed the possibilities of human life:—His Divine life, bequeathed to be made manifest in our mortal flesh, makes "all things possible to him that believeth." His human sympathy and love illumine the ages, and make bright the track of His holy feet from the quiet filial subjection of Nazareth to the triumphant self-sacrifice of Calvary; all the way from the green bowers of Eden, to the feet of the Angel who, standing upon sea and land, shall blow the final trumpet-blast of Time!

## ANNE, VISCOUNTESS CONWAY.

AMONG the "honourable women not a few" whose names are mentioned in the early annals of our religious Society, that of Lady Conway, as possessing some distinctive features of interest, is here selected for brief notice.

This learned and pious lady belonged to a family distinguished for scholarly attainments and talent. Her father, Sir Heneage Finch, was a man endowed with large mental power and administrative ability. He was Recorder of the City of London, and for a considerable time filled the office of Speaker of the House of Commons. Her two brothers distinguished themselves in their respective professions of law and medicine. Sir John Finch, the younger brother, was one of the most learned medical practitioners of his time ; and, in addition to high scientific attainments, was renowned for his moderation and great diplomatic skill during a period of much political and religious unrest.

Heneage Finch, the elder brother, who adopted the legal profession, rose to the highest dignities, having been made Solicitor-General in 1660, and Attorney-General 1667. He succeeded the Earl of Shaftesbury as Lord Keeper 1673, and in 1676 became Lord Chancellor. In this office he was honourably known as the "Father of Equity." That he was a man of independent opinion, and a staunch administrator of the laws of the realm, is frequently evidenced in his career ; one instance may be here cited ;—his contest with Charles II., when the king had overstepped prerogative in the matter of the Earl of Danby's pardon.

That he was somewhat intolerant on the subject of religious liberty may be seen in the mention made of him, when Lord Keeper, by some of our early Friends. William Penn, writing to George Fox, imprisoned in Worcester jail, says :—" A lord, a man of noble mind, prevailed with the King for a pardon, but that we rejected ; when he pressed for a more noble release, that better answered Truth. He prevailed, and got the King's hand to a release : it sticks with the Keeper, and we use what interest we can : the King is angry with him, and promised very largely and lovingly, so that if we have been deceived thou seest the grounds of it."—(See Barclay's Letters of Early Friends.)\*

Educated with her brothers, Anne Finch became scarcely less eminent for scholarly attainments than they. Besides the ordinary acquirements and accomplishments of her sex, her studies in Greek, Latin, and Hebrew introduced her to a host of authors, many of them now only known to men of antiquarian taste and research. She read with much appreciation the works of Plotinus and Plato, and studied the most abstruse treatises of theosophy and mysticism. Of this " incomparable lady," as her erudite friend Dr. Henry More was accustomed to call her, it is recorded that her understanding was singularly quick and apprehensive, her judgment sound and solid, and her sagacity

\* In the Chapter-house of St. Paul's there is a curious old record in which the name of Chancellor Finch occurs : it relates to money contributed for the decoration and completion of that cathedral, consequent, perhaps, on the great fire. On the first page appears the autograph promise of Charles II. for one thousand pounds a-year, followed by that of James, Duke of York, for two hundred pounds a-year ; on succeeding pages are similar promises of sums ranging from £20 to £100, bearing the signatures of leading men of that period, including the Lord Chancellor Finch, Earls of Anglesea, Worcester, Bath, Danby, Northampton, Essex, &c. ; Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury ; the Bishops of London, Durham, &c. The names of King Charles and his brother the Duke of York bear date respectively March and July, 1678.



and prudence in affairs of moment were such as astonished all those who had occasion to consult with her. In the cultivation of these great natural endowments she became mistress of the highest theories, whether of philosophy or religion, having the greatest facility for physical, metaphysical, and mathematical speculations, and was qualified to search into and judiciously sift the most abstruse writers of theology. She never in company made any display of her superior abilities or acquirements; neither did it appear that she indulged in these studies out of any vanity of mind or vain curiosity; such pursuits appearing to be as the genuine food of her fine comprehensive genius, notwithstanding the distressing impediment of afflictive pain under which she laboured from her youth."

With all this devotion to study, it might have been expected that in that most important step, the selection of a life-companion, her choice would have fallen on some learned *pundit* with whom she might walk hand-in-hand through the august realms of literature and science. Not so, however;—after many suitors for her hand, her choice fell on Edward, Viscount Conway, who was declared by a witty contemporary to be "a noble with a very full purse and a very empty head." This mental appraisal appears somewhat questionable in presence of the fact that Lord Conway held the office of Secretary of State, having succeeded Lord Sunderland when that nobleman voted for the Bill of Exclusion. (Duke of York, 1681.)

However that may be, it appears that Lord and Lady Conway settled down to a calm and happy domestic life, at Ragley Castle, in Warwickshire, whither they retired immediately after their marriage,—he, devoted to country pursuits and his duties as a landlord

composition, and in correspondence with some of the *literati* of that period.

The one sore trouble of her life seems to have been the suffering from acute pains in the head—an almost unceasing agony, from which she was only to be released by death; that this was increased by mental overwork there is every reason to believe. When we see her plodding with grave, solemn footfall through strange literary pastures in her insatiable craving for knowledge, plunging her subtle imagination into the deep abysses of metaphysical inquiry, and sharpening her intellect on subjects that overpass the limits of ordinary minds, we cease to wonder that the bodily organs gave way before the strain of a mind at once so active and so vigorous.

This affliction is probably alluded to by Isaac Pennington, in one of his letters to Lady Conway:—

“DEAR FRIEND,—As I was lately retired in spirit and waiting upon the Lord, having a sense of thy long, sore, and deep affliction and distress, there arose a Scripture in my heart to lay before thee, viz., Hebrews xii. 5, 6, 7, which I entreat thee to consider. . . . Look not at thy pains as sorrow, how great soever they be;—look *from* them, and *beyond* them, to the Deliverer, whose tender spirit is able to do thee good by them. Oh, that the Lord may lead thee day by day, and keep thy mind stayed upon Him in whatsoever befalls thee; that thy belief in His love, and hopeful trust in His mercy, when thou art at the lowest ebb, may keep thy head above the billows,” &c.

Many were the remedies suggested by her own private physician, the renowned Van Helmont, “famed for his skill in chemistry and chirurgery,” and by others to whom she applied for aid from her relentless pain. Once she visited France “that her cranium might be opened and her pain let out;” but the French physicians declined the hazardous experiment, though “they ventured to make incisions in the jugular

arteries," but all in vain. Her malady, which had baffled the utmost skill of the faculty, was then taken in hand by some of the empirical professors who flourished at that period, with no better success. Valentine Greatrakes, or Greatorex, the famous Irish quack who pretended to the power of charming away diseases "by *stroaking*," brought the mystery of his marvellous touch to bear on her poor head in vain!

Her learned preceptor and friend, Dr. Henry More, encouraged her to hope that "the supreme health of the soul would in due time recover the bodily organs; and that blessed ease and comfort would then be her portion." Simple words that seem fraught with a prophetic meaning! The excellently-wrought fabric of the soul did, indeed, in a measure, triumph over bodily suffering, though the noble miracle of healing was not to have its full consummation here. That glorious consummation awaited the hour of illimitable *satisfaction*, when the soul that has long cried for Thy helping presence, Oh, Thou Physician of value, shall at length "awake with Thy likeness!"

In one of her letters she sorrowfully remarks: "My devotions are infinitely hindered by my pains, and my very faculties, which should be applied to Patience and Resignation, are swept away by their violence as with a tumultuous storm." She adds, that some days ago she had hoped for release, "but now it seemeth likely that I shall yet for awhile linger on in my living tomb!"

In another letter she says "From the redoubling of my paroxysms I might fancy release from my weighty sufferings at hand—but life and death are in the hand of the All-wise, and whatsoever He decrees for me I desire willingly to give myself up to. He knows what measure of affliction is needful for me."

that her attention could still be given at intervals to the most abstruse studies—her mind the channel of ceaseless currents of speculative thought. She kept up a voluminous correspondence with her friend Dr. More, who, if we judge by the questions she put to him, must often have been puzzled in following her through the quaint and curious trains of inquiry in which her soul delighted. From the cloistered recesses of Christ's College, Cambridge, where Dr. More usually abode, his grave philosophic and theological epistles passed back in reply to those of his patrician friend, who is said first to have suggested to him the idea and groundwork of his "*Conjectura cabalistica*," with some other of his writings. Some of these were penned during his visits to Ragley Castle; and here, also, many solemn conferences were held on theological subjects, their opinions being for a considerable period in most harmonious accord.

But a time at length arrived when her soul was impressed with an ever-deepening sense of the solemnity and spirituality of the Christian life; and she spent an increasing portion of her time in devotional retirement, in converse with a world unseen. In these hours of meditation and prayer, a new and more excellent way, far removed from all the forms of traditional usage, opened before her; and she formed opinions on religious subjects which her clerical friend held to be "dangerous in their beginnings and false in their conclusions." It was, indeed, a sore trial to him to see his dear and talented friend "falling away from the national faith, and drifting towards the views and tenets of a few small and despised sectaries."

After some hesitation and much conflict of mind, Lady<sup>1</sup> Conway, who had held frequent and earnest converse with the Peningtons, George Fox, and other Friends, on various points of Christian doctrine and

practice, became at length convinced that the views held by the Society of Friends were in "accordance with the teachings of Holy Writ," and she united herself in religious fellowship with them.

Overwhelmed with grief at her secession from what he considered the true faith, Dr. More, when informed that she had "gone over to the Quakers," was so overcome with emotion that he burst into tears. He employed his pen on several controversial tracts in opposition to what he termed "the crooked and perverse teachings of Quakerism"; but this was labour lost, so far as the new convert was concerned, as she steadfastly adhered to those principles in which she had "found great peace." Strangely enough, Dr. More attributes "her change to her increasing love of quietness!" That this element of calm was not *indifferent* to her may be inferred from one of her letters, in which she says, "The weight of mine affliction lyeth at times so heavy upon me that 'tis incredible how little I can endure persons in my chamber, but I find my Quaker servants so quiet, still, and serious that their company is acceptable unto me."

It is not recorded at what time Lady Conway first began to receive the views held by our religious Society. George Fox, in his Journal, 1677, or thereabout, thus makes mention of her:—"I had meetings at Pershore and Evesham; then struck to Ragley, in Warwickshire, to visit the Lady Conway, who I understood was very desirous to see me, and whom I found very tender and loving, and ready to detain me longer than I had freedom to stay."

In a manuscript respecting Robert Barclay, the Apologist, it is mentioned that the meeting-house belonging to Friends at Aberdeen was "mostly bought with his own money and some, by his means obtained, from the Countess of Conway, one of the same persuasion in England."

Her physician, Baron Van Helmont, who, for many years resided chiefly in her family, is said to have been "a very frequent attender of Friends' meetings."

Writing to Dr. More, in reply to one of his letters, Lady Conway says, "Your conversation with them (the Friends) at London might have been as you express it, 'charitably intended, like to a physician frequenting his patients for the increase of their health,'—but I must avow that *my* converse with them is to *receive* health and refreshment *from* them." Near the end of the same letter she adds, "I pray God give us individually a very clear discerning between enthusiasm and true inspiration, that we be not imposed upon to believe a lie. The difference of opinion on this point among the learned and experienced occasions perplexity in minds less exercised and so not well-fitted for judging."

How her protracted sufferings were borne may be gathered from contemporaneous testimony: "She bore her pains and infirmities with pious meekness and submissiveness; and those who knew her best, regarded her with a pure unalterable esteem and love, which even death itself could not extinguish."

At length the time arrived when the poor robe of mortality was to be laid down, and the new raiment,—the fine linen pure and white,—put on in its stead! Her deathbed was surrounded by sorrowing friends—among them was Dr. More, who had so grieved over her defection. "All present were greatly edified and instructed by her dying testimony—by her *living faith* and *hope*, her patient endurance and resignation to all her Heavenly Father's will."

That the friendship of Dr. More and Lady Conway had only been disturbed, not extinguished, by polemical differences, is manifested by his presence at

her deathbed, and by her will, in which she bequeathed him a legacy of £400. She died at Ragley, or as it is sometimes called Ragland Castle, February 23, 1678. At the time of her death Lord Conway was in Ireland, where he held a Government appointment. Her body was embalmed by Van Helmont, and a glass placed over her face in the coffin that her lord might see her before her interment.

From the subjects that engaged her pen, it may be inferred that Lady Conway was one of the most profound thinkers of the age she lived in, though her writings never attained that publicity which the printing-press alone can give. There is little doubt that her friend Dr. More intended to publish her writings, as he wrote the Preface ; but there, probably from some hindrance of sickness or other cause, his work stopped. Some years after her death a collection of philosophical treatises was published in Latin, at Amsterdam. The first is a translation from English into Latin of a work "by a certain English Countess learned beyond her sex." The Countess here referred to was Lady Conway. The following is a translation from the title-page:—"The principles of the most Ancient and Modern Philosophy concerning God, Christ, and the Creatures : viz., of Spirit and Matter in general ; whereby may be resolved all those Problems or Difficulties which neither by the Schools, nor by common Modern Philosophy, nor by the Cartesian, Hobbesian, or Spinosian, could be discussed. With annotations taken from the Ancient Philosophy of the Hebrews," &c.

With all her curious stores of learning, Lady Conway was "simple and unostentatious in the showing of it, and would sometimes observe that even *Ignorance* was better than *Pride*." Personally, she is described as "of a sweet and gracious mien, with manners courteous and dignified, as became her

position," and with a voice set to a most gentle and excellent pitch of sweetness.

It may not be out of place to mention here a fact connected with Lady Conway's papers and memoranda. The interesting account of William Penn's Travels on the Continent in 1677 was not originally intended for publication, but was written by him for circulation among his relatives and intimate friends. Among others, a copy was either given or lent to the Countess of Conway, probably by Maria Pennington, or her daughter, Gulielma, and many years after its circulation in manuscript, this memorial of Gospel labour was found among the deceased Countess's papers by a gentleman, who then applied to William Penn for leave to publish it, to which he consented. It now forms part of the Barclay series.

Two letters from Isaac Pennington to Lady Conway may close this notice. One of them bears date 17th of Third Month, 1677 :—

"DEAR FRIEND,—I have heard of thy love to the Truth, and of thy great afflictions outwardly ; both which occasion breathings to the Father of my life for thee, that thy heart may be joined to the Truth, and that thou mayest reap the sweet comfort, support, and satisfaction which God daily ministers to His gathered and preserved ones. The Lord God be thy Teacher—point thy soul to the pure seed of the kingdom, and open it in thee—then may thy soul dwell with its Beloved in fulness of joy, life, and peace, for evermore. This is from thy soul's true friend and well-wisher.—I. P."

The one which follows has no date :—

"In tender love, and in a sense of thy sore afflictions and exercises, I do most dearly salute thee, desiring that the work of the Lord in thy heart may not be interrupted by any devices of the enemy, but that it may go on and prosper. Though sorrows and faintness of heart ever so much increase, yet if thy faith increase also, it will bear thee up in the midst of them. Fain would I have it go well with thee, that thou mightest not want the Reprover in what needs to be



reproved, nor the Comforter in any respect wherein thy soul seeks comfort, nor the Holy Counsellor and Adviser in any strait or difficulty which thy wise and tender God and Father permits to befall. The desire of my soul is that thy afflictions, which though grievous are but momentary, may fit thee for and work out an eternal weight of glory for thy soul to inherit for ever.

"I remain a sympathiser with thee in thy sufferings.

"I. P."

SARAH H. STEEVENS.

## MOVEMENT AND CHANGE.

THE present state of the Churches, and of our own, which is the present subject, seems to be that of unrest. Yet it is to be hoped that whatever, on the surface, may look like a troubled sea that cannot rest, the troubling of the waters may come of good rather than ill, and may cast up much better things than mire and dirt. At the same time, I cannot see, as some may do, that there is anything so angelic in this "troubling of the waters," that we can expect from it the making whole of every ecclesiastical disease that is cast into the pool. Still, it is to be admitted that movement is, at least, a sign of vitality, and that change may be improvement; while it becomes us to guard against the unrest that is not progress, and that unsettles rather than establishes.

Among the complaints, partly due to this unrest, may be noticed the frequent charge that we are no longer an aggressive body. But, on the threshold of this subject, may we not be met by the inquiry whether we were, ever, an "aggressive *body*?" The restraints upon individual liberty of action that compacted into a *body*, under the bonds of discipline, were so unfavourable to lion-hearted exploits, such as those of the first pioneers, that one is not quite sure that the power of those exploits for "action upon the world" survived the era of the first Friends; or, at all events, the complete establishment of a system of Church order.

Organisation enfeebles "aggression." In allaying polemic heat under the peaceful sway of a wise discipline, organisation, while discouraging aggressive

onslaughts, favours rather the teaching by example in the steadfast *maintenance* of principle and testimony, on the part of a people who are as the "quiet in the land." Nor is it easy to see, to one's true satisfaction, the line of march and action in "aggression" of our organised body. "Aggression" must have a soul in it, akin to the heart of the lion and the eagle; it is individual. Discipline tames, or restrains, and will not be responsible for the lions and eagles of "aggression."

There are plenty of means for "the advancement and spreading of the truth" without "aggression." The chief, in life and conversation, as already hinted; oral teaching, and the impressive teaching of such brief biographies as exemplify the interlacing of principle and practice; the taking also of such part in all efforts for the public morals and material welfare, as may evidence good citizenship, and engage, for the religion of such good citizens, both notice and respect.

Complaints have been alluded to; and certainly there are among them such as are not merely the casting up of unrest, but rather the outcome of a dissatisfaction but too well founded. Of this description it is evident that "Birthright Membership" must be considered; but while its disadvantages may not be denied, it may be suggested that those of the change, which some desire, might be even greater; without insisting on some advantages attached to the present and long-continued practice. It cannot be supposed that membership would be conferred without some testing on the point of conversion. For it is one thing to retain, by the present plan, our young people under the direct guardianship of the Church, in virtue of their birthright privilege; but it is quite another thing for a Christian Church to admit, on their own application, the unconverted. Thus, a test of conver-

They know that precious visitation may be secretly working, as the leaven that was hidden in the meal, without, as yet, bringing up even to the experience, far less to the confession, of conversion. And it is not too much to say that, however professions of conversion may be called for among others, there is, in the sense of experienced Friends, and in their whole turn and tone of mind, a thorough recoil from approaching any (the young especially) after this sort, and subjecting their early religious feeling to any test of examination or inquiry. Enough to watch for the uprising of the plant of heavenly birth, and, when it appears, to guard it in silence and in prayer. The opposite course, of intrusion and of testing, might be too much like the process of searching into the growth by disturbing the root itself.

The complaint in relation to Ministers and Elders and their Meetings, as to the mode of acknowledging and appointing the former, and of constituting the latter, is not without reason. But, practically, it is much more easy to see the defects of the present arrangement than to indicate a satisfactory substitute. If the Yearly Meeting should endorse the proposal of the Conference, the exclusive character of the meetings in question would be removed. And these meetings are too valuable, in various respects, to be given up. But they must have a nucleus, and unless Ministers are in some way recognised as a class, it might be difficult to find it. Possibly, upon the whole, no better mode of recognising gifts in the ministry than that now practised is within reach. Probably also, it may be safer to rely on the faithfulness of Friends and Monthly Meetings as to cases of Ministers becoming no longer acceptable, than by rule of the Church at all to thwart a Scripture language that *may* have a bearing on the subject. "The *gifts* and calling of God are without repentance."—Rom. ii. 29.

Whatever name those who join Ministers in the meetings may bear, whether of Elders or Overseers, and whether the meetings be called "of Ministers and Elders," or "of Ministers and Overseers," or "of Ministers, Elders and Overseers," it scarcely appears that, under a virtual consolidation of the offices of Overseer and Elder, the same difficulty in regard to some method of bringing an appointment of the Monthly Meeting under its review would have place. Indeed, it has appeared more clearly, the more these things have been in question, that there is a material distinction between, in the Monthly Meeting action, the *appointment* to offices and the *acknowledgment* of a gift in the ministry.

It has been matter of some complaint that no official or reliable Reporting obtains in our Yearly and Conference Meetings. Different suggestions in this behalf have been made; while, to some of us, the exertions in this way of our periodicals have appeared successful and sufficient. The consideration that these exertions must have involved considerable strain upon the agents, in their unauthorised, and therefore unfacilitated action, has been the chief drawback to satisfaction with their efforts; and, if this were removed, nothing more would seem required: for everything that would tend to secularise our Church Meetings cannot be too carefully excluded. Somewhat of the usual *demonstrations* in public meetings would be likely to go along with reporting for the public, than which nothing hardly could more damage the religious character of our meetings, nor more close up the way for taking part in them of those whose communications would most benefit and help the Church.

The complaint of a want, even in meetings for worship of some stated provision more especially of

lately in the *Friend* and *British Friend* of Second Month, 1874); so that repetition on that subject, important as it is, must now be avoided.

The alleged want, it may, however, be hinted, *cannot* (as it still appears to the writer) be met by any rearrangement of the service of meetings for worship without infringement upon the acknowledged principles of Friends. But there may be a want amongst us, in the way of religious teaching and Scriptural instruction, which might be met by Society recognition and sanction of such teaching and instruction in special meetings for the purpose. Monthly and Particular Meetings will, it is quite likely, and it is earnestly to be hoped, very generally find a concern on this point, and by every means make way for the exercise of qualification in this direction. There seems an analogy between such religious teaching and that of the teaching of the Levite; and surely the Church should occupy the same position toward it as did Hezekiah, who "spake comfortably unto all the Levites that taught the good knowledge of the Lord." —2 Chron. xxx. 22.

WILLIAM BALL.

## GOOD MANNERS.

“ But 'tis not timber, lead, and stone,  
 An architect requires alone,  
 To finish a fine building ;  
 The Palace were but half complete,  
 If he could possibly forget  
 The carving and the gilding.”

COWPER'S “ FRIENDSHIP.”

IN this world of strange contradictions—where the storm and the sunshine are often intermingled—where the sweetest rose pierces us with a thorn, and the finest gold is mixed with alloy—to every virtue there seems to be a corresponding snare ; and perhaps there lies not the least in that very important point, the interchange of the amenities of daily life.

That Friends, as a body, have habitually sought to avoid Scylla and have almost swerved into Charybdis, we do not attempt to deny ; but may we be allowed to express the wish that, in shunning Charybdis in the future, Scylla may not again endanger the straightforward course of our little barque. Whether good manners should ever be “ *studied* ” is an open question. Studied manners are seldom pleasing ; but that *good* manners should be cultivated, both by precept and example, there can be no doubt.

In speaking of the New Kansas Yearly Meeting, an American paper remarks that “ the cordial greetings at the breaking-up were pleasing to an outsider. The evident sincerity, and, with a certain amount of mannerism, an absence of everything that seemed like hypocrisy or cant, was very gratifying : and all the

placid and unostentatious people." Surely worthy George Fox, who "was courteous beyond all forms of breeding," would have rejoiced at this description; for in this matter he strove to lead others also. He exhorted the Friends who were suffering at Leicester "to be kind and courteous one toward another and to their persecutors." To those who were captives in Algeria he wrote, "And now, dear Friends, my desires are, and the desires of Friends here, that you may all walk soberly, modestly, and civilly, and lovingly, and gently, and tenderly, to all your patroons (masters) and to all people . . . so that you may show forth the fruits of the Spirit and the fruits of Christianity."

Is it not difficult to picture any want of good manners in these poor captives if they accepted this advice? and if they did, surely we may attribute their civility and their gentleness to those fruits of the Spirit which should be the highest aim of the Christian and the Friend. Friends cannot be consistent with their profession without showing that regard for others and that courteousness which the charity of the thirteenth chapter of the 1st Corinthians entails; but (as our Epistle of 1842 has it) "it was in the hearty reception of the government of Christ, and in love to Him and fidelity to His law, that our forefathers, in the light of that truth which the Lord was pleased so largely to shed upon them, were led to the full testimony which they bore against the flattery, pride, and untruth which had, and still have, so largely insinuated themselves into the established customs and changing fashions of the world."

That the day has gone by when the pronoun *you* is flattering will be generally admitted, and that the world is beginning to see the untruthfulness of calling yourself, when writing to an inferior in position, "Your obedient, humble servant," we may all notice; and, whilst the touch of the hat and the hearty



g" is now but a respectful greeting and ship, yet we cannot but still observe, in that the Enemy of all good, who is so nodate himself to all times and circum- l kept his foothold, and endeavours to the father of lies under the guise of an

op Villiers, who mixed in some of the n the land, thus speaks from expe- air courtesy, the mere gentleman and ntleman' will materially differ.\* The ly allow his courteous demeanour to pon the circumstances in which he ie other, it is a matter of principle. ill degenerate into flattery towards a igh accompanied by easy familiarity ' compassion towards an inferior, ion be used which can justly be he other, there will never be found ng system of flattery, while there : felt and shown which Scripture superiors in rank and age; and in eriors there will be that nice sense their feelings which will never onstantly reminded of obligations

t true courtesy of manner is "a  
" let us so cultivate that feeling

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s worldly meaning (says F. W. Robert- r insisting on your own rights; but the gracefully remembering the rights tion under these two influences are no usequences which flow from them. The tleman is in *possessing*, but that of the *marting*, good.

re and in Society. By H. Montagu

of respectful consideration for those with whom we are thrown, that we cannot, as our quotation gives it, “possibly forget the carving and the gilding”—those little elegancies and small attentions which it needs but a quick perception and a gentle tact to acquire. To forget ourselves and ever to remember the ease and gratification of others—gratefully to accept any favour, however small—and to “be ready to be helpful one to another”—these are the surest means of studying good manners; and we shall find, in the words of another writer, that “that ‘peace which passeth all understanding’ in some sort is waited upon by courtesy as a handmaid.”

P.

## THE "GROWTH" OF QUAKERISM.

"Of nothing under the sun was Montaigne quite certain, except that every man—whatever his station—might travel farther, and fare worse; and that the playing with his own thoughts in the shape of essay-writing, was the most harmless of amusements."—  
ALEXANDER SMITH, *Dreamthorp*.

FRANCIS JEFFREY, whilst describing Quakers as "cold" in their affections, believed them to be "thoroughly honest" and "painstaking" as Christians. In every sense, the latter word may be applied to the early Friends, who had a belief in the possible universality of the appreciation of their principles. It does not seem to the writer that in the mid-period of the history of Friends such an epithet was fairly applicable, for it seemed as if they had endorsed the belief first attributed to Montaigne, that they "might travel farther, and fare worse."

The Friend of the past century was an idyll; he was "painstaking" in the fulfilment of his word; he abhorred oaths; he testified against a hireling priesthood, a forced payment to, and recognition of parsons, man-made and possibly state-appointed; he passively protested against the iniquity of wholesale murder for a few pence a day; and he looked with eyes of love at the downtrodden and the oppressed of all creeds and colours. To his "narrow path," the eyes of his children might look longingly, if haply they might learn to tread in his steps therein.

Our Friend did more than protest against state-

Whittier has told us how "lust of power," and "love of gain" tainted him not; we know how his was a home of order and love; that the poor rejoiced in his presence; that all trusted in his word; and that he was the friend of all. In his religion he exalted not self; it was fulfilment of daily duties at the loving bidding of an ever-present Counsellor. But the Church he loved, he loved for himself, not for the world. He preached, if impelled, to the world; he invited the prodigal to the yearning Father, with the assurance that the fatted calf would be killed, the robe prepared, that shoes should keep the repentant from the mire of the world; but he forgot that the "ring" was bespoken to wed the penitent prodigal to the Church.

With a feeling—half humility, half pride—but all beautiful—the mediæval Friend said, "we are not a proselyting people," and the converts he made turned to other churches. And, meantime, he trained the tree, trimmed its boughs, guarded its branches, bestowed the fruit he needed not on the poor, but seemed forgetful of the future, and recognised not the fact, that there must be continual storing, continual planting, and addition, if the outward desert is to "blossom perpetual as the rose."

Present-day Quakerism recognises largely the fact that to stand still is to retrograde: its zeal for Zion is unabated; but it, mayhap, believes that that zeal is best shown by endeavouring to add "daily to the Church." Of old it seemed as if the command was to the "converted," "go, according to inclination;" now, perchance, the better mode is an invitation, "Come with us, and we will do thee good." There is growing up a feeling that it will not do for a Church to rest upon its oars; that true increase is from without, not from within; and that while one part of the duty of a Church is to build up its members in our "most holy faith," another, and an equally needful one, is to

persuade "them to come in." The forefathers of our faith were proselytising people, and hence their swollen numbers; even Israel's peculiar people—girt about with forms, rites, and ceremonies—had their proselytes; "religious proselytes followed Paul," and the path of the Apostles is one marked by persuasion.

The faith of denominations spreads through this mode; the teachings of the Just, and the common faith of Christendom come down to us through it; by it churches flourish, and for want of it they decay. And when men believe with more than a traditional belief, they will endeavour to "draw disciples after them," but not by "speaking perverse things," nor of motives from their "own selves."

Of all churches under the sun, Quakerism seems to have in its root-belief most of the elements of universality. Priest-led congregations need cross, font, pulpit, rites, ceremonies, the laying on of men's hands, and the "communication" of succession from the Apostles who went forth providing neither gold nor silver; but endowed with power over men and devils. Episcopacy is bound hand and foot with ceremonial wrappers; is tied down to formal utterances, often inappropriate; dozes beneath the yoke of the State, and the sale and barter that girds it about; and must pray to the Father of souls at the beck and nod of earthly potentates. Dissent depends upon its ministers; and when the hands of these fail, few and feeble are their "lay" helpers. All find their services wanting in flexibility, and unable to adapt themselves to the ever-varying and innumerable wants of man. But the logical individuality of Quakerism appeals to the Spirit in all, striving upward, and prompting the words and the prayer suited to the condition of each.

Since Quakerism became a non-seeker after proselytes, other Churches have arisen which have, in parts, copied its government. These have sought "proselytes"; these are prosperous, even in that slight test of prosperity—numerical strength. John Wesley, Alexander Kilham, Hugh Bourne, James Everett,—have been the nursing fathers of churches, the youngest of which numbers more than that of the Society of Friends which has almost ten times its age, and many times its individual energy. Each of those may not have directly impressed the world to the extent that its elder sister has; but may each not have been better fulfilling its mission in bringing out greater numbers from a world concluded in wretchedness and sin, into the enclosure of the Church? When men work hard, they have the less time to quarrel; it is the idlers who enlist in the army: and when churches work for those without, there is less danger of "falling out by the way"; less of quirk and quibble as to points on which, mayhap, our humanity does best to believe that,

" We faintly hear, we dimly see,  
In differing phrase we pray;  
But dim or clear we own in Thee  
The Light, the Truth, the Way!"

A rope composed of many strands best symbolises to me the mission of Quakerism. The "rare old sea-saint," whom Whittier writes of—Chalkley—reminds me of the day when Quakerism had its representatives amongst those who do business on the great waters. I know no religion more practically adapted to the wants of these persons far from the ministrations of those "set apart" for the holy office. The sailor, tossed about at the mercy of the winds and buffeted by rough waves, whose life is every moment endangered, needs especially a religion which is dependent upon no priest, and which proclaims no absolute need of

man for ministry to his fellows. When the "prayers" are recited, and the verses read, there is a longing in the sailor's heart unuttered by, and often diverse to, them; and as Quakerism pure and simple best points to the Satisfier of that yearning, it is practicable for "those who go down to the sea in ships." One strand yet unwove in the cable may be there; it may be that a mission of ministers is up and down our coasts pleading with the seafaring population, pointing them to Him who stilled the waves on Galilee, and drawing them to that which this section of the Church believes to be the purest form of His religion,—a form capable of adaptation to the wants of man in all ages and conditions.

Again, Quakerism is drawing to itself,—and so far fulfilling a long neglected part of its "mission,"—many of the thoughtful amongst the artizan classes. Painted crosses, churches gilt like unto playhouses, bowings and bendings, scrapings and genuflexions,—the motley and mummery in which some shroud the worship of Him who looks not to things of sense, but lists to the breathings of the soul,—these sensuous envelopes of religion are driving to the logical standpoint of Quakerism many who have hitherto contented themselves with the "husks" of a State-Church. Others again are drawn to it by the best of all preaching—the unspoken words of holy lives and deeds of dedication. The logic of facts is the sternest and the most convincing of all teaching, and prelatic assumption and arrogance, joined to a Church whose "livings" are bartered like sheep, and chaffered over, are finding a fitting close in the disgust of many whose souls find no place on which the holy dove may rest, save where the absolute freedom of worship and offering is proclaimed. From the artizan class there have in

And yet again, in the ancient stronghold of Quakerism, there is work to be done. That "bulwark of Protestantism," does not plant a "living embodiment of sweetness and light," in every parish. Had it not been, first for the Brownists and their successors, the Friends and the Methodists, sad and dark would the land have been. Even now, when Episcopacy has been long struggling as well as she could in the State-net that covers her,—even now, the rural populations depend probably more on Dissent, in its many phases, for their spiritual sustenance than they do on her mitred-sister. In the early days of Quakerism, it was the channel through which that sustenance was chiefly administered, and yet its humble meeting-houses supply some share in their apple-orchards and green fields.

It is one of the unfavourable signs that this kingdom has so largely departed from Judah. It is one of the most favourable that those whose forefathers of old filled the benches now worm-eaten, will still flock there at intervals. Is there no mission to these?—shall no attempt be made to regain the sceptre of this kingdom? In lonely villages and rural hamlets there is a deep-seated want of religion; there is a faith in the Quakerism that is fled thence; there is a field white unto the harvest, and it needs living, sustained, evangelistic, brotherly, and combined effort on the part of "more labourers" to bring it in.

On all hands it seems as if Churches were at unrest: on all hands it seems as if there was a cry from the dense darkness of God-forgetfulness, for light—more light; on all hands there is a shuddering at the deeds of blood and violence, of drunkenness and debauchery with which the land is filled. There are districts whither labour flocks, and huddles itself together in manner almost like beasts that perish; lives ignorant,



drunken, depraved, and passes out into the darkness of the hereafter. From the darkness there comes a cry

"Hoarse, horrible, and strong  
Rises to heaven the bitter cry,  
Filling the hollow arches of the sky,  
How long?—O God—how long?"

I take it that the "mission" of the Society of Friends is, first, to its own people. "Beginning at Jerusalem," is a text it has learned and applied in part. But, if recent utterances be well-founded: if its youth, after happy home-life, and careful and judicious school-training, be then sent into other parts, and left to the unutterable loneliness of city life, the "coldness" Jeffrey scoffed at really exists, and causes young hearts to shrivel till the "love of gain," or even worse, becomes the sole ruler therein—it might be advantageous to discover in what way the text might be more carried out. "Beginning at Jerusalem," might save some meetings from dwindling down till two Friends meet to nominate each other! Has it not been seen that what the builders in the Church have rejected, have become in other denominations living stones—living epistles known and read of all men.

But the love and the labour which began at Jerusalem, did not end there. And the remembrance and the knowledge of love undying, widens beyond the narrow limits of the sect. The poor need the Gospel preached unto them: many peculiar temptations beset poverty: many, riches; and there is no earthly remedy for them. It is an eminently "respectable" religion which fills its gathering-places with philanthropic crowds, and leaves them to few worshippers. It was far otherwise with Fox; his words would have offended the polite ears of respectability.

claim philanthropy and temperance, but to inculcate that which produces these amongst other of its works. People should come to the Society as a Church, not as a philanthropic body. Invite them to our First-day Schools; teach them temperance, prudence, sobriety; put open Bibles in their hands, and point them to the "Giver of the Book,"—such seem to be the efforts made; but might they not, and would they not be all summed up in an endeavour to teach them to become Friends in name, word, and deed? When the strength of a body is given to schools, or to other efforts beyond its own pale, these efforts should recoup it, and return the strength into the body, with interest.

A barren and hilly country I know, brings forth an increasing harvest with poor tools, small capital, but much labour; and a rich soil tilled fitfully and unequally, produces less, even though all appliances be there excellent. So the labours, hard and constant, of many men, ignorant and unlearned, but zealous and persevering, have drawn to their faith, more than the services, of the wise and the good,—more than those who have gone forth to awake them that sleep spiritually.

A strange fact is it not, that the founders of other faiths have been convicted and converted by Quakers, as in the case of Hugh Bourne? In one sense, it is immaterial to what sect the disciples called attach themselves: in another it is most important. Paul had "planted" the Church at Corinth; and though he acknowledged the oneness of him "that planteth," and him "that watereth," and though the Church had "ten thousand instructors in Christ," he remembered that he had "begotten" them "through the Gospel," and he besought them to "be . . . followers of" him. For that cause he sent Timotheus, his "son," who should bring *his* ways into remembrance. And when a Church has compassed heaven with prayers, and earth with labours, and converts are made from the world, should

not the Church send its sons to bring its ways into remembrance to them ?

No Church can show, proportionately, more toils for truth than that of the Society of Friends ; " beautiful upon the mountains " have been the feet of its honoured ministers. These are " in labours more abundant," as of old their fathers were " in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft." But it may fairly be questioned whether they have been as " painstaking " in these labours. Many have been the seeds sown by those who have gone to sow, which have brought not forth fruit, for want of " watering ;" many have been the efforts, fitful and inconstant, which have driven those " pricked in their consciences " to other folds.

In rich orchards, the boughs are laden with fruit that falls and rots, whilst, near, people are hungering. In crowded gatherings in great cities there may be a surplusage of words, whilst in the little meetings in the green fields beyond, leanness may be entering into the souls for need of due spiritual sustenance instrumentally conveyed. Of old as " ointment and perfume rejoiced the heart, so did the sweetness of a man's friend by hearty counsel," and so now is it. Pains-taking care would appoint such visits as might produce that " hearty counsel." Over the " words of the Wise " no man has control, but as it is fitting not to " forsake the assembling of yourselves together," as it is fitting to appoint set times for gatherings to seek after Wisdom, so equally is it as fitting to appoint to these respective gatherings those whom the Eternal Goodness has called to speak the words He gives. " Two and two before His face," they were *sent* out in the olden days, when the faithful rejoiced in the presence of the Son of God ; as He had been sent, so

and Silas" to Antioch; with Titus was *sent* the "brother," who was "*chosen* to travel."

"Painstaking" men of business look to the machinery, for it ever needs renewal and change. So, likewise, as in the body, constant change is going on, in that which the natural body typifies change also should be going on. No system is perfect; truth is eternal, but it needs kaleidoscopic changes to adapt it to the changing circumstances of man. Outside the Church is a vast multitude, longing, mayhap, to believe in Him, after hearing of Him, "and how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach without they be *sent*?" Whilst we believe that the command to speak comes from above, is it too much to say that it may be one of the functions of the Church to direct the steps of those whose steps are not otherwise ordered? It is not fitting that "worship" should be pre-arranged according to the devices of man; but it does seem fitting that they who are as "servants" should be aided by the counsel and guidance of the Church.

J. W. STEEL.

## A MALAGASY PREACHER.

As has often been pointed out, one of the most remarkable phases of Christianity in Madagascar is the native ministry, which, to quote the late Mr. Ellis, "in regard to numbers, character, steadfastness, and zeal, is as marvellous and as cheering" as any feature of the work of God in this land.

Some there are, here as elsewhere, who preach from an unworthy motive; but there are not a few who preach with a zeal, a sincerity, and a power, which is often a marvel to Europeans, and without whose ministrations it is difficult to know how the Gospel would have reached, even as superficially as it has done, the thousands and tens of thousands of professed Christians in this land.

One feature of the Malagasy character (some will say it is not confined to this land) is that if they hear anything, no matter what, they must tell it to their neighbours, and this applies to the truths of the Gospel of Jesus Christ as well as to other things not equally true.

Not one of the cleverest, but certainly one of the most faithful of these preachers was Ratsilainga, who died Tuesday, November 18th, 1873. The passing away of this veteran Christian from works to rewards calls up many recollections of the past history of the Church in this land. Ratsilainga was among the very first who publicly professed their belief in the truth of Christianity, thus being among the first converts of those early missionaries, whose work for God here can hardly be over-estimated.

In the fifteen years (1820—1835) in which they

laboured in this land, they established nearly 100 schools, containing about 4,000 scholars, and more than 10,000 children passing through them. Two printing presses, sent out by the London Missionary Society, were in constant operation, and, besides books and tracts put in circulation, a Dictionary of the language was printed, in two volumes (still the only one in use). But, above all, the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament were translated, corrected, and printed in the native language,—a language which had been first reduced to a written form by the labours of the missionaries.

Ratsilainga was one of the first scholars in these schools; then he became a teacher, afterwards entered the London Missionary Society's printing-office, and there helped to print the Holy Scriptures which, in the succeeding long dark days of banishment and exile, became the very life's food of himself and companions. Then came those sad days of persecution, when the missionaries must leave their converts, some of whom turned back, and when persecution arose "walked no more with Him," but not so Ratsilainga. Of him (as well as many others of the natives) it might be said, "*Among some faithless, faithful he.*"

On one of those anxious days immediately preceding the expulsion of the missionaries, and just before the first storm of persecution broke over the land, a little company of natives, with two or three missionaries, met at Ambatonakanga church, to worship Him whom their souls loved. Rumours were abroad that the Queen, Ranavalona I., intended to "stop the praying." "Lord, save us, or we perish," was the text chosen by the native preacher, and a deep impression was made upon the minds of all present. On the same or the following day, the missionaries were summoned to receive a message from the Queen to the following effect:—"With regard to religious worship

(whether on the Sunday or not), the practice of Baptism, and the existence of a Society (Christian fellowship and the celebration of the Lord's Supper), these cannot be done by my subjects in my country."

That day was as the beginning of troubles. Ratsilainga was one of that little company above described; and, nothing daunted, he still continued, at much risk to himself, to meet with small companies of Christians, often by night, to tell them of the dying love of Jesus. The long dark tale of the persecution need not here be told, for who does not know of the "hurling from the rock, the burning to death, the selling into slavery, the chains and the scourgings, the wandering in exile, the being hunted like beasts of prey; all of which, and much more than can be told, were endured by the faithful Christians of Madagascar. We know also how vain was the Queen's futile attempt to "stop the praying," for at the end of those twenty-five years of fierce persecution there were more Christians in the land than at the beginning. "The noble army of martyrs praiseth Thee," for greater is He who was with them than he who was with their persecutors.

It may interest some to read the following copy of a letter, written by Ratsilainga, in 1861, to the widow of one of the missionary pioneers in that land, who had taught him the way of life. He says:—

"When I begin to write to you, my heart and all within me is moved. I have much to say to you. I wish to tell you of the sorrows that have befallen us. Very great was the persecution which drove us into the wilderness. They sought to put me to death. I was accused of praying, and also of teaching the people to do so. They sent officers to arrest me, and they took all the people they found in my house, and my wife Rabodo also. My children, servants, and everything I had, they took away as a forfeit to the Queen. They bound my wife, Rabodo, and flogged her from morning until night, to make her tell who were her companions. She

fainted, and they left her to recover a little, then flogged her again. But she refused to give up the names of any, so that they were astonished, and said, 'She is a Christian indeed.'

"Failing to make her tell who were her associates, they put a heavy iron ring round her neck, and round each ankle. They fastened these rings together by heavy iron chains from the neck to the ankles, and then bound her to four more Christians. Five others were bound together, and there was a third party of sixteen also bound together. Every Sabbath-day, for seven months, they placed these three parties before the people, that they might see how they were punished for keeping holy the Lord's-day. At the end of the seven months they separated them, and sent five to the East; of these two died, and three still remain. . . .

"My wife was among those sent to the West. She was sent in chains, and died March 4th, 1859. Yes, she died in her chains, and her works follow her. They pursued me for four years and three months, seeking to put me to death. My children they have sold into slavery, and my property they have taken, so that I have now no home to dwell in, or land to live upon. What has befallen me is hard for nature to bear; but precious are the riches in Christ, and, in Him, light are the sorrows of earth."

Thus, in 1861, did Ratsilainga tell the simple unvarnished story of his sufferings; and his experience was that of hundreds of others. Confiscation and seizure had been ruthlessly made of houses and lands, and of every kind of property belonging to the accused; whilst multitudes were reduced to slavery, and sold in the public markets.

But brighter days came at last; the persecuting Queen did not live for ever, and, at her death, the late Mr. Ellis was invited to Madagascar to reorganize the London Missionary Society Mission. Again was the Ambatonakanga church opened for public worship, and Ratsilainga became associated with Mr. Ellis as joint pastor; and now a handsome stone church stands on this spot, at once a memorial of the death of the martyrs, and of the liberality of English Christians.



Ratsilainga remained pastor of this church to the end of his days. He lived to see the idols burnt, Christianity patronized by the Queen and nobility, and become a living power for good in this central province of Imerina; and we may almost say that he lived to see the tide again turn, and the zeal of some to wax cold.

Many there are of his countrymen more gifted as preachers than he was; many there are with larger grasp of intellect, and with greater power of moving people by their words; but it is doubtful whether there are any who, by patient continuance in well-doing, through sunshine and through storm, through evil report and through good report, through the rough days of persecution and through the days of prosperity and peace, have done more to adorn the "doctrine of God our Saviour in all things" than Ratsilainga, the "not untrue," *i.e.*, the true. He died in the hospital at Analakely, November 18th, 1873. Thankfully may we believe that, through the grace of Christ his Saviour, his end was peace, and that the eventide was to him light.

HENRY E. CLARK.

*Antananarivo, December, 1873.*

## LIVINGSTONE

"HE DIED ON THE HOMEWARD JOURNEY."

His great work ended—England hoped once more  
To see her Hero :—the great nation's heart  
Yearned with the instinct of a mother's love  
Towards her daring son. The time was near  
When, safe from all his perils, she would fling  
Her mighty arms around him, and rejoice  
The while she listened to the wondrous tale  
Of his strange wanderings, and, with greedy ears,  
Drank in his story,—called him her true son,  
Prince of explorers, and a Chief of men.

Thus thought she, growing surer day by day,  
Pictured his coming and the welcome home !  
A welcome and a triumph, such as Rome  
In all her glory, was too poor to give ;  
And all earth's warlike conquerors combined,  
Generals, and Kings, and Kaisers, are too weak  
To win with all their victories. That man,  
That toil-worn, solitary man—would bring  
His title to a Triumph, won by years  
Of weary journeyings in unknown lands,  
'Mongst rude, untutored tribes, whose uncouth names  
Had never fall'n upon the cultured ear ;—  
By cruel secrets of the accursed trade  
In human flesh, brought out into the light,  
And England roused once more to help the slave ;—  
Rivers and lakes discovered, mountains scaled,  
Long questioning of Nile's mysterious stream,  
And listening for the answer that should tell  
A secret of the ages :—this achieved,  
By most courageous patience that ne'er flinched

From toil or danger ; ever burning zeal ;  
 Heroic faith, and, underlying all,  
 And crowning all, his motive and his aim ;—  
 ALL, ALL FOR CHRIST !

Thus England thought, and longed  
 For the glad moment when he should exchange  
 His lonely wanderings for the welcome home :  
 But even as she thought, there came a throb  
 Of earth's electric pulse, and smote her soul  
 With the dread words, " Thy Livingstone is dead ! "

\* \* \* \*

Is it for him we mourn, or for ourselves  
 That we have missed his coming, and the joy  
 Of showing him how much he was beloved ?  
 Let us bethink us what, at best, had been  
 Our welcome to the welcome of the skies !  
 Our praises, to the Master's sweet " Well done  
 Thou good and faithful servant ; enter now  
 Into my joy—thy Lord's ; thou did'st forsake  
 For Me wife, home and children, country, friends ;  
 Yea, life itself ; the promised hundred-fold  
 I gave thee ; as thy Elder Brother walked  
 And watched beside thee ; now the rest receive,  
 Life everlasting, and eternal joy."

And one there was who, as an angel fair,  
 Yet with familiar looks of human love,  
 Hastened to meet him ; she, the loved and true,  
 Had waited long for him, as men count time,  
 Since, pressing on, in love's impatientness,  
 Beyond her failing strength, she fell and died,  
 Even in her haste to meet him. Now for aye  
 United, in unfading youth to dwell  
 For ever in their Father's house above.  
 What could *we* offer to compare with this ?

\* \* \* \*

When, on the mythic page of classic lore,  
 We read of Heroes, after lives of toil

Transformed to Demigods, and taken up  
To dwell with the Immortals, do we feel  
Their life a failure, or that earthly joys  
Are better than Olympus and the Gods

Oh ! we mistake : this earthly being lies  
So close to us, it doth almost eclipse  
The great Immortal Life that shines beyond  
In its own radiant splendour : let us lift  
Our eyes, and, with purged vision, we shall see  
The Golden City, with its gates of pearl,  
Jewelled foundations, and the tree of life  
Beside the river flowing from His throne  
Who fills the city with the light intense  
Of His own GLORY, while the angels wait,  
In adoration, or enraptured fly  
To do His bidding ; and the saints of God,  
From all the ages, meet in converse high,  
Or joyous worship and melodious praise,  
Safe from all thirst and hunger evermore,  
And sickness (for no *sin* can enter there).  
The burning sun of Afric doth not light  
On them, nor any heat ; the LAMB Himself  
Doth lead them to the flowing streams of life,  
And God for ever wipes their tears away.

O stricken heart of England ! weep no more  
For thy illustrious Son ; he is not dead  
But living, and *hath had* his WELCOME HOME.

E. B. P.

*February, 1874.*

## THE INFLUENCE OF DETAIL.

IN looking over a wide landscape, whether it be distinguished for picturesque beauty, or simply green and pastoral, as common English landscape often is, the eye is constantly arrested by some pleasant village among the fields, or nestling under the hills, its grey church tower rising from the midst of embowering trees, and its faint clouds of thin blue smoke telling of life and habitation within.

How peaceful it looks! How simple and happy its inhabitants must be; how "nice" it must be to live there, is the almost involuntary thought of the beholder, especially if he be weary of the tumults and distractions of city life.

An hour later, it may be, and the traveller is in the village itself. He walks wearily over a rough stony road; the houses are closer together, and the trees farther apart than he had imagined them; there are grunting pigs and noisy children, scarcely clean and rosy enough for picturesque purposes; the cottages are dirty, and the women look untidy, while the unfailing public-house and beer-shop suggest images remote from rural innocence and bliss. It may still be a pretty place, but certainly it looked more attractive before its details were known.

Another day our traveller is passing through the "black country," rightly named, and hideous to behold, with its tall chimneys, its blackened grass, its smoke and barrenness. He turns from the carriage window, and buries himself in his newspaper, scarcely liking to

visit one of the employers in this district. To his surprise, he finds not only a pleasant house and garden, with every comfort within and without, but also, if his host be an enlightened man, he beholds rows of tidy little houses with bright green palings, and flowers in the windows; perhaps some smart shops, a neat church and chapel, and a cheerful reading-room, and he goes away with the impression that the grimy workmen need not be so wretched as he had supposed them to be. The details in this instance are of an ameliorating kind.

Now this is only a feeble illustration of the influence of detail in our daily lives. As seen by our neighbours, or even by our friends, they present certain broad characteristics of good or evil fortune; but no one but ourselves is acquainted with the texture of petty details of which they are composed, and which, by their continual succession and changeful character, go far to obscure their general effect, even as the careful manipulation of Birket Foster's landscape paintings renders them less effective than many a less studied and elaborate work of art.

The influence of detail is of a levelling kind; it damps the joys and deadens the sorrows of life, imparting a degree of uniformity to the otherwise too widely varied aspects of human existence. The happy wife and mother has a thousand small vexations; the lonely childless widow, who envies her, perhaps, has many a trifling pleasure and satisfaction, and is not all day and every day the less comfortable of the two. And so it is with each individual existence. The happiest day of our lives is, after all, a chequered day; the hour of exultant love, or of well-earned triumph, was ushered in and followed by such a procession of homely incidents, that at the time we scarcely knew it to be so rich and rare; till, looking back at it across succeeding years, we recognise its

I marvel how we lived so calmly  
in the midst of joy.

Even those which can never cease  
are modified by the influence of  
their occurrence ; and even our  
appointments, and those nume-  
rous things to be borne without outward  
display, are amenable to the same  
principle because surrounded by  
trivial incidents, many of which  
and cheerfulness of their own.  
Influenced by the influence of detail  
we willingly accept a merciful provi-  
dence so good for us that the same  
does not diminish the edge of our delights. We  
considerations which tend to  
divide various lots in life ; pain-  
ful but still continue to be.

On the other side to the subject, which  
is the same. These minor details  
another, which occupy our  
thoughts always something to  
be apt to be like dust in  
the path of the road we are  
passing. Trivial objects on the way.  
Such a distraction of attention that we forget  
to be ; that each should  
be attended to and should occupy its  
share and should never make us lose  
our lives. It is sad to see  
that might be so, ren-  
dering us inattending on small annoy-  
ances and serious calls of duty  
requiring a minute attention is  
lost.

It requires a great mental effort, to get  
as it were, in order

to see their various claims in their true proportion, and to acquire what artists call "a feeling for the whole." This may, perhaps, be done by a careful consideration of our different duties at times when we are not surrounded by the details of our usual occupations; when we are absent from home, or withdrawn from our ordinary share of active life. No one will sit at the foot of a tree who wishes to draw it; and even in painting a flower (though a more minute object) we get the form and shadows, all that will give life and character to our picture, the better for placing it at a little distance from the eye. On the other hand, the *neglect* of detail is a serious error, and whether in the picture or the reality, is sure to spoil the effect.

We see in the economy of Nature how marvellously the little is elaborated, even with a care and minuteness which no microscope will reveal; and yet how every little only fills its place or serves a larger end, till we are led up to laws and arrangements whose magnitude eludes our grasp. The laws of Nature are an expression of God's will: His care alike for the whole and for its parts is testified both by Revelation and by the external world. It must surely be worth while for those who are seeking to do His will on earth to endeavour, in their little spheres of action, to attend faithfully to trifles without giving them an undue place or importance; and it is equally necessary to be careful that the minor troubles of every day, of which each heart only knows the bitterness, be not allowed to hinder the thankful and cheerful spirit, in which all the duties of life can best be performed.

MATILDA STURGE.



## A P O E M

*Recited before the Haverford Alumni.*

BY JOSEPH PARRISH.

DEAR shipmates all, we meet once more,  
In the still harbour, nigh the shore,  
To tell our various cruises o'er ;

To reckon up the loss and gain,  
Recount the pleasure and the pain,  
While, unregarded, roars the main.

For, in the stillness heard from far,  
Beyond the sheltering harbour bar  
The waves of Life keep ceaseless war,

And their hoarse murmurs call us back  
Again to sail the ocean track,  
To prosperous voyage or hopeless wrack.

Full little cared we how they roared  
In the gay days we passed aboard  
The staunch old school-ship "Haverford."

For long ago it was that here  
We learned to hand and reef and steer,  
To trim to all the winds that veer,

To wind the shallows, shun the rock,  
False signals know, and, knowing, mock,  
To meet, close reefed, the tempest's shock.

Sometimes the task seemed all too hard ;  
Too strict the watch,—too stern the guard,—  
And very distant the reward.

The waves lapped lightly on the strand,  
Green shores stretched forth on either hand,  
Our beardless cheeks the zephyrs fanned.

Here all was peace and calm, and we  
Laughed at the dangers of the sea,  
And longed to meet them, and be free.

And so it came, the wished-for day,  
When, Able Seamen (that's B.A.),  
Across the bar we sailed away.

All shipmates once, and now we sail  
On distant seas far out of hail,  
Till, even as now, some friendly gale

With gentle impulse drives us here,  
And dim eyes brighten, and "What cheer?"  
From dear old voices meets the ear

And works a subtle charm; for when  
They wander back,—these sea-toss'd men,—  
For one brief hour they're boys again;

Forget the cruel sport of chance,  
The stress and strain of circumstance,  
And live again the old romance,—

The old romance—wherein there dwells  
Nor doubt nor fear—where jangled bells  
Strike not across the organ's swells

That sound, to high young hearts that heed,  
The prelude to heroic deed:  
The promise of the victor's meed.

Alas, for all bright dreams like these!  
What so uncertain as the breeze?  
And what so treacherous as the seas?

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And how, O brothers, has it fared  
With each of us, since, thus prepared,  
Our slight craft first the ocean dared?

Here's one—a poet—whose fine eyes  
Used evermore to seek the skies,  
Who fed on haziest mysteries:

The poet now a trader sails,  
And, once in port, he rarely fails  
To make good profit on his bales.

And one, whose will no law could sway,  
Who could not, for his life, obey:  
This took a wife the other day;

Her boys, where'er they sail, shall bear  
The blessing of her fostering care,  
And her works praise her everywhere,—

In peace or danger, calm or gale,  
Sunshine or darkness, joy or bale,  
God's men and hers, where'er they sail.

Again we leave the quiet bay,  
The sun sets on our gathering day.  
Poor mariners ! we must away,

Farewell the shore, the turf, the trees !  
Once more before the uncertain breeze  
We sail out to the unknown seas.

## THE FAMILIAR USE OF THE NAME "JESUS."

"And thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins."

"God hath given Him a name which is above every name."

JESUS, which signifies Jehovah the Saviour, or Healer, is the name which God Himself gave to the Son of His love, whom He sent forth from the bosom of His glory to restore a lost world. A name which unfolds to us the majesty of His glorious power as well as His infinite love! What is the response that this great name of Jesus awakens within our hearts? Does it sound there as the revelation or manifestation of God the Father?

The object of this paper is to inquire whether there is not a tendency in the present day to use this name with too little reverence.

The beautiful and inspired declaration, that "at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow," has doubtless originated the custom which often prevails in churches of bowing whenever that sacred name is mentioned; and it would be well for all those who look upon this as an empty form, to give heed that they lose not the spirit of it; but that they secure a deeper reverence, even the bowing of their whole being in awe and honour before His holy name. "Give unto the Lord the *glory* due unto His name; worship the Lord in the beauty of *holiness*."

There is a portion of the religious literature of the

and correspondence it is also noticeable. "Have you found Jesus?" "Go and tell Jesus." "Dear Jesus loves you!" "Tell Jesus about it." "The dear loving Jesus has done all for us." "Work for Jesus!" "Get hold of Jesus," &c.

The adoption of these expressions by true Christians, as is frequently the case, cannot be attributed to irreverence. But it does *appear* as though that hallowed name were not held in its power and magnified, when it is so often repeated; and on young minds especially, the effect must be harmful.

Surely we should be acting more in accordance with Scripture and the mind of God, did we more generally substitute the *Lord* Jesus, Jesus Christ; or our Redeemer, our Lord, the Saviour, or Jesus our Lord.

Often, it is more in the tone of voice, than in the expression itself, that the want of reverence is felt. It cannot be right to say to a child, "Go and tell Jesus about it," in the same tone as you might tell him to go to a brother, schoolfellow, or companion. Is it feared that they may be inspired with too much awe, that they will be afraid to love, afraid to draw near? The little children whom the Saviour would take up in His arms and bless, would love Him none the less because He was called their Lord Jesus—just as the child loves the name of father, and would not think of calling him by the familiar name used by a few of his own family. The tenderest love and the deepest veneration are perfectly compatible, and strengthen one another.

It was said of a clergyman of the Church of England, whose love for his Lord was very deep, that so profound was his reverence that he paused before pronouncing that name. Who could possess a keener sense of the preciousness of our Saviour than Rutherford? He used to speak of Him as "my Lord Christ," "Jesus, my Lord," "my King Jesus."

ing a faith in the humanity  
est in His love, and feel  
as that of the dearest  
view His Divine Nature,  
ather, we lose half His  
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l Him, familiarly, *Jesus*!  
ss Him when He was  
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ry, on recognising Him,  
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aster, ye *do well*, for

is reverence be main-  
ly addressed Him as  
do so, now that He  
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believe in God;  
. (John xiii.

44, 45.) Therefore should our intercourse and tone of communion be with the divinity and godhead of Christ equally with His humanity. Therefore should all honour the Son even as they honour the Father. Had we a deeper conviction of the reality that Christ is made unto us Wisdom and Righteousness, Sanctification and Redemption, such a solemn sense of His greatness would come over us, that we could not lightly utter His holy name. Those who *really* fear and wait upon the Lord, could not speak *familiarly* of Him. Our Lord Jesus says, "I have not called you servants, but friends"—a friendship which may deepen into intimacy and union; but the bond is so hallowed, so beyond anything of time and sense, that it cannot savour of familiarity. The love we bear to *Him*, who first loved us, is not the love which we bear towards our earthly friends and relations, but an emotion which proceeds from the essence of eternal love. It is the love *of God* shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost. There is a bond of love whose sacredness is a boundary line to keep off all vulgar lightness. "Let the wife see that she reverence her husband." The figure is scriptural: Let the Church see that she reverence Her Lord.

Jesus, "the name we love to hear," is a revelation of the love of our Heavenly Father—a power to lift our hearts to Him; Jesus, "the Son of God," "the brightness of His glory," "the Lord from Heaven," "the Saviour of the world," "the King of Kings," who shall reign "for ever and ever"!

In conclusion, let us consider what the name of Jesus comprehends—all power, all virtue, salvation for all the earth, whose kingdoms will become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ. His name is Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

CAROLINE J. WESTLAKE.

## JOHN AUDLAND AND HIS FRIENDS.

“In the Church of God there is no irrevocable golden age in the past. . . . In God’s battles leaders cannot fail.”—*Author of “The Schönberg-Cotta Family.”*

WHEN John Audland was about twenty-two years of age he was a very popular minister amongst the Independents. Sewell describes him as “a young man of a comely countenance and very lovely qualities, very religious, and having a good understanding.” One First-day morning, in 1652, he preached at Firbank Chapel, in Westmoreland. Before noon George Fox arrived at this place; it was soon rumoured that he would preach there that day, and whilst some people went away for a time to dine, a large number remained.

George Fox having quenched his thirst at a stream, seated himself on the summit of a rock near the chapel, and from this elevation he, in the afternoon, addressed the vast multitude gathered around him. In this congregation were several preachers, including John Audland, who had brought his wife, a young lady of good family, with him. Probably as their thirsty souls drank in the words which fell with heavenly power from the stranger’s lips, they were hardly conscious that he continued speaking for about three hours, directing all to the Spirit of God in themselves. Glorious was the heritage he portrayed as the *present* portion of believers in Christ; that they “might know their bodies to be prepared, sanctified, and made fit temples for God and Christ to dwell in.” He strove to turn the thoughts of his hearers away



from all figures and shadows to Christ the Substance ; "Christ was come," he said, "who ended both the temple and its worship, and the priests and their tithes ; and all now should hearken unto Him."

Effectual as was George Fox's message to many that day, perhaps it was more so to none than John and Anne Audland, and it was to their house that he adjourned when the meeting was over. Both were "chosen vessels unto the Lord to declare His name," and the life-long ministry of each began in the following year. Deep was John Audland's distress when his eyes were opened to see that his high profession of religion was valueless. "It is a Saviour that I long for," was now his cry,—"it is He that my soul pants after. Oh, that I may be gathered into His life, and overshadowed with His glory, sanctified throughout by His word, and raised up by His eternal power !"

The answer to his continued prayers was not long delayed ; the Lord, in accordance with His promise, fulfilled his desire, heard his cry and saved him.

" Oh, how wonderful His ways !  
All in love begin and end :  
Whom His mercy means to raise,  
First His justice bids descend."

Thus baptised into Christ John Audland was, ere long, qualified to preach the word with extraordinary power. The remuneration which he had previously received for his ministerial services, he now returned to the parish of Colton.

*Anne Audland* was the daughter of a gentleman of the name of Newby, who also became a Friend about this time ; she had been well educated, and during a seven years' residence with an aunt in London had often associated with Puritans. Before her marriage, when at her home at Kendal, she chose the most serious people of that town for her friends, uniting

with some who often met together to wait on God in silence, or for religious conference and fervent prayer. Perhaps on the day of George Fox's memorable visit to Firbank she was already "not far from the kingdom."

Two years later we find her, at the age of twenty-seven, preaching at Auckland, in Durham, on a market day, in consequence of which she was confined for some hours in the town jail, through the window of which she continued to address a not unmoved audience, one of whom, a gentleman named Langstaff, who was much respected in the neighbourhood, was so much impressed by her ministry that he accompanied her to prison, and afterwards took her to his house ; here, however, she declined remaining when she observed his wife's annoyance at the arrival of a Quaker guest, and went out into the fields to seek for some sheltered spot where she might spend the night. But Anthony Pearson, a justice of the peace, who had lately become a Friend, had been told by George Fox, who was staying at his house, of Anne Audland's arrival in the town, and came with a horse and pillion to escort her to his residence.

During the following winter, whilst travelling with Mabel Camm (the wife of John Camm), she was committed to prison by the Mayor of Banbury, who had induced two witnesses to swear that she had spoken blasphemy ; but, after some days, two residents in the town gave bond for her appearance at the assizes, and thus an opportunity for holding a succession of meetings was afforded her.

A remarkable blessing rested on these labours ; several hundreds, including her two bondsmen, were effectually led to Christ ; many were added to the Society, and not only was a large meeting formed in Banbury, but several others were established in the neighbourhood. These things, of course, kindled the

wrath of her enemies, who threatened that she should be burned. Her husband and other Friends were present at the trial, when the indictment drawn up against her was that she had said God did not live, because, when speaking of a clergyman at Banbury, she had remarked that "True words may be a lie in the mouth of some that speak them," quoting Jer. v. 2. When the judge had questioned her he soon discovered the falseness of the evidence adduced, nor did he fail to observe the innocent fearlessness of her deportment. Some gentlemen on the bench, being afraid that the case would fall to the ground, followed the jury, and induced them to bring in a verdict of "Guilty of misdemeanour." It is satisfactory to find that these gentlemen were told by one of their coadjutors that he would not sit with them until they had more regard for justice, and other officers in the Court strongly manifested their disapprobation.

On her refusal to give bond for "good behaviour," she was sent to prison again, although the judge was heard to say that she ought to be discharged. For seven or eight months she was confined in a filthy dungeon, by the side of which was a sewer which received much of the drainage of the town; she had a companion in Jane Waugh, who was also a minister, and had been imprisoned for no other offence than that of visiting Anne Audland. Here, unprotected from cold and damp and noxious gases, with frogs and toads crawling around them—kept by the peace of God—they abode, we are told, as in a palace, for they could say:—

"Thy presence makes my paradise,  
And where Thou art, is Heaven."

After her release Anne Audland and her husband had the joy of meeting each other at Bristol, and after some religious service they returned to their home in

Westmoreland. Frequent journeys for the advancement of Christ's cause were undertaken by both, unitedly and separately, to most parts of the kingdom. During John Audland's absence on one of these missions she thus writes :—

“DEAR HUSBAND,—Thou art dearer to me than ever : my love flows out to thee, even the same love that I am loved withal of my Father. . . O, how am I refreshed to hear from thee of thy faithfulness and boldness in the work of the Lord. O! dear heart, I cannot utter the joy I have concerning thee; thy presence I have continually in spirit, therewith am I filled with joy; all glory and honour be to our God for ever. O! blessed be the day in which thou wast born, that thou art found worthy to labour in the work of the Lord. Surely the Lord hath found thee faithful in little, and therefore He hath committed much unto thee; go on in the name and power of our Lord Jesus Christ, whence all strength cometh, to whom be all glory and honour for ever. O! dear heart, go on conquering and to conquer, knowing this that thy crown is sure. So, dear heart, now is the time of the Lord's work, and few are willing to go forth into it. The whole world lieth in wickedness doing their own work; but blessed be the Lord for ever, who hath called us from doing our own work into His great work. . . . I am full of love towards thee, never such love as this; the mighty power of the Lord go along with thee, and keep thee faithful and valiant, and bold in His pure counsel, to stand single out of all the world. . . . A joyful word it was to me, to hear that thou wast moved to go for Bristol. O! my own heart, my own life, in that which now stands, act and obey, that thou mayst stand upon thy alone guard: so, dear heart, let thy prayers be for me that I may be kept pure, out of all temptations, singly to dwell in the life. So, farewell.—ANNE AUDLAND.”

A series of meetings were held in 1654 by John Audland and his friend John Camm, near Bristol, in a field called Earl's Mead, and were very largely attended, nearly four thousand persons being sometimes present. Edward Burrough and Francis Howgill were their fellow-labourers for a short time. These meetings

were continued during three or four months, and Charles Marshall describes this period as "the glorious morning of the day of visitation of the love of God, in particular to the city of Bristol." He was then about seventeen, and an earnest seeker after God. Having been unable, as he says, to "find the living among the dead professions," he had spent much time alone in fields and woods, where "strong, great, and many," were his cries unto the Lord.

*Charles Marshall*, before the arrival of John Audland, had been in the habit of meeting with a few others on one day of the week, which they kept in fasting and prayer; they assembled early in the morning, and sometimes sat down in silence, but if any felt it right to engage in prayer vocally, they did so, and even children occasionally uttered brief petitions. To one of these meetings John Audland and John Camm came; "they spake," writes Charles Marshall, "the powerful word of life in the dread of His name who lives for ever; and we were seized on and smitten even to the heart; and that day, and the visitation of it overtook us, which we had longed and waited for, and from darkness to the marvellous light of the Lord were we turned."

On a First-day morning Charles Marshall went with the ministers about a mile and a half into the country, to a little spring of water, by the side of which he had spent many solitary hours; here they sat down for a considerable time, and then Charles Marshall observed that the minds of his companions were greatly exercised, and soon John Audland said, "Let us be going into the city." When they reached Broadmead Street they found several people who were inquiring for the strangers; John Audland asked if any of them had an interest in a field, in which they might assemble, and an old man answered that he had one pretty near. Thither the company

repaired, increasing in number whilst passing through the streets. John Audland is described by Charles Marshall as "of a sweet and amiable countenance, and cheerful spirit, one of the wise in heart, filled with the excellent, bright, glorious power of the Lord God."

After John Camm had spoken tenderly and fervently, John Audland arose, and to Charles Marshall it seemed that his face shone as, with a voice of thunder, he uttered the message of his Lord. "I proclaim spiritual war," he began "with the inhabitants of the earth who are in the fall and separation from God." And the word of the Lord had free course and was glorified: so intense was the emotion of some present that they fell on the ground, whilst others cried out as the preacher laid bare their inward states; many were effectually turned from darkness to light. "Indeed it was a notable day," writes Charles Marshall, "worthy to be left on record, that our children may read and tell to their children, and theirs to another generation, that the worthy, noble acts of the arm of God's salvation may be remembered."

After this day the meetings became larger and larger, so that it was necessary to hold them in the open air, even in frost and snow, and the ministers laboured unweariedly to lead their hearers "to look from dead ways and worships unto Christ Jesus, the Fountain of Life"; and many of these sought eagerly night and day to obtain salvation through Him, giving up their hearts wholly to His government, and walking in the way of self-denial—for we read that "this visitation of God's holy and blessed day was signal and inexpressible." Soon persecution arose, causing a tumult in the city; the houses of Friends were broken into by the mob, under the pretence of preventing conspiracy, and they were themselves often treated with brutal violence, whilst the law

afforded them no protection, and the clergy stimulated the rage of the rioters.

One day, as John Camm and John Audland were crossing a bridge on their way to a village where a meeting had been appointed, they found themselves surrounded by a rabble, by some of whom they were beaten and kicked, whilst others shouted, "Knock them down, kill them, hang them!"—so that they narrowly escaped with their lives. Charles Marshall was one of those who found in John Audland "a dear friend and father in Christ Jesus," and he afterwards became a very powerful preacher, the deep conflicts through which he had himself passed, the better enabling him to draw out his soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul.

William Penn writes that "he was one that waited for the feeling of God's living and heavenly power to carry him forth in his ministerial exercises," by which, we find, many were turned to righteousness, and some induced to more earnestly covet the best gifts. George Whitehead, who says, that he "truly loved him for love's sake," remarks, that "his sincere love and regard to Christ's ministers and messengers, appeared to be a good and necessary preparation for him to be a witness and partaker of the same ministry." His faith was strong, and, unhindered by the heat of persecution; he visited the various meetings throughout the land, his labours being attended by an abundant blessing. When, in 1670, at the age of thirty-two, God called him to the ministry, and laid this work before him, he said in his soul, "How shall I visit Thy people in these times, when the rod of the wicked is upon their backs?" Then this reply seemed to be given him, "Go, I will prosper thy way; and this present exercise, which is over my people, shall be as a morning cloud, and I will be to them as the tender dew through *the land of thy nativity.*"

Although during the next two years he visited every county in England, no hand was laid on him, nor did he know of any one who lost five pounds on account of attending his meetings. When describing subsequent labours, he says, that he believed thousands received the word of life, and in some places, which had never before been visited by a Friend, meetings were established. "Oh," he writes, "the tenderness which mine eye has seen in many places through the land: the watering showers that descended on the Lord's plantation is beyond description." But long-continued painful labours were also allotted to him in consequence of the spirit of dissension which prevailed in some counties where John Story, John Wilkinson, and their party had obtained a footing. Yet he tells us that God was with him in this day of deep exercise, making his bow strong, and daily replenishing his quiver with arrows, even though his soul was, as it were, baptised for the dead.

In one of his pamphlets, "The Way of Life Revealed," &c., he writes:—

"The travail in spirit of the messengers and servants of the Most High in ages past, was the same as now it is, viz., To turn people from darkness unto light, and from the power of Satan to the power of the living God; thereby, in nowise invalidating Christ Jesus, His manifestation in that bodily appearance, neither His sufferings, death, resurrection, nor ascension; but brings all people guided thereby unto that which will open the eyes of their understanding, whereby they all come unto such a condition and spiritual understanding, as to see and know their benefit by the appearance of the Saviour of the world; for this we testify, all are perfected by that One Offering that are sanctified."

And again he says:—

"As there is a faithful abiding in inward watchfulness, and continual obedience to this heavenly light, there will be a growing from strength to strength over sin and the nature thereof, until thou seest all the rule and authority of the



enemy to be subdued under the feet of the Lord's anointed, and the government in the soul upon His shoulders, whose right it is to rule over all. And here salvation, redemption, and restoration, is effectually enjoyed through faith, and the effectual working of the Almighty power, and arm of God, unto whom be the glory of His own work for ever! And so here will be a growing and increasing, until there is a coming into that precious state and image, in which man was before he fell."

By profession Charles Marshall was a physician; he was remarkable for his kindness and generosity to the poor, and when on his death-bed he urged this duty on others. In the year 1682, he was prosecuted by a clergyman for the non-payment of tithes, in consequence of which he was committed by the Barons of the Exchequer to the Fleet Prison. After he had been confined there for two years, the clergyman's conscience was so much troubled that he came in person to release him. Charles Marshall then settled with his family near London, where, during many years, he diligently worked for his Lord. He died in 1698, at the age of sixty-one.\*

Another of the converts of John Audland and John Camm, during this extraordinary visit to Bristol, was a lady named *Barbara Blagdon*, who had been seriously inclined from childhood; she became a minister, and suffered much from persecution: once, when coming out from a private house at Bristol, where a meeting had been held, a man in the street stabbed her very severely, though no vital part was reached. After her release from a six weeks' imprisonment at Marlborough,

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\* Charles Marshall's wife was the daughter of Mary Prince, who was another seal to the ministry of John Camm and John Audland, when at Bristol, in 1654. Two years later she visited New England as a minister, and in 1660, travelled extensively on the European Continent with Mary Fisher. She was three times committed to prison in her native city of Bristol, during the severe persecution there in 1663 and 1664.

she had some conversation with the gentleman who had committed her, in consequence of which he never again persecuted Friends, but behaved with much kindness to them, even aiding them when able to do so. He once called at Barbara Blangdon's house at Bristol, and confessed to her that he was convinced of the truth of the views which she held, although he said that he could not himself walk in the way of self-denial.

During a visit to Devon, where she was thrice imprisoned, she called at the residence of the Earl of Bath—where she had formerly often been received as a visitor—with the intention of speaking to his family on the vanity of the pursuits in which she had once joined them. When she inquired for the Countess, a servant, who recognised her, asked her to go to the back-door, through which he said his lady would soon go into the garden. But when she reached the back premises, a very fierce mastiff was unchained, in order that he might attack her; but before he reached her, his ferocity seemed to be altogether subdued, for he suddenly turned and went away whining. Soon the Countess came to her, and after listening to her counsel, thanked her for it.

When Barbara Blangdon was at Great Torrington she was sent for by the mayor, who was not inclined to treat her with harshness; but a clergyman, who was very anxious that she should be whipped as a vagabond, succeeded in persuading him to send her to Exeter Prison, where she was confined for some time, not being brought to trial when the assizes were held. One day the sheriff came and took her to another apartment, where a beadle, who had accompanied him, whipped her until the blood ran down her back; meanwhile such joy was granted her at being counted worthy to suffer for Christ as to cause her to sing His praise. “Do ye sing? I will make you cry,

by-and-by!" exclaimed the beadle, whilst increasing the severity of the strokes; but so graciously and wonderfully was she sustained, that she afterwards said that, had she even been whipped to death, in the state she then was, she should not have been terrified nor dismayed.

The sheriff, finding how unavailing their cruelty was, at length bade the beadle cease striking her. He had imagined that he had only a woman to deal with in her weakness, but found that he was fighting against God: the following day she was liberated. The Mayor of Bideford, before whom she was brought, was much impressed by some serious conversation which she had with him, and was so eager to resume it that, when she left the town, he followed her on horseback, and rode three or four miles with her; before parting, she knelt down and prayed for him. Apparently the influence which she was permitted to exert was blessed to him; once, after leaving the county, she wrote him a letter, which he received not long before his death.

In the winter of the following year, 1655, Barbara Blangdon crossed to Ireland. The vessel in which she sailed was in great peril from a tremendous storm, which the superstitious sailors attributed to the presence of a Quaker, and conspired to throw her overboard. When she became aware of their design, she successfully appealed to the captain for protection, saying that, if he permitted such a deed, her blood would be required at his hands. The tempest continued, and as the chaplain was too much terrified to hold the usual service, Barbara Blangdon went on deck, feeling that it was her duty to address the crew and pray for them. They were very grave and quiet, and afterwards remarked that they were "more beholden" to her than to their chaplain.

*On landing at Dublin she went to the house of the*

Viceroy, but was told that it would be useless to seek for an interview with him, as, only on the previous day, he had banished Edward Burrough and Francis Howgill from the island; but after a while she was shown into a drawing-room, and a gentleman came to her from the Deputy's chamber, before whom those who accompanied him stood uncovered. Notwithstanding this artifice, she was convinced that he was not the Deputy but a clergyman; and, when asked by those present why she did not speak to their lord, replied, "When I see your lord, then I shall give my message to him." Ere long the Viceroy made his appearance, and after he had seated himself on a couch she addressed him, bidding him beware lest he should be fighting against God by opposing His cause and persecuting the innocent; at the same time expressing her belief that he was not so much in fault as were those who instigated him to this conduct. He was evidently impressed by her solemn words; and, when she spoke of how the teachers of the people caused them to err, he said to the clergyman, "There's for you, Mr. Harrison!" and afterwards asked him what reply he could make her. "It is all very true and very good," he said, "and I have nothing to say against it if she speaks as she means." Barbara Blangdon answered that the Spirit of God was true and spoke as it meant, and meant as it spoke; but men of corrupt minds perverted the Scriptures by putting their own construction on them and deceiving those they taught; but the Scriptures were of no private interpretation, being written by holy men of God as they were inspired by the Holy Ghost. She was told that the Viceroy was so much impressed after she left him that he declined joining in bowls or any similar pastime.

From Dublin she went to Cork, where some of her relatives and acquaintance dwelt; frequent were her

imprisonments, though whenever she preached there were some who willingly received her message, whilst many of her former friends trembled at her words of warning. Once when she was addressing the people in a market-place, a butcher swore he would cleave her head, but whilst lifting his cleaver to do so a woman seized his arms, and presently some soldiers came to the rescue. On her next voyage to Ireland the ship foundered near Dungarven, and she had a most narrow escape of her life, but was providentially saved by the bravery of the captain and one of the sailors.

In Dublin she suffered much in a filthy prison, having given great offence by a religious exhortation to the judges in a court of justice. After awhile she was arraigned at the bar, and when requested to plead guilty or not guilty, answered that there was no guilt upon anyone's conscience for what was done in obedience to God. But as this was not considered a satisfactory answer she was sent back to prison. Here she was visited by some of her friends, Sir William King, Colonel Fare, and Lady Brown, who afterwards went to the judge to endeavour to obtain her release; they laughed when he told them, in allusion to Barbara Blangdon, that he was afraid of his life—saying that they had known her from childhood, and were so strenuous in their efforts for her liberation that they at last secured it.

After she was set free she spoke very solemnly to the judge, who died the same night. A short time previously he had condemned six persons to death on a charge of murder, five of whom were apparently innocent, for the only witness against them, when accused by Barbara Blangdon, who shared the same prison, confessed, while trembling exceedingly, that his evidence was altogether false; and he once made the same admission to the judge, to whom Barbara Blang-

don wrote, begging him to take care that he did not condemn the guiltless, also telling him that the day of his death was at hand, and reminding him that he would have to render an account of his actions. But he took no notice of this remonstrance. At Limerick, also, Barbara Blangdon found imprisonment awaiting her, and when on her homeward voyage she was robbed of all she had by the crew of a privateer, but ultimately reached England in safety.

The last allusion made to her by Sewell, is in reference to her being one of the one hundred and fifteen Friends who were imprisoned at Bristol in 1682, whilst, in the face of threats and persecution, the meetings in that city were kept up by the children with wonderful faith and courage. During John Audland and John Camm's remarkable visit there (twenty-eight years earlier), we find that George Bishop and Josiah Coale were also amongst those who "received their testimony."

In 1664 *George Bishop* published the following brief address, which was delivered to Charles II. and his Parliament :—

"To the King and both Houses of Parliament; thus saith the Lord:

"Meddle not with my people because of their conscience to me, and banish them not out of the nation because of their conscience; for if you do I will send my plagues upon you, and ye shall know that I am the Lord.

"Written in obedience to the Lord, by His servant,  
"GEORGE BISHOP.

"Bristol, the 25th of the Ninth Month, 1664."

It will be remembered that the Great Plague visited London in the following year. Whilst the pestilence was at its height the Friends were less frequently banished than before; from his prison in Bristol George Bishop sent them a letter exhorting them to stand fast in the Lord, and assuring them that if they were exiled God would protect them whilst they were

faithful to Him,—that “none should root them out, but that they should be planted and built up.” At an earlier date he wrote a book giving an account of the cruel persecution of the Friends in New England, in which he quoted Major-General Denison’s words to those who ventured to remonstrate with him,—“This year ye will go to complain to the Parliament, and the next year they will send to see how it is; and the third year the Government will be changed!” When this passage was read to the King he was much struck by it, and calling some of his courtiers to hear it, he exclaimed, “So! these are some of my good subjects of New England, but I will put a stop to them!” And when, after William Ledra’s execution at Boston, Edward Burrough besought him to terminate such proceedings by sending a mandamus thither, he yielded to his request.

*Josiah Coale* was about twenty-one when the powerful ministry of John Audland and John Camm proved an effectual message to his soul. “I saw,” he says, “that my heart was polluted, and that there was no habitation for God, which caused me to mourn in desolation, and to wander in solitary places, until I was ready to faint; and I said in my heart, Never man’s sorrow was like my sorrow. . . . If Thou, O God,” was now his cry, “wilt help me thoroughly, then will I teach transgressors Thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto Thee.” This was no-vain vow; it became his “life and joy” to declare the Gospel, and with lips touched as with a live coal, he laboured valiantly for his Lord, at home and abroad; on one occasion, travelling with two other Friends from Virginia to New England, through vast wildernesses and dense forests which had been thought impenetrable to all but the Indians, who treated the white strangers most kindly, although they had previously been greatly exasperated by

Europeans. Yet their lives were often endangered by the proximity of beasts of prey and serpents, the marshes which intercepted their path, and the effects of hunger and cold.

Amongst some of the aboriginal tribes of Massachusetts, especially, Josiah Coale discovered true yearnings after God. "Through the goodness of the Lord," he writes, "we found these Indians more sober and Christian-like towards us than the Christians so-called." After his release from Sandwich gaol, the youthful minister laboured amongst the Algonquins, whose king said to him, "The Englishmen do not love the Quakers, but the Quakers are honest men, and do no harm ; and this is no Englishman's sea or land, and Quakers shall come here and welcome."

Two or three years later, when imprisoned in London, he writes :—"Though great sufferings and afflictions attend, as yet my heart, praised be the Lord, is not troubled, neither has fear seized me, because I see the intent of the Lord in it. . . . For the sake of the residue of the seed which is yet un-gathered is my life freely sacrificed into the hand of the Lord. . . So let your prayer unto God be for me that I may be kept unto the end, and finish my course with joy, and in all things bring glory and honour to the name of the Lord." He died at the age of thirty-five, cheerfully laying down his life, we are told, "With perfect understanding, and in an extraordinary enjoyment of the Lord's life, majesty, and presence." Amongst the many hundreds who attended his funeral was Sewell, the historian, who, young as he then was, greatly loved and revered Josiah Coale, and highly appreciated his kindness, always availing himself of opportunities to attend meetings where it was said that he would be present. In 1656, two years after they had held the memorable succession of meetings at Bristol, John Camm, and John Audland revisited



that city. They were devoted friends, and had in the meantime often travelled together, whilst much blessing rested on their labours for their Lord.\* Thomas Camm, in consequence of the delicacy of his father's health, often accompanied him. The strain on the voice and chest of the latter in large meetings, especially when held out of doors, seemed greater than his consumptive constitution could withstand, and he did not long survive his second visit to Bristol. As his strength slowly ebbed away he told his friends that his "inward man revived and mounted upward towards its habitation in the heavens."

On the day of his death, after addressing his family, he seemed to be in a sweet sleep, from which they thought he would never awake. But, hearing their loud lamentations, he said, "Dear hearts, ye have wronged me, for I was at sweet rest; ye should not so passionately sorrow for my departure; this house of earth and clay must go to its place; and this soul and spirit is to be gathered up to the Lord to live with Him for ever, where we shall meet with everlasting joy." Then, once more taking leave, he lay down and soon expired. His birthplace was Camsgill, Westmoreland, the ancestral seat of his family. From childhood he had been seriously inclined, and, like John Audland, had eagerly received the truths taught by George Fox when he visited their native county in 1652. At that time, we learn from his son, "the world seemed to smile upon him, and the riches and glory of it had exceeding increased, and were then likely to increase more." But he willingly counted all things loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord. He was a powerful minister, and was one

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\* *Elizabeth Stirredge* was another on whose mind an indelible impression was made by the ministry of John Audland.—See *Friends' Examiner*, Tenth Month, 1872.

of the Friends who visited London in 1654, and first preached and published the doctrines of our Society there.

John Audland, who was about twenty-six years younger than himself, keenly felt his death, though he found comfort in the companionship of Thomas Camm, who was often his associate in Gospel service. John Audland died at the age of thirty-four, his life being doubtless shortened by the hardships and persecution which, he endured ; for, in addition to close imprisonments, we find allusions to “great perils, sore beatings, and cruel mockings—both of the rabble and also of the bitter-spirited professors.” He was very patient during his illness, and often said, “Ah ! those great meetings in the orchard at Bristol, I may not forget ! I would so gladly have spread my net over all, and have gathered all, that I forgot myself, never considering the weakness of my body.\* But it’s well. My reward is with me, and I am content to give up and be with the Lord ; for that my soul values above all things.”

Notwithstanding his weakness marvellous power

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\* In a letter written by Francis Howgill to Edward Burrough, when in London in 1656, we find the following allusion to these meetings :—“From Bristol we have received letters from our dear brethren John Audland and John Camm ; the mighty power of the Lord is that way : that is a precious city and a gallant people : their net is like to break with fishes, they have caught so much there, and all the coast thereabout. Mighty is His work and power in this His day ! Shout for joy all ye holy ones ! for the Lord rides on in power to get Himself a name.” Another letter, with a similar signature, contains a reference to the same Friends : “Our hearts were broken in separating one from another, for our lives are bound up in one, and we partake of one another’s sufferings and of one another’s joy.” Like John Audland, Francis Howgill had been an eager recipient of George Fox’s message at Firbank Chapel, and had found that the seed then sown in his soul was destined to bring forth a hundredfold.

was granted him to make the friends who visited him, in some measure, sharers of his joy and overwhelming sense of the love of God, with whose praise his heart was filled. As his strength failed he asked to be raised up in order to kneel, and then fervently besought the Lord that His whole heritage might be preserved in the Truth, out of the evil of the world. Though tenderly sympathising with his beloved wife he said to her, "My will is in true subjection to the will of the Lord, whether life or death ; and therefore give me up freely to His disposing." And she, we read, "how dear soever he was to her, did so." Ten days after his death she became the mother of a little boy.

In reference to her loss she writes : "The Eternal God revealed His Son Christ in us, and gave us faith to believe in Him, the eternal Word of life, by which our souls came to be quickened and made alive . . . Our hearts were knit together in the unspeakable love of Truth, which was our life, joy, and delight, and made our days together exceeding comfortable. . . . The dolour of my heart my tongue or pen is not able to declare ; yet in this I contented myself that it was the will of the Lord." Anne Audland afterwards became the wife of Thomas Camm, and for forty years, "in the utmost harmony and nearness of affection," they mutually served their Lord and suffered for His sake. Once he was imprisoned at Appleby for six years, and again at Kendal for three. But trials seemed only to fan the flame of devotion in the heart of his wife, who was greatly gifted as a minister : she spent much time alone in fervent prayer, and in reading the Scriptures and religious books. Humble and retiring herself, she was always ready to encourage the weakest of the flock. During a very severe illness she spoke of how she had enjoyed unspeakable peace *here*, as well as the full assurance of everlasting joy.

In the autumn of 1705, when in her seventy-ninth year, in a farewell sermon at a Monthly Meeting at Kendal, she implored her friends to be diligent in the service of God. The following day she was attacked by the illness which terminated her chequered life. After begging her husband to freely give her up, she added, "I have loved thee with my soul and God has blessed us, and will bless thee and be with thee, and make up all thy losses. . . . I am full of assurance of eternal salvation and a crown of glory, through my dear Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

She spoke of how much she had desired to send a farewell epistle to Friends at Bristol and Banbury, to "tenderly advise professors of Truth to keep under the power of the Cross of Christ, by which they will be more and more crucified to the world, and baptised into Christ, and put Him on, the new and heavenly man, in whom they will become new creatures and be enabled to serve God in spirit." As she grew worse, her husband suggested sending for one or two of her relatives, but she answered, "Be not careful in the matter; the Lord my God is near me and I have thy company, and it is enough. . . . The Lord gave us to each other; let us bless His name, if He now take us from each other in the outward, that is all, for our joining in spirit remains for ever."

One of the earnest messages she left was for her "prodigal son," asking his stepfather to still labour and pray for his return. Some of her last words were, "My hope is only in Thee, my dear Lord." When, more than fifty years earlier, George Fox was enabled to sow the good seed in faith at Firbank Chapel, he probably little foresaw the marvellous results which would, directly or indirectly, arise therefrom.

Though the rough blasts of persecution were permitted in that age, to be the means of causing Quakerism to take deeper root, can there be any need

that it should droop and wither in the sunshine of *this*? However true it may be that

“New to the world at every hour,  
New runners find new races,”

yet are the conditions of discipleship the same as ever they were—an outward cross to be clung to, and an inward cross to be borne, for the sake of that Saviour who can inspire the heart with “a love so deep as to make obedience a delight.” From one source, and one alone, must vitality ever spring, and Jesus Christ is the same, yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

FRANCES ANNE BUDGE.

## FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE.

## PART II.

SINCE the former paper on F. D. Maurice was written \* I have read many tributes to his memory, each looking at the man and his work from a different stand-point, and I feel increased difficulty in writing on the subject without entering into religious controversy.

My purpose, however, as stated at the conclusion of the former paper, is to speak of his practical work and personal characteristics, and to these I shall endeavour to confine myself.

When Maurice became Chaplain of Guy's Hospital, in 1838 (when about thirty-three years of age), he was at once brought into contact with the working men of London, for whose condition his sympathies were strongly enlisted, and amongst whom he continued to labour devotedly till nearly the close of his life. He thus came face to face with the great social problems of the day ; and at those remarkable conferences held at a coffee house in St. Martin's Lane, attended by Maurice, Kingsley, Ludlow, Hughes, and others, working men were invited to speak of their wants and to suggest remedies.

These conferences resulted in what was termed the Christian Socialist Movement, an attempt to help English working men, according to Christian principles, to obtain a share of the fruits of labour and the advantages of capital. From this has arisen, to a great

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\* Vide *Friends' Quarterly Examiner*, No. XXV.

extent, the co-operative movement of the present day. Although economically this scheme was a failure, it was not so in the exemplification, then almost unknown, of how Christian ministers and educated young men could sympathise with and help the working classes in their efforts towards amelioration.

From this co-operation in commercial affairs sprang the nobler and more successful undertaking of "the Working Men's College," in which Maurice put into a practical shape his ideas of a true brotherhood between learners and workers. "We felt then, as we had never felt before," said one who was present at the inaugural address—Mr. Solly—"the mighty force and meaning of the corporate principle, especially when applied in a true spirit of mutual helpfulness to the education and elevation of humanity. Mr. Maurice urged that the Working Men's College must be an actual 'brotherhood,' or it would utterly fail to accomplish its great object."\*

Maurice thus defines the nature of this brotherhood, in a letter to one of his earnest coadjutors:—

"We have never thought that we could help working men to be individually wise or individually good, if we forgot that they were social beings, bound to each other by the ties of family, neighbourhood, country, and by a common humanity. We have never thought that we could make them understand what that common humanity means, or even what is implied in any of those subordinate relations, unless we could speak to them of a Son of Man in whom they have a common interest. We have believed that in order to do that we must go deeper still; that the Son of Man must be the Son of God; that there is no Brotherhood for human beings if there is not a common Fatherhood."

Another clause in this letter is worth pondering, and shows how valuable would be the influence of such a mind on the working classes of the present day, with

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\* See Reminiscences of F. D. Maurice in *Workman's Magazine*.

and relaxation in the hours of  
 easier ease and self-indulgence,  
 community.

He dreamed that that class could  
 working character, *by acquiring*  
 . We have rather thought that  
 of labour and the blessing of

College" was opened in 1854,  
 pupils. Frederick Maurice  
 the time of his death, and  
 of its classes, remaining its  
 prime mover, throughout.  
 the number of students was  
 the first term of 1872 there  
 ended classes.

as scholars and teachers,  
 but gave them to under-  
 stand that it was a Christian college.  
 to put into practical life the  
 word. If it failed to fulfil  
 will fail unless the par-  
 ticular with the Christian  
 noble effort to elevate  
 masses, and to bring men  
 into harmony, fellow-

in education and the  
 there had kept pace a  
 these principles of self-  
 which Maurice taught  
 all liberty, social and  
 the "rights of labour"  
 can is now the case.  
 into liberty, only use  
 the flesh, *but by love*  
 the true principle of



freedom : a principle flowing from the very spirit of the Gospel. Christianity does teach the fraternity of the race, and we cannot deny to men the right of individual freedom ; but we should aim to inculcate its duties as well as its rights. The divorcement which has taken place between these, and the disregard of any religious basis by many of the leaders of so-called popular freedom, makes us look with apprehension on the future of the working classes.

Maurice tried to show that a Divine order had been set up ; that the Fatherhood of God involves the brotherhood of man, and, deeper still, the brotherhood of all men in Christ. This was to him not a theological dogma, but an essential fact, made real by the Incarnation of Christ. To set this forth was the effort of Maurice's life. Only in Christ could he see any hope of human progress, or any basis for human liberty. " If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." All other freedom than this he regarded as partial and imperfect, such as would degenerate into licence. This was the true order. Only by humility and submission to the Divine will can the soul be fitted for the enjoyment of the truest liberty. In this principle is laid a safe foundation for all societies, brotherhoods, guilds, and nations of men. But, alas ! instead of submission and self-renunciation, the world's morality is practically based upon selfishness.

2. With regard to the second division of our subject, the personal characteristics of Frederick Maurice, I can only speak personally of one occasion on which I heard him lecture. Well might it be said of him, as it was of Wordsworth, that " to him, the world, to its meanest thing, was a consecrated world." Everything human was to him sacred, as belonging to the nature of which the Son of God Himself had partaken. I well remember his deep earnestness, the head bowed in true humility, and the eyes of mystic depth,

seeming to yearn with tenderness and pity over the world and its sorrows. The intense pathos of his concluding sentence still lingers in my ears: "To every man, his country, his conscience, God Himself, is saying, 'Work while the day lasts, for the night cometh when no man can work.'"

I have permission to transcribe the following tribute to his memory from one who thus acknowledges the good received from his friendship and teaching (Mr. A. J. Munby, of the Temple):—

"You speak of his personal characteristics. The chief of them, according to my experience, were these: his exceeding and unaffected humility; his exquisite and almost morbid sensitiveness, which shrank at the lightest touch of opposition and responded tenderly to the faintest appeal for sympathy, and which yet, being helped by earnest convictions and a resolute will, did not prevent him from being firm, and even stubborn, when he thought it right; and, lastly, the wonderful and almost supernatural sweetness of his face and manner.

"It is difficult for one who knew him to speak of this last point without great stress of emotion, for his was the one face I have ever seen (and I have been in the company of many other leaders of thought) which enabled me to understand or to think I understood something of what may have been the personal charm and outward presence of our Lord.

"For majesty and for spiritual effluence his face was simply unrivalled in our time, so far as I know. No wonder that he became the central figure of the college which he founded. His own teaching in it was confined to the Bible classes, but his personal influence was felt by every one, even by those (and they were many) who had no beliefs in common with him.

"The teachers and the students of the Working Men's College have always been, and are still, men who differ among themselves most widely upon religious questions; but such was the respect felt for Mr. Maurice, that he always, and without effort, kept the whole in harmony, though he never attempted to repress any utterance of opinion. He did, however, invariably assume, and silently make the assumption felt, that the College was *Christian*, and that those who

worked in it were working with and for Christ, even if they themselves would not have admitted that they were.

"This reminds me that his profound belief in Christ was one of the two things which gave such value and importance to his religious teaching. The Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Christ, were perhaps never preached so fully and earnestly as by him; he seemed transfigured, inspired, when he dwelt on such subjects in his pulpit, and his words were aided by an almost prophetic earnestness and solemnity of manner, and by a voice resonant and sonorous and pathetic to a most remarkable degree. 'When he said the Lord's Prayer,' a friend of mine observed, 'it was like taking heaven by storm'; and certainly I never heard that prayer uttered with such intensity and fulness of trust. 'One could walk miles to hear him say it,' said an old woman in a country village. . . ."

The writings of Maurice have done much to confirm me in the truth and spirituality of the views of Friends; and, further, they induced a close intimacy with another mind, brought to a remarkable identity of sentiment, through the works of our early Friends, especially of Isaac Pennington. To my apprehension there is much in common between them, especially in the grasp they had of a "living Christ," an In-speaking Word, dwelling within them, both as "the Hope of Glory," and as an ever-present Saviour and Friend.

I admit freely that Maurice had his failings in doctrine and in practice.\* Possessed of a strong, even passionate nature, he had much to combat with in his own heart. Whilst no one more readily confessed than he, that "in himself dwelt no good thing"; no

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\* I do not feel it to be my province to point out here, what may be the errors of Maurice's theology, but I would refer the reader who is desirous of forming a correct estimate of what his views were to an article in the *British Quarterly Review*, for January, 1873. In this carefully-written essay full justice is done to his principles and efforts for good, whilst, at the same time, the writer ably and faithfully deals with what he considers unsound and defective in his theology.

one, on the other hand, would more reverently and thankfully acknowledge that by the grace of God he was what he was. With his strong bias of mind in one doctrinal direction, his teaching could scarcely fail to be defective in another. If, according to his own earnest convictions of truth, he brought into prominence one aspect of Christian revelation, are we to refuse the good thus imparted, because he did not with equal force grasp some others ?

He felt his special commission to be to set forth Christ, not only as the Redeemer from sin, but as the Head of the race—the Divine Root of Humanity—the Author of the new Creation—the Son and Sent of the Father. The Incarnation was to him the central truth of the world's history, the explanation and interpreter of all its enigmas.

To no single mind is the full-orbed Truth revealed. The most gifted are but feeble reflections of Him who is "the Light of the World." Let then these feeble lights all shine at their best, and we shall have some true, although still faint, representation of Him "in whom all fulness dwells," "who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto." In Him is gathered up all that is true in each partial view of Him.

" Our little systems have their day ;  
 They have their day and cease to be :  
 They are but broken lights of Thee,  
 And Thou, O Lord, art more than they."

Whilst I would bid God-speed to the preacher who proclaims the simple and blessed truth of forgiveness through a crucified Redeemer, I believe that the unfolding of other aspects of truth is needed before the *whole word Salvation* is spelt out, or the *fulness* of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ known. Salvation comprehends not only forgiveness of sin

and escape from its punishment, but also that "perfect soundness" and spiritual health which is equally a provision of the Gospel of Christ; and for this is needed the full revelation of Him "whom to know is Life Eternal."

In peaceful times likes those which the Apostle records, when "the churches had rest throughout all Judea, &c., and were edified" (Acts ix. 31) the proclamation of the simple Gospel, the "good news" of the kingdom, may be all that is needful; but in times of unparalleled intellectual strength like the present, when the spirits of men are sorely agitated with conflicting systems and opinions, minds of stalwart power, deeply imbued with the love of Christ, are also needed to set forth other aspects of the Truth, and to commend them, in their simplicity and spirituality, to questioning and reasoning minds.

In this day the conflict thickens round the citadel of truth. The central truths of Christianity are assailed: the doctrines of immortality and of the existence of a God are brought into question, and even openly denied. Let, then, all who are good soldiers of Jesus Christ be admitted into the ranks of His spiritual army, and let us remember our Lord's rebuke to those disciples who forbade one casting out devils in His name, because he followed not them, "Forbid him not . . . for he that is not against us, is on our part."

Whilst some are preaching the Calvinistic doctrines of exclusiveness, ignoring the truth that "the Lord is good to all, and His tender mercies are over all His works," let others proclaim, as the early Friends did, the universality of the "grace and truth which came by Jesus Christ"; whilst some set forth Christ as the one propitiation for sin, others may profitably dwell on His marvellous human relationships, how He was made "like unto His brethren"—"in all points

tempted like as we are, yet without sin"; the perfecter of all realms of human life, the restorer of its waste places, the manifested glory of the Father, the fulfilment of all the purposes of God, "the Root and the Offspring of David," and the "bright and Morning Star."

In conclusion, I have felt great diffidence in writing on this subject in the *Friends' Examiner*, knowing that some whom I love and reverence regard Maurice as a dangerous teacher. I can only say that I have found in his writings that which reached my own difficulties as hardly any other writer or preacher has done, and as such I cannot withhold my testimony to his worth. His thoughts have often "found me," and to use the words of Coleridge, "that which *finds me* brings with it irresistible evidence that it comes from God."

RICHARD WESTLAKE.

## PUBLIC QUESTIONS. No. 5.

BY J. F. BOTTOMLEY FIRTH, BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

## THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

THE Parliament of 1868 is dead. On the statute-book of the English realm it has left an impress, glorious, and imperishable. Men may come and men may go; generation may follow generation, but that record no man shall dare efface. It finished the work that England sent it to do, and with its dissolution there ends a noble chapter of our history.

To-day we stand almost, as it were, on the threshold of a new era, and are only just recovering breath after the change. It is well that in such a crisis we should reconnoitre our position. We find the conditions of political life entirely changed, and changed strongly in the direction of progress. Solid ground has been won and held in this advance to a national ideal, and ages of Conservatism could never wrest it from us. The old type of Tory is impossible as a potent entity in the politics of 1874. He is dead, and fossilising fast. Progress has now become recognised, both by Liberal and Conservative, as an absolute necessity of national life. Parties differ alone in their estimate of its extent and of its direction. The essential principle of Conservatism remains the same now as it was when Dr. Arnold wrote of it:—"My abhorrence of Conservatism is not because it checks liberty only, but because it checks the growth of mankind in wisdom, goodness, and happiness by striving to maintain institutions that are of necessity temporary."

Planted on the adamant rock of immutable justice

are many demands, which as yet have only been adopted by sections of the Liberal party, and often by them in a crude and unworkable form. Our object in these notes is to estimate the position that some of these questions will occupy in the new Parliament. They can never be passed into law except on the shoulders of the Liberal party when in power. And they will never be adopted by that party, as a whole, till they are adopted by the country at large. The true policy of a Radical party in opposition is to teach the people. Let this be once done, and the recurrence of the morning sun is not more certain than that the England we all love so well will advance still further towards a true national ideal. The wants of one age are rarely sufficient for the age that succeeds it, and just as we wonder at our fathers so our children will wonder at us.

There are some who consider that the cause of progress is stayed for many a long year. We prefer to regard the country as resting. Resting, not to sleep through the ages, but to recuperate, and to prepare for a new step forward. It may be, as John Bright suggests, that our absence of organisation is the cause of our defeat, and other reasons, which we may hereafter allude to, have aided it much—but, after all, we may regard the nation as quiescent, rather than retrogressive.

Unless we mistake our countrymen, we shall soon find them reaching forward to the questions that are before. But as yet these questions have not been presented in a combined and effective form. The party cries that swept Liberals into power in 1868 are now dead and gone; and, as a Welsh friend of ours wrote to the Liberation Society,—“What are we to do with quarrymen and farmers when there is nothing to offer but a repeal of the Income Tax?” A new Liberal platform must be built, and, as we think, it



ought to take a plank from several of the prominent sections within the party. The essence of the individual question may be extracted without adopting the particular form. The Liberal party can then give to its supporters an union of "blazing principles," a standard with many a device, and which men will rally round. Monopoly and privilege and prejudice will know their days numbered when that standard is raised.

Whiggism pure and simple is now dead. The election of 1874 may be regarded as its public obsequies. In the mass the Whigs have passed over to their old foes, and in some boroughs have thereby altered the representation. Here and there the conversion has been the other way. For ourselves, we part from them without a sigh. Party energy was exhausted in dragging them along; we had to "educate" our leaders before we could move, and Liberalism is freer to-day now that they are gone. There are several unfortunate exceptions, but as a rule Radical constituencies have been found true to their allegiance, and when, to the clearness of individual policy by which their representatives are distinguished, there shall be added a clearness of party policy also, we shall not find enthusiasm to be wanting. It might well be that support became only half-hearted, and that defeat was scarcely dreaded amongst those sections of the party who saw in its continuance in power no guarantee for the adoption of their measures.

It was the Radical section of the Liberal party that, by its work and its enthusiasm, rolled up that grand majority in 1868, and it would surely have been a wise step to have endeavoured by an expansive electoral policy to have rallied them again. The adoption of such a policy would have strengthened the hands of our leaders, whilst its non-adoption

merely weakened them. They got the credit of Radical intentions when they had them not. Whatever might be the aims of the Liberal party as seen through the golden haze of the Treasury Bench, there was no doubt about them in the country. Mr. Gladstone might uphold Church Establishment, Mr. Forster the 25th Clause, and publicans might be sure of a patient audit at the Home Office, but the "harassed" interests regarded not these things. They remembered that Liberal leaders had required and had answered to the spur before, and they expected to see them do it again. In compact, serried, and constantly increasing phalanx behind them, came men who cared little for the craft of parties if only they attained their end. The Libe-rationists had already fleshed their sword freely and oft in Establishment at home and abroad, and were openly avowing aims which were as gall and wormwood to the upholders of privilege and Divine right. The Noncon-formist Committee and the Education League had sworn themselves to abolish the 25th Clause, and a powerful organization was straining every nerve to settle the drinking question by abolishing both the article and the trade. In voting for Conservative candidates, both Churchmen and publicans identified these sections with the Liberal party. Mr. Millbank, the Liberal member for the North Riding of Yorkshire, complained that out of more than 600 clergymen within his constituency there were not ten who supported him, although a good Churchman and a bounteous giver. The publican vote was given *en masse* to the Con-servative party. In the interest of the sections no one can regret this. When particular interests in a country deliberately set themselves against a great political party, they are sure to find some day that it will arise to judgment. It is the excess of unwisdom, but, as the old proverb has it, *Quem Deus vult perdere priusquam dementat*.

The *Times* newspaper has found it especially difficult to preserve any consistency in this crisis. No one who had studied its past traditions was astonished to find its sails duly trimmed to the Conservative breeze, but we certainly were not prepared to expect the malignity which it has in some cases manifested towards subordinate sections of the Liberal party. The advocates of Disestablishment, of Undenominational Education, of the Permissive Bill, and of International Arbitration, together with the opponents of certain recent legislation, have been all gibbeted together as illustrations of Burke's well known parable of the "noisy and permanent forces of political opinion." "Pray do not think," said he, "because a few grasshoppers on a summer's day make the field ring with their importunate chirp, while great cattle chew the cud and are silent—pray do not think that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field; that of course they are many in numbers, or that after all they are more than the loud and troublesome, though insignificant insects of the hour." The fever of the election, we are told, extinguished them in a fortnight, and "they have, for the most part, entirely disappeared."

The opponents of the 25th Clause have come in for the most persistent vituperation, and the success of Mr. Forster and Mr. Roebuck has been repeatedly dilated upon, as indicating at once the malice of an extreme section in opposing them, and the determination of the people of England that the clause in question shall be retained. When we reflect that in both Bradford and Sheffield the Conservative, Publican, and Church vote was given to these gentlemen, together with that of many Liberal electors who gave their votes for personal reasons, and that even then they were only placed some few thousands above their Radical opponents, we confess that to us the lesson of their election is entirely the other way. "We

cannot point," says the *Times*, "to a single contest which can be considered to have been determined by any of these sections." Probably every one else, who is at all familiar with the internal working of these associations, will be able to point to several; but as it is no part of our present intention to occupy space here in refuting the fallacies of the leading journal, we merely note them as curious facts in modern history and pass on. We may however add, that one of the most remarkable lessons which the Liberal party may learn from the analysis of this election is, how much less has been the comparative loss amongst "the grasshoppers" than amongst "the cattle."

*The Liberation Society* was able to count upon one hundred staunch supporters in the late Parliament. The dissolution came upon them unexpectedly, and although the active co-operation of the Society was largely essential to electoral success, yet no question as to its expediency or safety was ever asked by the leaders of the party. There can be no doubt that the particular interests of the Liberation Society have seriously suffered by this impolitic haste. The results of the election are not, however, as discouraging as the fate of the party might lead us to expect. Of the one hundred members above alluded to, sixty-four will take their seats in the new Parliament; eighteen did not offer themselves for re-election, and the remainder were rejected. Twenty-two new members have been returned, pledged to support the views of the Society, and when to these are added the three or four members of the late Government whose official position precluded them from following the line of their conviction, we shall find that the party is very little weaker in pledged supporters than it was before.

But the actual gain has been much greater than these numbers would imply. There are many members who will sit on the Liberal side of the present

House of Commons who have declared themselves ready to vote for the measures of the Liberation Society, so soon as they shall be accepted as integral parts of the Liberal programme. Altogether one hundred and forty-nine Liberation candidates solicited the suffrages of electors in a hundred and twenty-five different constituencies. What line of action will be taken upon this question by the Home Rulers is difficult to say, and perhaps not worth while to speculate.

Every supporter of the Liberation Society must deeply regret the absence from the House of Commons of that learned and able exponent of their principles, Edward Miall. He relinquished his seat for Bradford, not because he considered his Parliamentary usefulness at an end, but in consequence of grave doubt as to the possibility of his re-election. If the imminence of the dissolution had been foreseen in Fleet Street, probably a safe seat would have been found for him. As it is, we have no doubt that when the day of battle comes, and aggressive action can be once more effectively taken, he will be found in his place and doing the work which it has been the one purpose of his life to accomplish. With a diction ineffective, and a style wanting in grace, he is nevertheless recognised as the completest living master of a complex and delicate question, and those who would rightly estimate the influence he wields, can do so better when the division bells of the House are ringing than when he is measuring out his ugly facts and unpalatable logic to the empty benches before dinner.

Whatever may be the case with regard to the party as a whole, it is perfectly certain that this section of it is not "disorganised." Their losses in the election have not been large, and there are still in the House of Commons many members who will take care that no inch of the ground which has been gained shall be

given back without the strongest challenge. They have seen, with comparative complacency, the defeat of those milder members of the party, who, having betrayed themselves for the Church, have now been betrayed by the Church in return. The Society is about to apply the whole of its energy to the propagation of its views throughout the country; and we can truly say, that no body of political teachers ever went forth on a nobler mission.

The Liberation Society can afford to wait. One by one the bulwarks of religious inequality and of prejudice have been swept away. The Removal of Disabilities Bill has borne good fruit, and we have a Jew to-day as Master of the Rolls. The Oaths Bill; the Abolition of Church Rates; the Disestablishment of the Irish Church: what standard can show a nobler blazonry? Perhaps as Liberation is the largest measure of reform immediately before the country, it may also prove to be the most remote; but its foundations are too deep and too sure ever to be shaken, and with "Truth in front and God behind," who can doubt the issue? It may be that the new House of Commons will make some distinctive assault upon the principle of religious equality. The majority in the House of Commons is a majority that has been elected in distinct opposition to the doctrines advanced by Mr. Miall. Any attack upon those principles will, if we mistake not, drive the Liberal party still further into the Liberationist camp.

*The Twenty-Fifth Clause* has created a mighty hubbub in the election which has just closed. But here again we find that the advocates of entire religious equality and opponents of political ecclesiasticism have improved their position both relatively to the party, and actually also. Unfortunately Mr. Candlish's health prevented his again seeking a seat in the House, but it will be a consolation to him to know

that, whereas one hundred and thirty-two members voted, or paired for his motion in March, 1872, there are now no less than one hundred and sixty-seven members in the House pledged to support it when next it comes before them. The *Times*, in an article denouncing the opponents of Mr. Forster, calls it a "prodigious squabble about the theological instruction of a few poor, lean, hungry, little paupers;" and at Bradford, the Vice-President of the Council styled it a "wretched twopenny-halfpenny matter." What strikes us as most extraordinary is, how it is that if it be really so small a matter, its supporters maintain it with such pertinacity.

Addressing his constituents in London University, the Hon. Robert Lowe expressed himself of entirely the same opinion, as to its unimportance, and said that if his constituents would prefer to have the 25th Clause abolished, he would willingly vote for its abolition. Mr. Forster might, without any discredit to himself, have taken the same position, but, notwithstanding the "wretched" character of the matter, he preferred to support the clause which he had framed, and which, by Conservative aid, he had carried over the heads of the advanced section of the Liberal party.

There are existent amongst us many grosser infringements of religious equality than that which the Twenty-fifth section affords; gradually these are being assailed and removed; but it is not to be wondered at that any legislation in the opposite direction, whether in itself small or great, should rouse the fiercest opposition. The 25th Clause was framed, and it is supported, in the interest of the Established Church; it was opposed, and will eventually be swept away, in the interests of religious equality. It is quite true that the particular school-fees to which it applies are often exceedingly small;—in one large town they are defrayed by private subscription, so that the *vexata questio* may not be raised;

—but the principle and the intention of the clause remain equally obnoxious. And whilst it certainly seems to us that party allegiance should, in the vast majority of cases, be allowed to outweigh personal faults, and that infidelity to some measures should be forgiven, in view of subscription to the leading doctrines of the party, yet there are occasions when it is needful to intimate to our leaders that they are setting at naught a vast body of conviction amongst their supporters.

Perhaps the spectacle, unknown for thirty years, of a strong Conservative majority will have its influence in welding the Liberal party together. When the day comes to build up its new platform, the educational hammer will ring with no uncertain sound.

A large representative Nonconformist Committee meeting at Crewe, on the 27th of January last, adopted resolutions expressive of “deep dissatisfaction” with the educational policy of the then Government; “a policy which violates the principles of religious equality, and is hostile to the interests of the nation.” A resolution was also adopted, expressive of regret that Mr. Gladstone still adhered to it, and appeared “insensible to the evils incident to entrusting large grants of public money to the administration of sectarian committees irresponsible to the community; and to the flagrant injustice of extending and consolidating an educational system in which Nonconformists in large districts of the country are compelled to send their children to schools under the government of the clergy.” These resolutions crystallize the educational grievance, and no doubt the conclusions from them point to the constitution of a plank in the future platform of the renovated Liberal party:—“That it is the immediate duty of all who desire to restore unity and vigour to the Liberal party, to insist that all candidates for their support, should declare themselves opposed to the further development of denominational education, and



that such candidates should be asked specifically to pledge themselves to vote,—

“ 1. For the abolition of the Twenty-fifth Clause of the Elementary Educational Act of 1870.

“ 2. For refusing parliamentary grants to new denominational schools. And that it be further recommended that candidates should support such amendment of the Act as shall secure the extension of the School Board system to all parts of the kingdom ; and the establishment of at least one School Board within a reasonable distance of the house of every child in the country.”

With respect to this last resolution we may observe that a remarkable commentary on the Act of 1870 is afforded by the fact that whilst there are some 15,000 parishes in England, the number of School Boards is only 634. Clerical influence and the bugbear of rates will continue to hinder the cause of education until the still greater bugbear of compulsion comes to sweep both away. It is pleasant to notice that the political life of Quakerism is strikingly manifest in the School Board elections. A large number of our members have been selected for educational service, and it is well to know that so intelligent and compact a body of influence is likely to be used in forwarding the best working of a defective system.

And how does *The Alliance* come out of the contest ? It would seem that, so far as the intentions of new members can be surmised from their election pledges, there is likely to be a full maintenance, if not an actual increase, of the number who support the Permissive Bill in the House of Commons. Ninety members, either by voting or pairing, supported the second reading of this measure in 1873, when its advocates sustained so tremendous a defeat. Of these one is dead, eighteen did not seek re-election, fourteen were elected unopposed, and fifty-seven had to fight

for their seats. Of the fifty-seven no less than forty-two were successful. And of the defeated fifteen, seven were supplanted by other supporters of the measure. The clear loss is therefore only twenty-six on those seats, and there is reason to believe that more than twenty-six new supporters of the Bill will be in the House.

Lord Claud Hamilton and Jacob Bright are serious losses to the Alliance, but their seats are occupied by other Permissiveites ; and Joseph Cowen (the new member for Newcastle), Mr. Sullivan (who headed the poll in Lowth, and who is chairman of the Association in Ireland), and Mr. Corry (who has been returned for Belfast, and is a past president of the Irish Temperance League), will take good care the cause does not suffer in the House from want of advocacy. Much is also hoped from Mr. Burt, the new member for Morpeth. The shadow of his coming drove Sir George Grey into retirement, and so the House loses the greatest authority on questions of procedure ; otherwise the late member was politically dead, and Morpeth is to be congratulated on the change. It is a curious fact, perhaps worthy of note, that the largest English constituency, Manchester, sends three supporters of the Permissive Bill ; the largest Scotch constituency, Glasgow, puts Dr. Cameron at the head of the poll ; and the largest of the Irish and Welsh constituencies also return men of this creed. The Alliance have many strong enemies in the House, but one of the bitterest of these, Mr. Bouverie, is gone, and probably Mr. Fortescue Harrison, who displaced him, will follow Sir Wilfrid Lawson.

We have already noted the fact that the publicans voted *en masse* for the Conservative party. Even the fact that Mr. Callender was a vice-president of the Alliance did not hinder them in Manchester ; and as amongst the clergy, so in the ranks of "the trade,"

the word went forth to vote against the Government in office. Hence came that strange cry of "Beer and Bible," or the "National Church and the National Beverage." The Church and the State have always appeared to us as an incongruous union, but the Church and the beer barrel is one that, as respecters of the Church, we certainly think is more degrading still. And yet these two inveterate foes, occupying the very poles of our social life, have embraced under the standard of a common Toryism. When throughout the length and breadth of the land flaming posters, and still more inflaming harangues, coupled these dissonant names together, the Church gave scarce any note of disapproval. From not a few of her pulpits Liberalism and irreligion were declaimed as synonymous, and her cathedral bells rung out a joyous welcome to successful Conservative candidates. "I do not consider the association of the Church and the beer barrel a bad one," said our good friend Mr. Wheelhouse at the dinner of the Yorkshire Brewers' Association, and the observation struck the keynote of the meeting. Thus we see the unholy alliance complete. But, happily, there are honest men of the Conservative party who are able to estimate and appreciate the danger of this monstrous union. The Rev. Stanton Eardley, Vicar of Emanuel Church, Streatham Common, wrote a long letter to Mr. Grantham (the successful Conservative candidate for East Surrey), in which he faithfully set forth the enormity, and—to the Conservative party—the danger of this conjunction:—"This is my augury. The present scandalous alliance (if indeed it be already such) between Conservatism and Beerism is doomed; it is not real; as a Conservative I say it is a lie, and no lie lives. The divorce must come. Those whom God will not join together let man put asunder. The divorce must come. I should despair of my country if I did not believe it, and when it does come

Conservatism will have to carry with her the odours engendered by the embrace for many a long day. If our party be in straits, let her sit in her isolation yet awhile. I see her in her swimming striking out at everything, catching at straws, imitating the pitifullest ways of her adversaries, and now an enemy has cast a barrel in her way, and she has caught it and mounts astride of it. What is to become of her when the barrel is unhooped, as it will be by-and-bye?" Perhaps this letter was on too delicate a subject for Mr. Grantham to trust himself to a public reply. Be that as it may, he wisely refrained from it, and with Mr. Watney (who is a magnate in "the trade") was returned at the head of the poll.

Why publicanism should be "*the trade*," we cannot say, but any connection with it was a passport to success in 1874. To find *any* trade assuming to control an English election in its own selfish interest is sufficiently degrading, but when we consider what that "trade" is, the humiliation is intensified many times. And this trade is by no means reticent in informing both the Government and the country that it appreciates to the full the important rôle which it played in the recent election. At the meeting we have already alluded to, the largest restaurateur in Leeds delivered himself of the sentiment that "the Conservative party have gone in on our shoulders, and it is almost, in fact, the eve of the Licensed Victuallers' Millenium." The actions of the Government are to be "closely watched"; the licensing interest will no longer be satisfied with "mere promises," and the Conservative nose is altogether to be kept tolerably close to the Publican grindstone. Wherever Beer meets in conclave we find the same sentiments expressed, and it will be by no means the least interesting problem of the session to see how Mr. Disraeli deals with these outspoken friends of his. Indig-

nation, louder than any which was aroused by the abortive measures of Lord Aberdare, will follow the Conservative Government, unless they yield large concessions to the trade on whose staple commodity they floated into power. How far their assertive triumph will carry them remains to be seen, but the uniform extension of the hours of opening, from five to twelve in the country, and from five to half-past twelve in London, is by no means the least modest of their demands.

Their action during the past election must after all have been guided more by the fear of what might come, than by revenge for the paltry licensing measures the late Government gave us. Under those measures they flourished as no trade ever flourished before. During the later period of Mr. Gladstone's tenure of office the increase of excise duties on intoxicating drinks reached in this country the appalling average of twenty-five thousand pounds per week.

Mr. Lowe has said that he would leave the English people to decide for themselves,—except so far as police interference was necessary,—whether they would put their money into their pockets, or down their throats. So abundant, however, have been the facilities for the latter method of disposal, that this practical and Christian country has succeeded in drinking its way through taxes and imposts of all kinds, and, not least through the millions awarded against us at Geneva. The expense of the Ashantee War could be washed out by the increase of excise duties in this year's Surplus alone; and when we reflect that upon all this vast expenditure the publicans have taken a heavy toll, we certainly wonder at their ingratitude to the late Government. It may, however, be hoped that the Conservative party—whatever may have been the means of their elevation to power—will not exhibit to the country

the melancholy spectacle of a powerful government obeying the behests of "the trade." And the probabilities of their doing so will be lessened by the peculiar fact that there are a considerable number of Alliance men sitting on their own side of the House who, if they followed their avowed conviction, would be compelled to unite with the whole Liberal party in opposing any measures for extension that Mr. Disraeli might introduce.

The electoral action of the Licensed Victuallers is, in one sense again to the Alliance: it has given to the whole Liberal party a vast impetus in their direction, and whenever they speak of measures affecting the sale of intoxicants they will find readier listeners than ever before. We have entire confidence that the Liberal party will do justice to any interest with which it may deal, but there is some satisfaction in knowing that, as regards this interest at least, the day of temporising is over. The whole strength of Publicanism has been used against us during this election, and we now know their utmost power. The Liberal party will not in the future be deterred from dealing boldly with the question from fear of alienating a body of men who have opposed them to the uttermost.

It is not our purpose to discuss here the merits of particular questions, but probably between the somewhat extreme claims of the Alliance and the independent feeling of the rank and file of the Liberal party a common ground of agreement will be formed and a new plank built into the future platform of the party. What the particular basis of that agreement may be it is impossible to say, but probably the principle of popular control, subject to certain limitations, will be found of common acceptance. There is no reason why in large boroughs the Town Council should not control the licensing system. But whatever may

be the feeling of the Liberal party towards the publicans, it is not likely to lend itself to the confiscation clauses of the Permissive Bill. Probably not one in ten of the members who vote for the measure would like to see these become the law of the land.

In this country custom is the foundation of our Common Law, and enters as an integral part into the carrying out of the law of contract. In most cases where it is introduced it is to modify the law. Now we have allowed the custom of renewing licenses—except in cases of grave offences—to grow up amongst us; we are all equally responsible for it, and a vast system of good-will has been engrafted upon it. Any body of men who took away a license, and without compensation shut up a public-house, would be guilty of as much confiscation as if they shut up a grocer's or a cheesemonger's shop. We granted compensation to our slaveholders in the West Indies. Surely these are better than they. But to enormously lessen and to buy out, regulate, and if possible to end, in a large measure, the trade, and to enact a stringent Licensing measure, is, or ought to be one of the most pronounced wishes of every patriotic Englishman. The multiplication of public bars is the multiplication of evil, and although no such frenzied war of extermination could ever be carried on here as the whisky war in America, still some strong means will have to be taken soon to stop the torrent of disaster. If it were not for this ugly business of confiscation we should like to see Sir Wilfred Lawson introduce a Carlisle Permissive Bill, and so enlighten the nation as to its practical working on the *corpus vile* of his own constituency. Many members of the House would gleefully vote for such a Bill. We think the Alliance will act wisely if they abate somewhat of their full pretension, and do their best to aid any legislation in the direction of sobriety. There is but little doubt that the Liberal

party will go a considerable distance in the right direction.

Before leaving the Alliance question we may remark on one or two other matters in connection with its constitution and policy. In the first place, it might well consider how far its policy is advanced by running electoral candidates of its own when these candidates have no chance of success—some painful instances of which are familiar to all of us—and by agreeing not to vote for anyone where they have no candidate of their way of thinking. Such a policy might be expected from youth or piqued inexperience, but a society so near its manhood should put away childish things. Again, the Association presents itself to the world as the pioneer of a system of compulsory total abstinence. We say nothing here as to the unworkability of the measure, and the probability that the two-thirds majority would always be wanting in the districts where it was most required; but we say that the respect and influence of a society with such objects are very materially lessened so long as it admits to its official board, and enrolls on its register, members who make no pretence of practising the virtue they impose on others. Let the Alliance look to it. A large measure of the boon they crave is, we believe, in store for them, and let them take courage from the words of Martin Luther:—"If thou intendest to vanquish the greatest, the most abominable and wickedest enemy who is able to do thee mischief, both in body and soul, and against whom thou preparest all sorts of weapons, but cannot overcome, then know that there is a sweet and loving physical herb to serve thee, named *Patientia*."

*The Extension of Household Suffrage to the Counties* is a measure to which the whole Liberal party are committed, and we need not mention it further here than to note the great defection in the county vote at



the recent election. In 1868 the Liberal party occupied 56 of the 187 county seats in England and Wales, but in 1874 they have only 33. Perhaps the extended suffrage when it comes will change these figures.

Mr. Forsyth, the new Conservative member for Marylebone, is intending to introduce the *Women's Disabilities Removals Bill* in the new House. The friends of this measure have lost an acute and discerning friend in Jacob Bright, but have gained in numbers as a whole. Two hundred and seventeen of the present members are pledged to vote for this measure. Whilst householding and ratepaying are the recognised qualifications for the franchise, there can be no ground for the argument that women, in these positions, are not as well qualified for its exercise as men. If the franchise is put on a different basis, the arguments might be the other way.

It may be hoped that *Mr. Locke King's Intestacy Bill* will find a new promoter, now that he is excluded from the House. The grounds upon which the doctrine of primogeniture rests are now entirely removed by the changed conditions of society, and it is high time that, at any rate so far as intestate devolution is concerned, real and personal property should be placed on the same footing.

*The Burials Bill* will have to lie in abeyance till the Liberals are again in power. It is a measure of simple justice, and probably the party will unite in its support.

Questions affecting Sunday Trading, the Opening of Museums on Sunday, Shop Regulation, the Betting Laws, Women's Nine Hours Bill, and Co-operation, are measures which must be dealt with, if at all, independently of party. So also with the Vaccination Laws. The Adulteration Act is doing an excellent work in purifying the people's food; but it has been frequently harshly enforced. To pursue grocers, for

example, as defaulters in selling adulterated tea, when that tea has been already endorsed as such by the receipt of customs duty for it, is too great an anomaly to live. Some ameliorating clauses will have to be devised.

When he came down to his constituents Sir Charles Dilke proved to be a Republican of so mild a type, and so strenuously combated the charge of disloyalty, that his constituents still kept true to their allegiance. His measure for Electoral Reform is not yet ripe, but the larger number of the 90 members who supported his motion on the subject before, are in the House again.

*The Laws affecting Landlord and Tenant* will form a serious question in the agitation of the future ; but the subject is too inchoate to exercise any appreciable influence on parties at present. The present cumbrous method of dealing with land, and the anomalies attendant on its conveyance and sale, are ably grappled with in the Lord Chancellor's measure, and it will probably prove of considerable practical utility.

*The Game Laws* will also be the subject of attack. It is, however, hardly a party question ; and perhaps, as Mr. Lowe suggested, the solution of the difficulty may be found in the fact that most of the mischief which is so much complained of is done by the ground game, and most of the "sport" is got out of the winged game.

*The Peace Society* can scarcely be said to have any recognised position in the world of politics. The much-ridiculed motion on the subject of International Arbitration, which Mr. Richard carried to so unexpected a success last year, has had considerable effect on the Continent of Europe, but it in no wise elevates its object to a party-cry. Perhaps it is best that it should be so. Lord Derby is quite as likely to be in favour of pacific measures in this cabinet as Mr. Gladstone was in the last, and the adherents of the Society

in the House will probably confine their action to vigilant watching. Mr. Mundella and Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who supported Henry Richard last year, are still to the fore ; a vice-president of the Society headed the poll in South Durham ; and although this and other good causes lament the loss of Jacob Bright, Edward Miall, Peter Rylands, and Professor Fawcett, there still remain some good men and true to do battle for the right when need shall arise.

In William Fowler another section of the party lose a leader. The particular legislation which he and those who follow him desire to erase from our statute-book has been more prominently before the electors than at any time previously. Everyone, whatever his individual opinions may be, must wish to have the question finally settled, and so removed as soon as possible from public discussion. We have courage to believe that the House of Commons will act in accordance with their clear conviction of right ; and in a question which does not interfere with the politics of parties, it is always a pity when able men on either side are excluded. Therefore we regret the loss of Mr. Fowler, and we also regret that Arthur Albright did not succeed in the gallant fight he made for East Worcestershire. His clear judgment and debating power would have been a decided gain to the House of Commons and to the country.

There are many members of the Liberal party who are by no means disheartened, and perhaps not altogether displeased, at the results of the election. A certain torpidity, say they, was coming over the party ; and as for the leaders, they appeared forgetful that "motion is the life of all things," and, having been profusely incensed by the thurible of a great majority in power, they had become, like Jeshurun of old : had waxed fat and kicked against true progress. We prefer, however, not so to regard the past. For the present our

leaders lead us no longer : perhaps Mr. Gladstone may never reassume the part he has held for the last five years. Rather than expatiate on that wherein he lacked of our full desire, let us rather remember how nobly and well he has laboured for us in the past, and how often it might have been said of him,—

“ He holds no parley with unmanly fears ;  
Where duty bids, he confidently steers ;  
Faces a thousand dangers at her call,  
And, trusting in his God, surmounts them all.”

It seems to us a noble recital for a dying Government to be able to put on record what Mr. Lowe said to his constituents:—“ We have been able to carry the country through the crisis of a great European war without offending either party, without compromising the dignity of England, and without any injury to her allies. . . . We have, we trust and believe, established permanent relations of friendship and goodwill between England and the United States of America, and have given a powerful impulse to the cause of peace by showing that great nations may, without dishonour, submit their disputes to impartial tribunals, instead of the blind and bloody arbitrament of war.”

We hope that when the present occupants of the Treasury Bench come to give up their stewardship, they may be able to point to as noble a record, and to the ship of State as safely steered through the shoals and quicksands of European and American complication. We cannot expect to see the wise economy which enabled the Liberal Government to reduce the estimates when all commodities were advancing, to find any counterpart in their successors. We shall be thankful if they do not waste the whole of our surplus.

A Government like Mr. Gladstone's, of which it

might in many respects be said that it realised the patriot ideal, "whose noblest motive was the public good," made of necessity enemies on every hand. Such Governments always will. Mr. Childers weeded the navy of a vast surplusage of useless officers, every one of whom became a focus of disaffection. Wealthy and privileged classes, who had been accustomed to buy their dullard scions posts in the English army, resented the imposition of examination which no block-head could pass, and the abolition of a purchase system which had given to wealth the advantages which ought to be conceded to merit alone. The sweeping away of Civil Service patronage was a hateful measure to the patrons,—for what so sweet as patronage? During five years Mr. Gladstone did the legislative work of twenty, and, by consequence, exhausted his popularity, which might otherwise have been scattered over a lengthened period. Each of his great measures, as it passed, has left behind it the envenomed dislike of the classes who have suffered in the promotion of the national weal. Undefined fear of measures to come, and revenge for measures that are passed, have all combined against the Liberal party. And each new measure, too, brings with it the satisfaction of the political ambition and wish of many who find the goal at which they have been aiming for many years is at last reached. "I shall be contented when we get the Ballot," has been the expression of many a veteran worker, and since it has passed he has gone over to the other side, forgetful that safer progress may surely be hoped from those who have passed, than from those who have opposed, good measures.

Measures of progress will always be "harassing" to some one. As Mr. Bright so well expressed it, "the Ten Commandments would have been harassing legislation to the Tories," but how few of the Liberal measures have proved other than good for the

country? An intelligent Middlesex elector interrogated the Conservative candidates on this wise: "Are you prepared to re-establish purchase in the army? Are you prepared to re-establish the Irish Church? Are you prepared to repeal the Irish Land Act?" The answer was always negative, and the elector's consequent commentary, "Then all you propose to do is to oppose all *future* reforms," was a just one, and accurately indicative of the position of the Conservative party. It is not to be denied that a rest for the legislative machine is to be desired, but what shall we say of intelligent men whose chief object in political life is to find means of delaying and preventing legislation conceived in the interest of the public good? It may be, and sometimes is, useful to have a clog on the legislative wheel, but we have no ambition to be an integral part of its constitution.

However, for the present, so far as real progress is concerned, the country is nearly at a standstill. And until the Liberal party can unite on a new programme, it is as well that it should be so. As Mr. Illingworth so well put it at the Liberation Council, "Do not let us be too anxious to reinstate the Liberal party in power. We have got the Conservative blister. By all means let us leave it time to bite." Time will do much for the union of the party. The enemies born of particular legislation will be dead or inactive, and instead of those who are politically satisfied, there will be a new generation, "whose strong minds, by chaste ambition nursed," will demand a fresh advance on the path of progress; and just as truly as

"In the lexicon of youth which fate reserves  
For a bright manhood, there is no such word  
As *fall*,"

"We believe that, at their hands, in a not distant  
"Are, our complete deliverance draweth nigh.

## THE NEXT YEARLY MEETING, AND THE LATE CONFERENCE.

BY WILLIAM POLLARD.

IN the last number of the *Friends' Quarterly Examiner*, we briefly reviewed the deliberations and Report of the Conference which was appointed by the last Yearly Meeting, virtually to consider the present state of the Society, and to suggest such remedies for acknowledged weakness and defects, as might lead to greater vitality and success in our portion of the Christian Church. In the paper alluded to, it was pointed out that, as regards a large proportion of the suggestions contained in the Report, liberty already exists for the different congregations and Monthly Meetings to adopt them at once, as they feel their importance or necessity; but that with reference to two of the proposals, the sanction of the Yearly Meeting would be needful before accepting them as recognised arrangements of the Society.

These two propositions were briefly described as follows:—First, the introduction of Scripture reading, *pre-arranged and otherwise*, into our meetings for worship; and, Secondly, the incorporation of the office-bearers of the Church, with other suitable Friends, as a sort of standing Committee charged with fresh duties and responsibilities in the oversight of the flock.

Of these important suggestions the question of reading the Scriptures in our public assemblies was examined at some length, and the conclusion arrived at that there was unquestionably existing amongst us a grave and pressing need for more regular and united religious teaching, conducting on a sound basis, and

that this could be best attained, not by the introduction of stated readings from the Bible into our meetings for public worship, but by the regular holding of Scripture Reading Meetings, as part of the fixed arrangements of the Society.

Before leaving this part of the subject, it may be well to refer briefly to a point which was regarded with deep interest by many members of the Conference, and which, during the last sitting, was, as it seemed to us, somewhat unduly pressed by its advocates: we allude to the claim for liberty occasionally to read portions of Scripture in meetings for worship by Friends under special religious concern at the time. It was remarked that this practice was at present held in abeyance by an *unwritten law*, and the judgment appeared to be implied by several of the speakers, that unwritten laws were more honoured in the breach than in the observance. So far from agreeing with such an opinion, we should be disposed to accept this particular unwritten law as the wise consensus of the Society on a difficult question: a surrender of individual liberty in the interests of the body, so as to make democratic institutions workable and orderly. There are many things lawful which are not expedient, and this is possibly one. At all events, it would be dangerous to assume that unwritten laws are mere conventional traditions to be lightly set aside. They may rather be described in many cases as the instincts of society rendered into habits rather than into words: and none the less real, and we would add, none the less wise, from being more easily conceived than minutely defined. In the ordinary relationships of men we have many such laws, which it would be mischievous to fix by sharp legal terms, but still more mischievous to set aside.

On this particular point there is no doubt that any greatly increased liberty would be peculiarly open to



abuse ; and the probabilities are, that such a relaxation of our unwritten laws on this subject as is desired by some, would lead to the serious discomfort and disturbance of many of our meetings. A wise and beautiful chapter may be very unwisely and inopportunately read ; and if the proposal to throw open the right of reading in meetings for worship were accepted and endorsed, we should probably be driven in self-defence to recognise a class, to be called Readers, and to entrust to them, specially, the liberty of breaking in upon the devotions of the meeting. Better, infinitely better, to give the opportunity freely for such service in a Scripture Reading Meeting, regularly held for the purpose.

Without aspiring at all to the character of alarmists, we confess we see nothing in the future but the serious risk of a continuous retreat on the part of the Society from its various stand-points, if the projected innovation to which we have referred should be adopted. What would hinder the next step being the reading in our meetings for worship, of papers previously prepared in the closet, under earnest exercise of soul, and by the influence of that Divine Spirit, which is so freely granted to the sincere hearted seekers after God, notwithstanding all the imperfections of their views and methods ? The descending process is easy and often rapid, and so, by degrees, possibly neither slow nor unfrequent, we should abandon our grand testimonies one after another, and land ourselves at last on the lower platform of an ordinary Dissenting place of worship, but without the arrangements which our fellow-Christians of other bodies possess, specially to develop talent for certain pastoral and expository labour required under their system.

In the working of a religious community, as has already been remarked, it is necessary to surrender some abstract claims to liberty, for the purpose of mutual harmonious co-operation ; and it would seem

that this particular question is a case in point. We cannot afford to sacrifice our solemn meetings for worship, and the service that belongs to them, for any other work. But it is equally true that we cannot, as a religious community, any longer afford to neglect the gift of teaching, or the Scripture Reading Meeting, which is its most appropriate field of exercise, and which, if wisely and energetically availed of, may yet be found to be a source of unexpected strength and settlement, and even of ingathering to the Society of Friends.

As intimately connected with the question under consideration, there would seem to be especial need at the present time, to aim after an enlightened and comprehensive view of the place and purpose for which Holy Scripture would appear to be designed. Probably there are none of the various questions which are at present agitating the religious world, that are more needing a wise and unprejudiced, but truly reverent handling, than this deeply important subject of the right place and purpose of that great and precious record of Divine truth which we call the Bible. We live in a day of unsettlement and of extremes, and the influence of such unsettlement is found in some degree extending to the Society of Friends; not merely, nor perhaps even mainly, in the direction of critical inquiry and doubt.

In the professing Church at large, we find one party claiming for every letter of these venerable writings a Divine authority that shall set aside all critical investigation; practically insisting on the dogma of verbal inspiration; ignoring all trace in the Bible, of the imperfect human element; putting the Book of Esther and the Chronicles of the Jewish Kings on a par with the Gospel of John and the Epistle to the Ephesians; and stamping all these diverse but invaluable records with the uniform and solemn name of "the Word of God."

Another party, active, intelligent, but often unscrupulous and irreverent, loves to dwell almost exclusively upon the earthen casket in which the treasure is contained; passes over with flippant indifference the holiest influences and the divinest messages, because revealed to mankind in the language, and surrounded by the bias, of a less enlightened age. Some of these heartless critics remind us of the man described by some eminent writer, whose cold scientific nature would set aside the tenderest associations of the soul, in the pursuit of material laws, and could even

“Botanize upon his mother’s grave,”

with feelings unstirred by the loving memories of the past! Writers of this class have for the moment a large hold upon the public attention; due, probably in great measure, to the inevitable reaction against the opposite extreme. The history of religious and political movements, in all ages, is full of evidence confirmatory of the truth of the saying that “Extremes beget extremes;” and this undoubted fact should be a standing caution to people of strong views, lest by one-sided and dogmatic statements they confer life and strength upon the very tendency against which they are battling, and respecting which they are full of alarm. How often in the heat of controversy, or in the dim light of a partial and one-sided reflection of the Truth, has the moderating influence of the Divine Spirit been disregarded, and hazardous positions taken up and recklessly defended, leading, in many instances, and on both sides, to grievous and long-existing distortion of the great verities of our holy religion! Would Unitarianism ever have become so prominent or pronounced but for the harsh and unscriptural definitions of Trinitarianism adopted by many religious writers and preachers? Would scepticism and avowed unbelief be so strongly marked a characteristic of

Roman Catholic countries, but for the authoritative assertion by the Papal Church of dogmas which are not only beyond reason, but which are contrary to reason, and which at the same time are generally found to be based on a broken or distorted fragment of some genuine truth?

There would seem to be especial need—in all inquiry into the bearing and reality of spiritual laws, and the relation of the soul of man to its Creator—of humility, moderation, breadth of view, and true charity, if we would permanently advance the great cause of righteousness, truth and heartfelt trust in God.

As regards the Society of Friends, both in England and America, evidence is not wanting of a growing tendency toward a mistaken estimate of the place and purpose of the Sacred Writings; possibly showing itself in an undue literalness of interpretation inconsistent with Hebrew methods of thought; and, in part at least, accounting for the increasing disposition to return to the bondage of the outward ordinances, and to hanker after “symbolical and substitutional religion.” Probably also the outcry for Scripture reading in our meetings for worship is in some degree traceable to the same source. We may hope that after a time of excitement, which may not be without its uses, the oscillating pendulum of judgment and feeling will gradually settle down to a more comprehensive and enlightened estimate of this important question, and it will then probably be found once more to point to those wise and moderate views of the right place and purpose of Holy Scripture, which were outlined by the Early Friends, but which it is now somewhat fashionable to decry. The day has not yet arrived, though possibly the diverse discussions of the present transition period may hasten it, “when,” (to use the words of a moderate and truly Christian writer, the late Isaac Taylor) “the Christian community will be pre-

pared calmly to listen to a course of reasoning, which, while it will be in a genuine sense religious, and would involve no risk of orthodoxy, must fearlessly demolish superstitions that have grown up round Holy Scripture in the course of many centuries." When that day comes, and the rightly qualified prophet propounds the simple truth, it may astonish some to find how far-seeing and truly sound on this subject were the early fathers of our little Church.

The second point in the Report demanding the attention of the Yearly Meeting—the proposal to enlarge the basis of the Meetings of Ministers and Elders, and somewhat to alter their character—may be said to have been accepted by the Conference with greater unanimity than was accorded to any other suggestion brought under its notice. The proposal, stated in brief, is that the Overseers and other suitable Friends should be added to the meeting as at present constituted, with a view to the more efficient discharge of its varied duties, including that of the oversight of the flock. We venture to believe that, with such safeguards and arrangements as would necessarily be included in the proposition, this is the most valuable and practical suggestion at present before the Society; and if the holding of the Conference is found to supply in sufficient force the necessary wave of public opinion for carrying the proposal through the Yearly Meeting, this great and unusual gathering will not have been held in vain. With an efficient committee for general oversight, and for the care of the ministry in every Quarterly Meeting, in harmony with the body, bound to report annually, subject to revision, encouraged to do its duty, not restricted in its constitution to accepted preachers and elderly (and often over-cautious) men and women, but including the vigour, the earnestness, and the diverse gifts of the Society in younger and middle life,—there would be some hope

that the waste places would be looked after, and in measure restored. The labours of such a Committee would form a bond of union between our various meetings and members which, from the individualising tendency of our principles, we stand greatly in need of; and the annual reports on the state of the Society and the "prosperity of Truth" which would be laid before the various Monthly or Quarterly Meetings by such Committees, would add greatly to the interest of these meetings, and often bring them into earnest exercise on behalf of the Church.

Probably if the proposal is adopted by the Yearly Meeting, the term "Elder" will gradually give place to the more comprehensive name of Overseer, and the Committee of Ministers, Overseers, and other suitable Friends, might themselves be left to nominate such Sub-Committees as appeared to be required, including one to discharge the important duties hitherto specially referred to the Elders. On such an appointment we might then at times find the names of our older and more experienced ministers, who are not unfrequently specially qualified to advise with young preachers from having themselves gone over the same ground.

To the remaining questions committed to the Conference, and more or less dwelt upon in the course of its deliberations, we must briefly refer in general terms.

The question of Birthright Membership has been already so ably handled in the pages of the *Friends' Quarterly Examiner*, that little further need be said beyond referring our readers to the exhaustive paper on this difficult question, from the pen of John S. Rowntree.

Whatever may be advanced on theoretic grounds in opposition to our present plan of inherited membership, the idea that its abolition would prove the almost universal panacea for the various ills and shortcomings of the body, is hardly in accordance with our knowledge of human nature, and the exceedingly diverse

constitution of the human mind. An arrangement that might please the enthusiastic, the demonstrative, and those ready at expressing their convictions and feelings in appropriate words, would be most unfitting for the diffident, the reserved, and that large class of sincere people who shrink from saying much about their religious experiences, but who are often none the less earnestly seeking to live the life of faith, and to serve their generation according to the will of God. It would further appear that a system of membership designed to exclude all who do not give a prescribed kind of evidence to their fellow-men of real conversion of heart, would need not only an almost jealous care as regards admission, but a rigorous and frequent *revision* of membership, for which nothing short of the insight of a really infallible Pope would seem to be sufficient. In addition to this, the experience of our own Monthly Meetings as regards those who have been admitted into membership on the ground of conviction, and the condition of things in certain religious communities that seek to draw a rigid line between the converted and the unconverted, are not such as would be likely to induce the Society of Friends to alter materially its present arrangement, and narrow its basis of membership. Far better will it be for us humbly to accept our plain duties and responsibilities, by continuing to regard the children born amongst us as souls committed to our care, to be trained up for God's service, and gradually endued with faith and strength by the unsearchable influence of the Divine Spirit, to take our places in the future, in upholding the Banner of Truth.

The proposition that led to the meeting of the Conference, invited attention to the influence of the Society as a Church upon the world at large, and to the admitted fact of the relative, if not actual, decline in the number of our members. Neither of these

points can be said to have claimed attention at the Conference, except so far as they were necessarily interlaced with the questions already discussed. We shall do little more than offer a remark upon their general relation.

The duties of a Church may be described as two-fold, viz. : *building-up* and *gathering-in* ; and no Christian community can be maintained in vigorous health without steadily working for both. Now it must be admitted that, as a religious organisation, we have not been keen, to say the least, after the second of these duties ; and the watchword would seem to be, to be wider and more comprehensive in our aims. The harvest is as plenteous as ever, and it is to be found at our very doors ; but the labourers are still few. There is a world of irreligion, of formalism, of carnal-mindedness, lying among and around us, and it is still true that man's helplessness and need is God's opportunity. In addition to all this, there are at the present time questions before the public, upon which the voice and action of the Society ought be clearly heard and felt, but which we have too often been content to meet by merely passive testimony. Sacerdotalism, ritualism, hard Calvinism, unbelief, the spirit of war, may be said in some sense to be on their trial. These are the veritable enemies which the Society was raised up to oppose, and they all of them still present a bold and threatening front. In view of this grave and serious crisis, the prayer of the Church may well be, " Lord, what wilt thou have us to do ? " and as we wait in the spirit of the newly-converted Apostle, we may believe it will be shown us what we must do. But for this end it is of great importance that we should mind our calling, and not lapse into feeble imitation of other religious bodies. A Society with no trained speakers or writers, and whose genius does not lie in the direction of skilled effort of the kind which is so popular



at the present day, will not be wise in blindly copying the action of Churches very differently constituted. The almost untrammelled liberty and free action accorded amongst us to every believer, under the direction of the Divine Spirit, will, if availed of, be found to do far more than compensate for the apparent advantages consequent on the so-called division of labour, under the clerical system.

It is the beauty of the free and spontaneous service of which we speak, that it finds many and varied fields of labour, and is not bound to run in any special groove. Would that this great, but sadly dormant power amongst us, could be effectually directed to rescue and gather in the millions of the working-classes in our own country, who are now, alas, to so large an extent divorced from the Church of Christ! The theory of our religious community, with its almost republican constitution, its happy realisation through the Spirit of Christ, of "liberty, equality, and fraternity,"—the entire absence of the clerical element, and of unreal forms and observances,—is one peculiarly calculated to awaken an interest in the minds of the thoughtful members of the operative class. If there is any fitness in Missionary Associations among Friends, we surely need a Home Mission to promote this special service, and to stir up the minds of the young and strong amongst us to devote themselves to the work; and possibly the reformed Meeting of Ministers and Elders might in some measure supply this. Among the influences already moving in the direction referred to, probably the quiet and kindly fellowship that belongs to the Adult Sabbath School is one of the most important, and it seems to be a service peculiarly fitted to the Society of Friends. The Adult School is, in fact, the Scripture Reading Meeting, as Friends understand it, amplified by other kindred duties and influences; and there would seem to be no reason

whatever why it should not extend to others besides working-men. If this great and truly Christian work, which is already achieving such important results in some of our towns, were vigorously promoted in all the Quarterly Meetings, and the Church gave a more direct countenance to the service, it would of itself be found wonderfully to advance the twofold object for which we are united together in religious fellowship; our members would be built up in the faith, and strengthened in loyalty to their Lord; and numbers would be gathered in to unite with us in the simple but heartfelt worship and service to which we are called.

In conclusion, whilst recognising the great importance of right legislative action on the part of the Church, so as to meet, with courage and wisdom, the requirements of the age in which we live, we cannot but recur afresh to those oft-repeated words of Christian admonition which our fathers have left on record, that "it is not to arrangements however perfect, but to individual faithfulness to Christ, in daily dependence upon the help of the Holy Spirit, that we must look for growth in the Truth, and vitality in the Church."

## TO HOPE.

SERAPHIC Hope! inspir'd by thee  
 On airy pinion light and free,  
 We soar above humanity  
     To thy bright shore.  
 There, far beyond the clouds of Time,  
 We joyous breathe that sunny clime,  
 Where dwell the noble and sublime,  
     For evermore.

Who hath not felt, and own'd thy power,  
 The mind to raise beyond the hour,  
 When present ills around may lower  
     In dark array?  
 The frantic look of wild despair;  
 The gloomy brow of leaden care;  
 At thy sweet aspect, into air  
     Dissolve away?

The dungeon deep, where light of day  
 Hath never found a straggling way,  
 Is not impervious to *thy* ray!  
     In bitter thrall,  
 Far, far from all that made life dear,  
 The Captive, spite the gathering tear,  
 Will view the cheering light appear  
     Through the dark wall.

With thee he once again may see,  
 Deck'd out in glowing imagery,  
 The smiling hour when, young and free,  
     He sported wild,—  
 As Memory lends her aid, will trace  
 The well-known features of each face  
 That beam'd with all endearing grace  
     On him, a child.

The Mariner upon the tide,  
Whose noble bark, in conscious pride,  
Triumphantly doth seem to ride  
    On ocean's breast;  
Inspir'd by thee, spreads forth the sail  
To woo each fond propitious gale;—  
Hears in each breeze the welcome tale  
    Of home and rest.

The toil-worn Student, who, in spite  
Of wearied nature, through the night  
Bends o'er the page his aching sight—  
    Sustain'd by thee,—  
Views Fame attend to crown the toil;  
And brighter burns the midnight oil—  
His spirit, freed from mortal coil,  
    Breathes ecstasy.

Where'er our wayward lot be thrown,  
In busy haunt, or desert lone:  
The lowly sod, or gilded throne,  
    May be our sphere,—  
Our days would pass in one dull dream  
Like those who drank of Lethe's stream,  
Did not, sweet Hope! thy vivid gleam  
    Our spirits cheer.

Yet, though thou driest the Captive's tear,  
May'st whisper to the Mariner,  
And through the night the Student cheer;—  
    In nobler span  
Thy rainbow spreads in arch sublime  
Beyond Earth's fickle, transient clime,  
Connects Eternity with Time,  
    And God with man!

The Christian, full of faith in thee,  
The outstretch'd scythe of Death may see,  
Yet, rising o'er mortality  
    Will joyful sing;  
In perfect trust that He who gave  
Himself, our fallen race to save,  
Will snatch the victory from the Grave,  
    From Death the sting!

J. T. RICE (1852).

### Notices of Books Received.

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*The Babylonian Captivity.* By W. H. BROWN, B.A. Second Edition. (Pp. 51.) London: Hamilton & Sons, St. Martin's Lane. 1874.

We are pleased to see this enlarged edition of a paper which appeared in our columns. It contains a good deal of fresh matter confirmatory of the views therein set forth, and has a good map attached, which materially assists the reader in following the arguments of the writer.

*Hints on Nursing the Sick, and other Kindred Subjects.* Compiled by EDWARD PEASE. Intended for the use of Girls' Schools. (Pp. 32.) London: Partridge & Co. Price One Penny.

An unpretending but very useful little book, with a number of common-sense instructions on a variety of common subjects. Although modestly inscribed as intended for the use of girls' schools, we hope that the nominal price at which it is published will obtain for it a gratuitous circulation amongst mothers, and those having the care of children or of sick persons. It is admirably calculated for distribution by district visitors and other benevolent labourers amongst the poor, and if read by *themselves* previously to so doing, we can guarantee that the time so spent will not be wasted.

*A Sailor's Story: an Autobiography.* London: S. Harris and Co. Penryn: John Gill & Son. (Pp. 112.) Price 1s.

This little volume contains the stirring history and adventures of one who for many years led a wild life in all parts of the world, and who is now settled down and endeavouring to do good amongst the seamen and others visiting his port. The preface, which is very short and graphic, may give the reader a correct idea of the book and its object. It is as follows:—"If the relation of a wild and misspent life can be of use in making any one turn to the great Creator before it is too late, I shall be thankful for being the means of drawing one soul to the Saviour. I make no apology for the plain true tale of an old sailor." We hope that the results of this publication may be such as the author desires.

THE  
FRIENDS' QUARTERLY EXAMINER.

Religious, Social, & Miscellaneous Review.

No. XXXI.—SEVENTH MONTH, 1874.

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*N.B.—The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the opinions expressed in any article bearing the signature of the writer.*

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EDITORIAL.

FOR the first time since this periodical has been established, we have to issue the July number without any commentary on the proceedings of the Yearly Meeting, or any summary of the treatment of the subjects brought before it.

Circumstances beyond human control prevented our attendance at more than two or three sittings. Although in most religious gatherings it is easy for a non-attender, by a careful perusal of the newspaper reports and of a few editorial articles thereon, to give a fair digest of the business transacted, we feel that to offer mere "Yearly Meeting echoes" would be distasteful to our readers. So very much depends upon the writer's participating in the feeling and religious atmosphere under which its sittings are held, that a personal presence seems to us essential for a right

appreciation of this gathering, or for anything like a satisfactory survey of the important questions and "concerns" brought before it.

Under these circumstances we had hoped to have availed ourselves of one or another writer, competent by religious experience, by intellect, and by personal attendance, for the performance (as on some former occasions) of this valuable and responsible service.

We regret to observe that the practices of mankind as described in former ages still remain unchanged; for the same results followed as are recorded in Sacred History concerning a people of another race and nation, and when the world was nearly twenty centuries younger than at present: "They all as by one consent began to make excuse,"—not indeed as in that ancient narrative, because of the farm or the merchandise absorbing their time and thoughts, but for reasons more or less intangible the reiterated language was still "I pray thee have me excused." Thus it has happened that our columns are, on this occasion, blank concerning the events of the late national annual gathering of our own Church.

Probably in the history of every man there are times in which the writings of others, long since penned, are very vividly brought back to his remembrance, and the power and real meaning of many an author is only *fully* comprehended when the reader is placed in such a condition as to give him a like experience. Is it not this "heart preparation," for instance, that enables the sorely-bereaved ones to see beauties in Tennyson's "In Memoriam," which to the butterflies of fashion and the votaries of vanity are obscure, sentimental or pointless? Was it not this touch of nature—this vivid power of realising the feelings and condition of others under all imaginable circumstances, that enabled Shakespeare to

write for all mankind in every age? and which induces the same readers under their varying phases of mind, to turn at different times to the pages of the Christmas Carol, of *Pickwick*, or of *Tholaba*,—to the writings of Scott or Wordsworth—of Milton, Shakespeare, or John Bunyan with so keen a relish and such peculiar satisfaction?

The same things we have so often heard, or read slightly before, now become riveted upon our inner feelings—not because the words are different, but because the intellectual soil is just fitly prepared for such seed, and predisposed to receive it. A newly-fashioned mental telescope is thus brought to bear upon the imaginative writings of others, the eye sees farther, and spies out loftier and deeper meanings than it had ever dreamed of before; whilst as long as this frame of mind continues unchanged we never tire of reperusing their ideals, and the more we read the more we discover that

“Hills stretch o’er hills, and Alps on Alps arise.”

To take a Scriptural illustration, who ever truly comprehended the Book of Job, but those who have gone into deepest trials and afflictions? who but the oft-erring and oft-penitent can appreciate the Psalms of David? who but the sad and sorrowful can inwardly enjoy the Book of Lamentations? and who but the thoughtful and prudent the Book of Proverbs?

With what marvellous wisdom and wit also, do the epigrammatic sayings of Solomon stand out in this Book when we feel “they fit our case”! How full of meaning and teaching also are the old Greek fables of *Æsop* and others—they become as household words to those who see much of life, and scarcely a day passes that does not bring some apt or ludicrous illustration of those fanciful conceptions of the human mind two thousand years ago.



This train of thought has been very prominently brought before us amidst our present Editorial trouble. With a very lively, yet withal somewhat of an uncomfortably sensitive feeling, we have been forcibly reminded of the once popular Gay's fables, so well known at least to our elder readers. We presume we need hardly say which of them has been thus vividly brought to our remembrance, for when in earnest search of some kindly pitying friend who would relieve us from the unhappy strait in which we were this year placed, how often the reply to the Editor—

“ Whose care was never to offend  
And every creature was his friend ; ”

“ When fainting in the public way,”

was almost in the very language of the poet :

“ The Horse replied, Poor honest puss  
It grieves my heart to see thee thus—  
Be comforted, relief is near,  
For all your Friends are in the rear ! ”

“ To leave you thus might seem unkind,  
But see, the Goat is just behind ! ”

“ The Goat remarked his *pulse was high*,  
His ‘ languid head ’—his heavy eye—  
*My* help, says he may ‘ do you harm ; ’  
The Sheep’s at hand, and wool is warm.”

“ The Sheep was feeble, and complained  
His back a heavy load sustained ;  
Said he was ‘ slow,’ confessed his ‘ fears,’ ”

. . . . .

“ She now the trotting Calf addressed,  
To save from death a friend distressed.”

“ Shall I, says he, of tender age,  
In this ‘ important work ’ engage ?  
*Older and abler* passed you by  
How strong are those, how weak am I !

Should I presume to help you hence  
Those friends of mine may take offence.  
*Excuse me then! You know my heart!*  
But dearest Friends alas! must part—  
How shall we all lament!— Adieu!"

We forbear under the present tropical heat of this Southern climate either to "point the moral or adorn the tale" of this touchingly descriptive history of the "Hare and many friends." *Verbum sapientia satis est.*

But there is one subject which was largely dwelt upon at the late Yearly Meeting, and which has also been so much discussed at the Conference and on other occasions, that we incline to make a few observations thereon, viz., the introduction of the reading of the Holy Scriptures in our Meetings for Worship. This question has assumed so prominent a position that we believe it is for the interest of our body that it should now be thoroughly discussed and disposed of.

Although from the circumstance of the Yearly Meeting declining to indorse the report of the large Conference held last autumn upon this subject it may seem that the question is for a while disposed of, such cannot be the case. It has assumed a front which must be sooner or later boldly faced by the Yearly Meeting, unless we are prepared to admit the principle that upon so important a point as the manner of conducting public worship every meeting may do "that which is right in its own eyes," without either encouragement or reproof from the united Church assembly. When we consider the extremely weak condition of many of our smaller meetings, and the fact that of the few who attend them the greater part are often perhaps but slightly attached to our principles or practices, it seems to us very unwise to give a loose rein for each meeting of Friends to decide for itself how their Meetings for Worship shall be held. If

such a principle be once admitted, there is nothing to prevent the introduction of the singing of hymns or even the reading of the Church Liturgy and prayers, if any little meeting inclines to do so on its own account.

Whilst we would advocate a reasonable latitude being given to individual meetings, we believe that in declining to legislate or even to extend definite counsel to its subordinate meetings, the Yearly Meeting is shrinking from its bounden duty, and that such a course, if persisted in, may end in a confusion approaching to anarchy.

What, then, are the bases upon which its instructions may properly rest? Although we have no written creed, nor any binding code of practices, we submit that we have a distinct testimony upon two points, viz., the mode of public worship and of Gospel ministry. We hold, further, that any decided infringement upon our well-known practices in these two respects, and upon which for two centuries we have been united, would end eventually in the disintegration of the Society. Every member has a right to expect that in attending a Friends' meeting anywhere he will be able to sit down in silence with his brethren and sisters before the Lord—to wait upon His name, and to draw near in spirit unto Him who is still, as in olden times, pleased to pour out of His own Spirit upon the spiritual worshipper. He has a right also to expect that the ministry and prayer offered shall be under the baptizing power of the Holy Spirit. Anything which infringes upon these two things is, in our view, contrary both to our recognized principles and our usages, and should not be adopted except by the deliberately-expressed sanction of the Yearly Meeting itself.

Whilst it is clearly in accordance with the spirit of our religious economy that the Bible may be referred to by any rightly exercised minister of the Gospel

when unable to quote those portions of Scripture which are specially brought to his or her view, it is to our mind equally clear that a prepared dissertation or lecture upon certain passages would be contrary thereto, if introduced into our regularly recognized Meetings for Worship.

On the other point—that of the regular consecutive reading of the Holy Scriptures, with or without comment, in our usual recognised Meetings for Worship—we maintain that, if introduced regularly during the sitting, it would be contrary to our usages, and wrong for any meeting to adopt upon its own authority alone. The reading at the *commencement* assumes another form, and may be comparable either to the class-teaching of our First-day schools,—of Bible lessons in the family,—or, if without comment, to the daily family reading in our own homes. We see nothing which infringes on our testimony, so long as such consecutive reading is not introduced as part of our morning service, after the souls assembled have been gathered into a united and worshipping frame. If brought into the middle or end of a meeting, we think it is plain that merely unselected and routine reading would interfere with its devotional exercises, and our dependence upon the Lord's Spirit for direction in all things.

We are aware that a strong assertion has been often made that because our Lord Himself read the Old Testament in the synagogue on the Sabbath day to the Jews, therefore it must be right for His followers to read the New Testament in their gatherings for divine worship. But the circumstances are so essentially different that we cannot recognise the force of this argument. It was the custom of the Jews to assemble in their synagogues to hear the law read by their Rabbis. Our Lord, avoiding this consecutive and routine reading, "opened the book, and found the place where it was written," &c., and after reading it He, in the power of the Spirit, opened up its meaning

to the blinded Jews. We do not see that the inference is a just one that therefore Christians, as part of their Divine worship, are to read the Old and New Testament consecutively; but the desirability or otherwise of so doing must rest upon other grounds.

Do we, therefore, advocate no Bible readings, and the holding of two Meetings for Worship on a First-day after the manner of Friends? By no means. The great question of the day with us now is, How can we get a greater religious hold upon our 14,000 scholars, and upon our younger members? And we think the answer is by this time perfectly clear, that it is to be done only by a mingling of teaching and worship in meetings gathered for that especial purpose. There is, probably, no time so suitable for this as on a First-day evening. It is clearly our duty to do more for these very interesting classes, and we believe in most places it may become the religious duty of Friends to give up their own second Meeting for Worship, and concentrate all their energies and religious life in a united labour of this description. For such meetings we would advocate an *entire freedom of action*, unfettered either by prejudice or tradition, and the substitution of a different name—such as Gospel Meetings, Mission Services, or any term that would convey the idea that both reading the Scriptures and teaching were integral parts of the service. If undertaken in the love of Christ, and in dependence upon His heavenly guidance to comfort, and enlighten, and strengthen both speakers and hearers, we can anticipate a plenteous harvest to the praise and glory of the great Husbandman in whose vineyard their labours are cast. We confess to a strong conviction that nothing more tentative than this is needful at present for those outside our pale, and that nothing less than this can meet the difficulty which we all deplore of bringing others to the same faith as ourselves.

EDITOR.

## THE AGRICULTURAL LOCK-OUT.

BY WILLIAM FOWLER.

FEW social questions have aroused a keener interest this year than the lock-out of agricultural labourers in Newmarket and its neighbourhood. It is felt that the agricultural "situation" is more perplexed than ever, and even the *Times* has sent "Our own Correspondent" to see and report. His letters have been most interesting and graphic, and we know the history of the movement better perhaps than is usual in matters so complex. But when we turn from the description of this particular disturbance of rural harmony, to inquire into the condition of the labourers generally, so as to endeavour to discern the causes of this difficulty with a view to possible changes of the law, we are met with the usual difficulty as to the "facts." Returns and reports abound. It is not long since we received those wonderful Reports of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the "Condition of Women and Children employed in Agriculture," and they have been quoted over and over again, in Parliament and out, but so far with very little result. "Facts," so-called, are there to be found in abundance, and facts of a very ugly character; but facts buried in those huge books might almost as well have never been set forth. Few people can or will read these enormous volumes, and even extracts are dull reading.

But a yet greater difficulty arises from the discrepancy of statements as to fact. If a man's wages are 13s. a-week, and people say that is insufficient,

then we are told that such a man has "perquisites," and "harvest money," and a cottage at a low rent, making up the total of his earnings to £1 a-week, or thereabouts. So, in many parts of England it is most difficult to discover with any accuracy what a man's wages are—if in that word we include all he receives both on days of ordinary work and in harvest time, and also all indirect payments, as in rent of an under-let cottage or garden, or in food or drink. The farmer, in stating a man's wages, includes all money paid for overtime work ; whereas the man very naturally says that such payments are not really part of his ordinary wages, but are, in fact, payment for extra services which he is in no sense bound to render, unless so minded.\*

In the North, again, it is said that the plan of paying part of the ordinary wages in kind answers extremely well, and is liked, or at any rate not resented by the people ; but in the South and West, and especially in the cider districts, this arrangement is regarded with great dislike by both labourers and their friends.

Then again as to the "condition" of the people, it is certain that, in many cases, people with very moderate money-wages are apparently far better off than others who handle, week by week, much more coin

\* The following statement is made by Mr. Caird in a letter to the *Times* :—

Average weekly wages of	1770.	1850.	1873.
Northern Counties ...	6s. 9d.	11s. 6d.	18s.
Average weekly wages of			
Southern Counties ...	7s. 6d.	8s. 5d.	12s.

This is interesting as showing that the march of improvement has reached the Southern Counties. Emigration, both to other parts of our own country and to other countries, has no doubt had a great effect, and the existence of railways has made this possible where in former years it would not have been thought of.

of the realm, because the former live in better air, have better houses, and less temptation to drink and other extravagances. I could name a village in Berkshire where no man receives more than 16s. a-week in money wages, and where the people have about them an appearance of comfort and health that is most refreshing, after seeing the puny specimens of humanity which are to be found in all large towns where much higher wages are usual. But in this village the cottages are numerous and excellent, and nothing can be clearer from the evidence in the Blue-Books than that, if we take England generally, the cottages are very defective, alike in number and quality, with what consequences of overcrowding and ill-health, both of mind and body, I need not say. As the Bishop of Manchester says :—

“ Out of the 300 parishes which I visited, I can only remember two—Donnington in Sussex and Down Amney in Gloucestershire—where the cottage provision appeared to be both admirable in quality and sufficient in quantity. In one return they are described as ‘miserable’; in a second as ‘deplorable’; in a third as ‘detestable’; in a fourth as ‘a disgrace to a Christian community.’” (Appendix to First Report, p. 35.)

Similar remarks are made by other witnesses from all parts of England, Scotland and Wales, though of course the number and proportion of well-provided districts varies in different counties. Apart, therefore, from the question of wages, we see that there is a great and overpowering need, and one which the people themselves cannot supply, for they have neither land for sites, nor capital wherewith to build cottages for themselves.

These illustrations will suffice to show how complex is the question before us, and that in a paper like this we cannot attempt to sift a mass of conflicting statements, but merely to glance at some of the most im-



portant considerations which seem to arise out of the events of the two years now just past.

The question before us is not merely whether certain sections of our people are or are not much worse off than we like, but whether anything can be done by law to improve their condition; and when we put the question in this way, we see how complicated it is. It is easy to declaim against many things which we see around us, but not so easy to find a remedy in an Act of Parliament. It is not true that Parliament can do anything except turn a man into a woman, or a woman into a man. There are many other changes which Parliament cannot effect. It cannot make men sober or wise, nor can it get rid of the natural consequences of vice or folly. It cannot make men considerate and unselfish, nor can it remove many of the results of men's cruelty and selfishness.

The general result of the two years' work of the Agricultural Unions is probably a sensible advance of wages (though it is not easy to say how far the advance which has occurred is due to the Unions), and what is perhaps more important, the creation of a widespread interest among all classes in questions affecting the condition of the labourer, and a very general discussion of such questions in all parts of the country. But one is sensible of something disagreeably vague when one endeavours to get at the real practical outcome of the mass of speeches and letters on this subject which have lately filled our newspapers:

I have read many speeches and many Blue-Books, and I have watched the proceedings of the Unions with much interest, but I have seen no suggestion as to a change of the law which merits much attention from thoughtful men. Vague denunciations of classes do no good. They merely arouse animosity of feeling. It is very satisfactory to observe how, for the most part, the people, even when excited, have refrained

from violence in conduct, though on some occasions the language of their "delegates" and of their newspaper has been wild and foolish. It is refreshing to mark the improvement in the last thirty years. Machines are no longer destroyed, and men seem now to perceive that violence can do no good, and may do them much harm. They need sympathy in the contest, and this they will not receive if they exchange argument for force.

There is really nothing strange or peculiar in this contest, except that it occurs between farmers and labourers, and that we are not accustomed to see such contests in the fields. Otherwise the old story is being repeated. The men strike, or the employers lock out the men, and this goes on till one or the other is tired out, and their old relations are resumed, with some change, it may be, of feeling and of payment, but nothing occurs as to which the public can or ought to interfere. Some mistakes are made on both sides, as, for instance, when the farmers at first refused to employ any men belonging to any Union; but such mistakes correct themselves without help from the law, which, in such cases, can but stand aside, and allow men to settle their own affairs in their own way.

Can, then, the law do nothing for the labourer? Can no change be made which, without injuring others, would help him by giving him a larger share of that produce which could not exist but for his labour?

So far no answer has been given to this question which is in the least satisfactory. Mr. Arch talks in the vaguest way of the changes which are to come when labourers have those votes in Parliamentary elections which very shortly they are destined to have. He suggests, for instance, that land allotted under Inclosure Acts may be resumed by law, and divided amongst

the people. Such a proposal for wholesale confiscation would receive small support, even from those who think that we need great improvement in our system of inclosures. Thousands of acres ought, no doubt, to be inclosed instead of being wasted, as they now are, in districts where commons are not needed for the health or recreation of the people. But so long as so large an area of our inclosed land is wretchedly cultivated by men of very insufficient means, the question of inclosure can hardly be said to be very urgent.

It cannot, I think, be too clearly perceived that all classes interested in agriculture are interdependent, so that you cannot secure prosperity to the labourer whilst the condition of the owner or of the farmer is depressed or decaying. Any permanent addition to the wages of the labourer can only come through the improved condition of the farmer, and his position is largely dependent on that of the owner of the land, for reasons to which I shall refer in detail further on.

This remark leads me naturally to allude to a change long since proposed, but still only a matter for discussion. The condition of the English farmer is now a difficult one. He finds rents tending upwards, owing to a competition for farms, so that when changes of rent take place they are almost sure to operate against the farmer. Then, on the other hand, wages have certainly risen in many parts of England, and the farmer is told on all sides that they must rise yet more. In order to meet this difficulty, he is compelled to buy expensive machines, demanding a very considerable outlay of capital. The cost of living has increased in all classes, and especially in a class whose habits have rapidly become more luxurious, if they have not improved. The cost of stock and horses, and other raw material of the farmer's trade, has certainly increased of late years. And, taking England as a whole, the tenure of his land by the farmer is still a tenancy-at-will, de-

pending on the goodwill of his landlord, or of the agent of the landlord. It seems that, at last, something will be done to give the farmer a better tenure, if one may judge from a recent speech of the Prime Minister. But in the meantime the farmer sees expenses increasing, and his only chance of a profit is in a bold outlay of capital, from which a man must in some degree shrink while his tenure is so precarious. Few will in these days dispute that such an outlay is remunerative, and certain it is that farming in the old humdrum way cannot pay in days of advancing wages and rents.

It is not needful to argue at length as to the change now proposed by which a tenant is to get, in the absence of an agreement to the contrary, compensation for such improvements made during his tenancy as are "unexhausted" at the date of his leaving the land.

That such a change would encourage farmers to lay out more capital is loudly asserted by themselves at Chambers of Agriculture and elsewhere, and the statement does not seem to be seriously disputed.\*

But I wish to point out that, in order to get from the land all that it ought to give us, we want more

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\* I am well aware that Mr. Caird, a very high authority, long since pronounced against "tenant-right," and that other men of experience agree with him ; but I think that the farmers, as a class, believe that much good would come to them from the proposed change, and it is not easy to dispute what they say in a matter with which they ought to be peculiarly familiar. It should be added that the eminent economist, M. de Laveleye, thinks that tenant-right is most beneficial in Belgium.

In the letter above referred to Mr. Caird—alluding to the fact that land-rental had increased in England since 1857 19 per cent., and in Scotland more than 29 per cent—attributes the difference "to the security given to the farmers by the system of leases," for, as he says, "it is not in human nature to invest money freely where there is no security for its return." It would seem, therefore, that Mr. Caird is very sensible of the defects of our English system ; but I think he attributes too much to Scotch leases, and

than the capital of the farmer—we need also the co-operation of the owner. The farmer is the manufacturer, but he must have good cottages close to his farm, good farm-buildings, and in some of the best parts of England, well-drained land, if he is to make the most of his money. If he locks up his floating capital in building cottages to pay him 1 or 2 per cent., or in farm-buildings, or in deep drains, he will have nothing left wherewith to buy machinery and manures, and labour, and all the other requisites of a well-ordered farm; to say nothing of the difficulty of getting back money so locked up in the land, at the end of his term. If a man is rich enough to be owner as well as farmer, he will of course get all the benefit to himself of his outlay; but such cases are purely exceptional. Every year makes them more numerous, but they are not yet numerous enough to be considered in this discussion. In short, the capital of the farmer must be free to be used in the business of cultivation, and this it cannot be if the owner is too poor to do his part.

If then we need owners with abundant means so that they may be able to build cottages and farm-buildings, and make deep drains, the question is whether we have got them, and, if not, whether there is anything in the state of our law which tends to keep owners poor as a class, and so to hinder that outlay of capital which is absolutely requisite.\*

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too little to the banking system of Scotland which has done much to aid the farmer. But probably Mr. Caird would say that but for the lease the bank would not lend to the farmer. I am not sure how this may be, but I have been told that the banks depend on other personal security more than on the farmer, and it is certain that many Scotch farmers of high repute think that leases without compensation at the end of the term are working badly.

\* See Report of House of Lords on "Improvement of Land," (1873) sec. 2, "The case for parliamentary consideration lies in

And here I ought to observe that this question especially affects the labouring-class. A very large proportion of the money spent in improvements must be spent in labour, and the new demand for labour so created must most materially improve the position of all agricultural labourers. The great obstacle to rapid improvement is said to be the dearth of labourers and the great increase of wages which, as it is feared, would result from any large and immediate extension of improvements. In the Report on "Improvement of Land," issued by the House of Lords in 1873, we find these words, "It is admitted that the difficulty of obtaining labour would in many districts impede a very rapid extension of drainage,"—an improvement about the need of which there is no diversity of opinion.\* It is proved conclusively by that Report

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this: that the improvement of land, in its effect on the price of food, and upon the dwellings of the poor, is a matter of public interest; but that as an investment it is not sufficiently lucrative to offer much attraction to capital, and that, therefore, even slight difficulties have a powerful influence in arresting it."

In illustration of this remark I may refer to the number of cottages built under the sanction of the Inclosure Commissioners. Mr. Caird, in the Appendix of the Lords' Reports, says the number so built is only 2,500, and he argues from this as to the improvements in the condition of cottages, "I do not think the Acts can have had much to do with it," the number of families in England and Scotland engaged in agriculture being 500,000. As he says, "we have done very little in the way of building cottages for that population." Or, to quote Lord Portsmouth, who, in *Times* of 13th January, 1874, says that all the applications to the Commissioners for loans in 1873, "are a drop in the ocean, and tend to prove that the system only induces lodges to be built for the coachman, gardener, and gamekeeper."

\* Compare Lord Portsmouth, in a letter in the *Times* of 7th of January, 1874: "There is no doubt that the farmers in the South and West of England now find a difficulty in getting a sufficient supply of labour to cultivate their farms, and are beginning to put pressure on their landlords to provide comfortable cottages and gardens, so as to attract labourers to their employment."

that an enormous sum ought to be laid out without delay, and the question is, what hinders the making of that outlay ? The capital abounds, as is shown, by the vast sums constantly lent by England to foreign countries, and the untold amount perpetually being invested at home in buildings and machinery. The security of the land of England is the best in the world, and money can be borrowed on the most favourable terms possible on that security. All that is needed is to bring the stream to the field that needs irrigation. But the channel is choked, and even the House of Lords have entirely failed to suggest any way of opening it. Their Report is very interesting, but they fail to grapple with the subject because they will not touch that which seems to me to be the chief cause of the mischief.

Far the larger part of the agricultural land of England is owned by men who only hold as owners for life, and who have no voice in the devolution of their land as soon as they have passed from the scene. So a man may have an estate for life, and the next taker may be a son who is a disgrace to his family, or a distant relative on bad terms with the life-owner, or an idiot, but he can do nothing except take as much as possible out of the land during his life, and so save money for his more worthy children, or ensure the passage of the estate to his successor unimproved, if not injured. Or again, a man may have a worthy heir, but his share of the family property as heir is already so enormous, that he, the owner for life, feels bound to take money out of the land and save it for the benefit of his younger children, who must otherwise be in a position of poverty wholly unsuitable to their rank in society. The arrangement of a tenancy for life seems curiously arranged, so as to take from the owner those motives towards improvement which

so strongly actuate a man who feels that all his outlay in the land will be his own to dispose of as he will on his death.

The object of the system is the preservation of families by the prevention of the sale of the land, but it is certain that this plan, in too many cases, secures the perpetuation of a poverty which is disastrous alike to the landowner, the farmer and the labourer. Everywhere throughout England you will find striking instances of the operation of this law, which condemns men to hold land long after they have ceased to have means to do it justice, and hinders a change of ownership which would bring in that abounding capital which only waits the chance in order to turn a wilderness into a garden. And wherever you go you see illustrations of the effect of outlay by new owners, who may raise the scale of wages in a district, but who, at the same time, so largely increase the produce of the soil, that the condition of the people is in every sense improved, not merely without waste, but by the most economical of all methods. It is said that drainage judiciously effected will, in many cases, repay its whole cost in three or four years, and this is merely an illustration of what may be done in a material sense by the outlay of money, not to speak of the moral effect of ample employment and improved dwellings on the minds of the people.\*

Sometimes it is said that things are very well as

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\* See Mr. Ryder in Appendix to Report of House of Lords. In forty cases mentioned by him, involving a total outlay of £194,730, and an average expenditure of £4,868, the average increase per cent. on the rental in eight or ten years, between the "first and the last application" to the Commissioners by the owners borrowing money, was 26½. This average is much reduced by the small increase arising from new buildings, as compared with the large increase resulting from drainage.



they are, seeing that we have made more progress as cultivators than France or Germany in the past twenty years, and that our country is on the whole well cultivated. This is a matter of opinion, and it is most important that right views should prevail about it. One is almost afraid again to refer to the statements of Lords Derby and Leicester that the country ought to produce twice as much as it now does, and yet it would be impossible to refer to higher authorities than those noblemen, deeply interested as they are in our present system of land laws, and remarkably qualified by experience to express an opinion on such a question. But if this be not enough, let me point to the fact of the appointment in 1873 of the Committee of the House of Lords, mentioned above, "to inquire into the facilities afforded by the existing law to limited owners of land for the investment of capital in the improvement of such land;" and let me ask why such a Committee should have been appointed if things are just as they should be? Such an appointment by such a body proves beyond question that something is very wrong, and when we turn to their Report, all doubts on the point are dissipated. They tell us that much wants doing, and that quickly—that the present law is very defective, because the tenant for life can only borrow money at about 7 per cent. per annum, if he wants to make improvements, and even then only after getting the consent of the Inclosure Commissioners, and submitting to all their regulations, which are annoying, even if necessary. But the changes recommended by the Lords are of the most trivial character, because, for reasons which appear absurdly insufficient, they dare not interfere with the system of life tenancies. This Report confirms all that has been said as to the need of great and permanent improvements, and of capital wherewith to make them, but it gives us practically no help when we ask what shall we do in

order to extricate ourselves from our present difficulties.\*

We come back to this point—that we need great improvement, and for that purpose an enormous outlay of money, which is ready in abundance. Let us avoid asking for the impossible, like the nationalisation of the land, or the forcible creation of small ownerships; let us seek for remedies which are possible and practical. Let us aid the farmer and the owner according to their several needs—feeling sure that, where there is real freedom, capital will find its way to the investment which is really remunerative, and that we do not need “heroic remedies,” but merely to make our laws accord with the dictates of common-sense—not legislating for any class or classes, but in the interest of the whole community.

It is impossible not briefly to refer to two other points of much interest; viz., the franchise and emigration.

It is very obvious that sooner or later, and probably very soon, the householder in a county must have the same right of voting as the householder in a town, but it is equally obvious that this would not directly help the labouring class. It could only help them if such a change should lead to a rapid improvement of the law in those particulars where now it operates to their injury. It is not surprising that men expect much from so important a change, and its consequences would, no doubt, be very serious, and, as I hope and believe, very beneficial. But such a change

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\* See *Quarterly Review*, for January, 1873, p. 160.—“Although on favourable soil, farmed by men of capital, our system of stock-farming has offered to the world an unparalleled example of industry in that department; productive farming of that description is as exceptional as it is conspicuous, and the average amount of agricultural capital, and the average yield of the land, are amentably small.”

could only operate very slowly—when viewed in relation to the material condition of the people. Those who should expect any sudden improvement from such an alteration of the law would be doomed to disappointment.

If now we turn to emigration, very different considerations arise. For myself, I dislike it, because it is too apt to send away our best families, and leave our worst on our hands. Moreover it operates only slowly. Much is said about the exodus of two hundred labourers in a week, but it is forgotten that the usual net increase of our population is about ten thousand a week. We want more food, and we want more employment for our people. Emigration is most useful in particular cases, and under the pressure of great emergencies like that of the potatoe famine in Ireland; but it is at best a palliative of a great evil, and one which in some aspects is far from satisfactory. Every good man taken away removes, not merely a mouth, or several mouths, but removes at the same time a great food producing power. Those who know most of the condition of our agriculture think that there would be plenty of employment for every man we have, were more capital expended on our fields; and when we recall the fact that, in the judgment of the House of Lords, draining is hindered from the want of labour, it is impossible not to look doubtfully on an expedient which deprives us of the very men we so much need. No one can blame men for emigration. One can only wonder that emigration is not far more general than it is, but when one is asked to encourage it by public money, or to treat it as the panacea for our agricultural difficulties, one is disposed to hesitate, and to turn rather to some plan which will keep men at home, the labour of whose hands is so precious to our country. I venture again to quote the remarkable words of Mr. Cobden *Speeches* : 273 :—“If you had

abundance of capital employed on your farms, and cultivated the soil with the same skill that the manufacturers conduct their business, you would not have population enough to cultivate the land."

It is unquestionable that of late our supply of food, in proportion to our increasing population, has rapidly decreased, and that we have become more and more dependent on foreign countries for our supplies. Early in this century we imported about 500,000 quarters of corn, and now we import some 10,000,000 or 12,000,000 quarters every year. Surely, therefore, we need an increase, and not a decrease, of our supply of labour, so that we may obtain from our own country a larger proportion of the food which we must procure in one way or another. And yet it is a curious fact that the proportion of our people employed in agriculture has rapidly decreased in the past decade. They have been tempted to employments better paid, though not more important to the nation. Their labour in the fields would have been most valuable, and might have been well paid under a better system; but the advantage of their strength has been gained by employers of another kind not hindered by the law in the use of their capital, and ready to pay such wages as will ensure to them that supply of labour which is essential to the success of their undertakings.

I have thus taken a rapid survey of our present position. However imperfect, I can venture to say it is not hasty. Some may think it gloomy, because it points to no immediate remedy for the troubles of those who are now suffering from insufficient wages or bad dwellings. But nothing is gained by raising false expectations. The changes which are required can never be effected by revolution; they must come gradually, and all we can do by changes of the law is to hasten the pace of that improvement which has already commenced. This, I

think, we may do, and ought to do, by alterations such as those to which I have referred. But we cannot too strongly insist on the fact that, when the law has done all that is possible, the condition of a people must depend mainly on their own prudence, and foresight, and self-restraint, nor can we urge too strongly on all classes the need of a better training of our children, so that the resources of our country may be alike better developed and more carefully husbanded.

*Forest House, 15th July, 1874.*

## THE MARTYRS OF BOSTON AND THEIR FRIENDS.

"The blood which makes the robes of martyrs white, is not their own."—*The Author of "The Schönberg Cotta Family."*

"WHAT a God have the English, who deal so with one another about their God!" was the exclamation of an Indian chief after offering a "warm house" to Nicholas Upshal who, notwithstanding the infirmities of old age, was exiled from Boston in the winter of 1656. He had ventured to remonstrate with the rulers of Massachusetts, on their passing a law for the banishment of "that cursed sect of *heretics*, lately risen up in the world, commonly called Quakers," and prohibiting all commanders of ships, under penalty of a heavy fine, from bringing them into that jurisdiction. Leaving his wife and children, and the colony in which long before he had taken refuge from persecution at home, the old man at length reached Rhode Island. Although during many years he had taken deep interest in the particular Puritan congregation of which he was a member, he had found that forms and ceremonies could not satisfy his soul, and on hearing the views maintained by Friends he was "much refreshed." Probably some suspicion of this spiritual sympathy with the "heretics," increased the bitterness of his persecutors, who held the creed that,

"Toleration is the first-born child  
Of all abominations and deceits."

Only a few months after the banishment of Nicholas Upshal, a vessel from London sailed into Boston Bay, on board of which were two Friends named Mary

Dyer and Ann Burden. Both had left Massachusetts some twenty years earlier as Antinomian exiles, and Mary Dyer had taken a prominent part in that secession, whilst her force of character and vigorous understanding, no doubt, caused her to be regarded as a formidable opponent by the orthodox Puritans.

Her husband and herself took refuge in Rhode Island, which the new sect, with the assistance of Roger Williams, purchased of the Narragansett Indians. In this new colony it was decided that "none should be accounted a delinquent for doctrine." During a visit to Great Britain Mary Dyer became a Friend, and was a minister in that Society at the time of her return to the forbidden port of Boston. She is described by Croese as "a person of no mean extract and parentage, of an estate pretty plentiful, of a comely stature and countenance, of a piercing knowledge in many things, of a wonderful sweet and pleasant discourse—fit for great affairs." Ann Burden was a widow, and was desirous to collect some debts due to her husband's estate. But, as might be anticipated, both she and her friend were at once seized and cast into prison, and at the expiration of three months Ann Burden was banished to England. When Mary Dyer's husband, who was not a Friend, heard of her imprisonment, he came from Rhode Island and succeeded in obtaining her release and leave to take her home, after becoming "bound in a great penalty not to lodge her in any town of the colony, nor permit any to have speech with her on the journey."

But no Puritanical power, no human hand, was strong enough to suppress the heaven-implanted and divinely-directed zeal of the Friends to share their spiritual treasure with others. About this time six of those who had been driven from Boston the preceding year, believed that the Lord was calling them thither again, and were assured that He would give them

grace to endure any suffering they might have to pass through. But the practical difficulty was how to obtain a passage to New England, for the enactment of the Court of Boston naturally deterred the owners of vessels from taking them on board. This trial of faith was not a long one. A Friend and minister, named Robert Fowler, who resided in Yorkshire, had been engaged in building a small bark, and had meanwhile been impressed with the idea that it was God's design that it should be used for the promotion of His cause. New England came before his mental vision, but imagining what might be involved by such a voyage, and dreading the parting from his wife and children, he at first thought he would as soon die as face the perils which would in all probability ensue. But after awhile he was, we learn, "by the strength of God made willing to do His will," having been "refreshed and raised up by His instrument, George Fox." Accordingly he sailed to London, and there consulted a Friend who was deeply interested in the visits of ministers to distant lands; and wholly unsafe as it might seem to cross the Atlantic in so small a craft as the *Woodhouse*, no doubt was felt that this was the right mode of transit for the Friends who were anxious to return to Massachusetts. They were joined by five other ministers of the Society, one of whom was a young London merchant, named William Robinson.

In the summer of 1657 Robert Fowler received, he tells us, "the Lord's servants aboard, who came with a mighty hand and an outstretched arm with them." At the Downs William Dewsbury visited them. "When I came off," he writes to Margaret Fell, "they did go on in the name and power of the Lord our God. His everlasting presence keep them in the unity, in the life, and prosper them in His work: for many dear children shall come forth in the power of God in those



countries where they desire to go.”\* Whilst the *Woodhouse* was waiting in Portsmouth Harbour for a fair wind, William Robinson addressed a few lines to Margaret Fell :—“ My dear love salutes thee in that . . . which was before words were, in which I stand faithful to Him who hath called us. . . . I know thee and have union with thee, though absent from thee. . . . I thought good to let thee know the names of them that do go . . . Humphrey Norton, Robert Hodshon, Dorithy Waugh, Christo. Holder, William Brend, John Copeland, Rich. Doudney, Mary Weatherhead, Sarah Gibbons, Mary Clarke. The Master of the ship, his name is Robert Fowler, a Friend.” He writes from Southampton, having landed with another Friend in order to hold a meeting there, for—as Robert Fowler quaintly says in reference to this delay—“ the ministers of Christ were not idle, but went forth and gathered sticks, and kindled a fire, and *left it burning.*” The voyage of the little bark was a very remarkable one.

For fifty leagues they were accompanied by three ships bound for Newfoundland, which speedily took a northward course on seeing the approach of a man-of-war. Humphrey Norton told the captain that early in the morning it had been shown him that enemies were near, and also that the Lord would preserve them from harm ; and by means of a strong wind they were delivered from their dangerous position. Left alone on the wide ocean, they earnestly sought guidance

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\* In the following year the first Yearly Meeting of the Society was held at Scalehouse, in Yorkshire, at which it was recommended that a general collection should be made in aid of Gospel Missions, “ to be speedily sent up to London as a freewill-offering for the Seed’s sake ” ; and an Epistle to this effect was drawn up, in which, also, deep sympathy is expressed for those who had “ so freely given up their friends, their near relations, their country, and worldly estates, yea, and their own lives.”

from God, and believed that He bade them "cut through, steer their straightest course, and mind nothing but Him." "Unto which thing," says Robert Fowler, "He much provoked us, and caused us to meet together every day, and He Himself met with us, and manifested Himself largely unto us. After we had been five weeks at sea, wherein the powers of darkness appeared in the greatest strength against us, having sailed but about 300 leagues, Humphrey Norton, falling into communion with God, told me that he had received a comfortable answer; and also that about such a day we should land in America, which was even so fulfilled." They likewise felt that the circumstances attending their landing in the New World wonderfully manifested the loving care of their Lord. What would be the result if their successors, crossing "Life's solemn main," should, with a like faith, "steer the straightest course" through its most varied avocations, hallowing all by performing them under God's guidance and in the light of His countenance?

As the vessel was entering a creek between Dutch Plantation and Long Island, "the power of the Lord," writes Robert Fowler, "fell much upon us, and an irresistible word came unto us, *That the seed in America shall be as the sand of the sea*; it was published in the ears of the brethren, which caused tears to break forth in fulness of joy." He was also able to rejoice in the evidence granted him that the prayers of the Church did indeed ascend on their behalf. Five of the Friends landed at New York whilst the remaining six went on to Rhode Island. Soon after their arrival, John Copeland says in a letter to his parents:—"Take no thought for me. The Lord's power hath overshadowed me, and man I do not fear; for my trust is in the Lord, who is become our shield and buckler, and exceeding great reward." Thus did God prepare His youthful servant to suffer for His sake.

A few weeks later, Christopher Holder and himself were lying in Boston gaol, without bedding, or even straw, fearfully lacerated from the effect of thirty lashes barbarously inflicted with a knotted scourge. For three days the gaoler refused to supply them with food or water, but they were sustained by their Saviour, and enabled to rejoice in His manifested love. Being accused as "blasphemers, heretics, and deceivers," they issued a declaration of faith, containing the following sentences:—

"In Him do we believe, who is the only-begotten Son of the Father, full of grace and truth. And in Him do we trust alone for salvation; by whose blood we are washed from sin; through Whom we have access to the Father with boldness, being justified by faith in believing in His name. Who has sent forth the Holy Ghost, to wit, the Spirit of Truth, that proceedeth from the Father and the Son; by which we are sealed and adopted sons and heirs of the kingdom of Heaven. . . . Believe in the Light, that you may be children of the Light; for as you love it and obey it, it will lead you to repentance, bring you to know Him in Whom is remission of sins, in Whom God is well pleased; Who will give you an entrance into the kingdom of God, an inheritance amongst them that are sanctified."

But the Governors would not allow any assertion to alter their opinion that Quakerism was a dangerous heresy, and terribly rigorous as was the law against its promulgators, it was not sufficiently so to satisfy them; for Endicott and Bellingham gave orders that all the Friends then in prison should be severely whipped twice a week. But the humanity of the inhabitants of Boston revolted at this decree, and the sympathy thus aroused led to the release of the sufferers, who were at once banished from the colony. Soon afterwards John Copeland and his friend William Brend were sentenced to a severe scourging when passing through New Plymouth. The age of the latter awoke no compassion in the heart of the persecutors; the

following year, after holding several meetings with William Ledra, of Barbadoes, he was imprisoned at Boston, and received such brutal beatings—inflicted with a pitched rope, by a gaoler who had previously kept him without food for five days, and most cruelly fettered him for many hours—that he appeared to be dying.\* Endicott being alarmed at this, sent a physician to him, who thought his recovery impossible. But the hand of an unseen Healer was laid on him, and he must have been at least ninety when, eighteen years later, the following burial note was made out:—“William Brend, of the Liberty of Katherine’s, near the Tower, a minister, died 7–vii. 1676, and was buried at Bunhill Fields.” Before returning to England he laboured in Rhode Island and the West Indies. In 1662 he was one of the many hundred Friends confined in Newgate, fifty-two of whom died in consequence of diseases caused by the loathsome state of that prison.†

As the Governors of Massachusetts were regardless of old age, so were they of the weakness of women: we read of the astonishment of the people of Boston

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\* W. B. had refused to work, not thinking it right to submit to prison discipline, as his confinement was unjust.

† We may form some idea of the heavenly consolation granted to this venerable pilgrim, in that hour of need, by his beautiful “Salutation to all Friends,” from which a brief extract follows:—“It hath been upon my heart when in the sweet repose of the streams of my Father’s love and life, by which my heart hath been overcome, to visit you with a loving salutation from the place of my outward bonds.” After bidding them “flock together into our Father’s fold, to get into His tent of safety, and lie down in the arms of His dear love,” &c., he adds: “Oh! in the love and life of the Lamb, look over all weakness in one another, as God doth look over all the weakness in every one of us, and doth love us for His own Son’s sake—in so doing peace will abound in our borders, it will flow forth amongst us like a river, and it will keep out jars, strifes, and contentions.”

at hearing Sarah Gibbons and her young friend, Dorothy Waugh, offering praise and thanksgiving for the gracious support granted them during a cruel scourging, three days before, and three days after which they were kept without food. A little later Endicott sentenced Hored Gardner, of Rhode Island, to the punishment of the knotted scourge; she had left her home at Newport, from the belief that her Lord had called her to labour for Him at Weymouth, in Massachusetts, where her ministry was cordially received. The maid who had accompanied her on this perilous journey, to assist in taking charge of her infant, was the victim of a similar sentence; and the only protection granted the baby was that afforded by its mother's arms, who—when the executioner stayed his hand—prayed that her persecutors might be forgiven, because “they knew not what they did.”

At a later date, Alice Ambrose, Mary Tomkins, and Ann Coleman, who was, apparently, young and in delicate health, were sentenced to be whipped through eleven towns, covering a distance of nearly eighty miles. Although they were themselves enabled to praise the Lord for the marvellous help He granted them, the sight of their “torn bodies and weary steps” in the third town through which they passed, excited so much pity that one of the inhabitants induced the constable to commit the prisoners and the warrant to his care, and at once set them at liberty. Taking advantage of their unlooked-for release, they went to New Quechawanah, where they had a meeting. Subsequently it was, for a time, feared that Ann Coleman would die from the effect of other barbarous scourgings. To George Fox she writes: “Oh, the love of the Lord, who hath kept His handmaid that put her trust in Him . . . . What shall I say unto thee of the love of my Father. . . . *None can make me afraid.* . . . . Much service for the Lord in this land, and it hath

not been in vain ; and so, let thy prayers be unto the Lord for me. . . . In that life and love which is unchangeable art thou near me." Good cause, indeed, has that patient historian, Sewell, for exclaiming: "But when should I have done, if I would describe all the whippings inflicted on the Quakers in those parts !"

Sarah Gibbons and Dorothy Waugh, soon after leaving Boston, returned to Rhode Island, where they had previously been engaged in religious service, and we now find their names associated with that of Mary Dyer. About this time Humphrey Norton was finding a short respite from persecution in the same colony. A few months earlier his ministerial labours had been interrupted by an imprisonment at New Haven, Connecticut, where his right hand was deeply branded with the letter H, as a sign that he was a condemned heretic, and he was flogged in such a manner as to make some from the crowd, gathered by beat of drum, exclaim, "Do they mean to kill the man?" But He, who of old caused His children to receive "no hurt" in the midst of the seven-times heated furnace, wonderfully upheld him in this hour of extremest need ; for he states that his "body was as if it had been covered with balm." Much did the people marvel when, at the conclusion of the infliction, he raised his voice in thanksgiving and prayer. Not long after Humphrey Norton received another scourging at New Plymouth.

His rest in Rhode Island was a very short one, for he soon thought it right to go to Boston in company with a young Friend, named John Rous, who had previously been his associate in service, and sometimes in suffering, for their Lord ; he was the son of Lieutenant-Colonel Rous, a wealthy sugar-planter of Barbadoes, who subsequently became a Friend, having, it is said, been much impressed by the ministry of his son. When Humphrey Norton told John Rous that

sleep had fled from him because of the sorrow occasioned by a "sense of the strength of the enmity against the righteous seed" in Boston; he also felt that he must bear a part "with the prisoners of hope, which at that time stood bound for the testimony of Jesus." Longing to lose no time, they travelled night and day, and on their arrival at Boston were told of the state in which William Brend then lay, from the effect of the gaoler's cruelty, and were begged by their informant to leave the town, or they would be "dead men." But they were bound on a holy mission, from which no human power could turn them aside. "Such was our load," says Humphrey Norton, "that beside Him who laid it upon us, no flesh nor place could ease us." And a few hours later we find him, at the conclusion of the usual lecture of John Norton—a minister who notoriously instigated persecution—beginning an address in these words: "Verily this is the sacrifice which the Lord God accepts not, for whilst with the same spirit that you sin—you preach, and pray, and sing; that sacrifice is an abomination."

Although a charge of blasphemy could not be proved against him, there was no doubt that his companion and himself were guilty of being Quakers, and as such they were sentenced to imprisonment and whipping. The former, as the son of Lieutenant-Colonel Rous, who had formerly resided in the colony, was at first courteously treated by the magistrates, who hoped they might induce this young champion of the Cross to cast aside "the heresy" he was upholding. But, notwithstanding their flattery, he steadfastly maintained his ground; vindicated the doctrines which he had adopted; and, as an English citizen, claimed the right of a trial in an English court. But the governors, well knowing what an alarming exposure of their conduct towards Friends would be involved by this, would not hear of such a course. "No appeal to

England! No appeal to England!" was their cry. Three days later the prisoners underwent the flogging to which they had been condemned; but when this punishment was soon renewed, the public indignation, already aroused by the treatment of William Brend, became so strong that it soon led to the liberation of the prisoners.

In the midst of all afflictions the Friends were aided by the belief that their labours and sufferings were not in vain in the Lord. In a letter to Margaret Fell, John Rous says: "A firm foundation is there laid in this land, such an one as the devil will never get broken up." He writes when again in Boston prison, where, about a fortnight later, he and his companions, John Copeland and Christopher Holder, underwent the mutilation of having the right ear cut off. Shall we shrink from reading of their sufferings when we see the spirit with which they were enabled to endure them? "*In the strength of God,*" is their language, "*we suffered joyfully,* having freely given up not one member, but all, if the Lord so required, for the sealing of our testimony which the Lord hath given us;" words which may recall those of Brainerd with regard to his prayers for his brother and himself: "My heart sweetly exulted in the thought of any distresses that might light on him or me in the advancement of Christ's kingdom upon earth."

A few years later, John Rous settled in England, and married the eldest daughter of his beloved friend, Margaret Fell, to whom he proved a true son. Early in 1659, and a few months after the release of John Rous and his companions, William Robinson, whose labours had been chiefly confined to Virginia, where his ministry was much blessed, arrived at Rhode Island. Here he met with Marmaduke Stevenson, who had lately come from Barbadoes, and who was a young Yorkshire agriculturist. Four years earlier,



when following the plough in his native land, he was—to quote his own words—“filled with the love and presence of the living God, which did ravish my heart . . . . and as I stood still, with my heart and mind stayed upon the Lord, the word of the Lord came to me in a still, small voice, ‘I have ordained thee a prophet unto the nations.’” He felt that he “was but a child for such a weighty matter,” but he was empowered to put his trust in God, and when Barbadoes was set before him, a heavenly assurance was given him that the Lord would provide for his “dear and loving wife and tender children.” Three years later he sailed for that island, where, on hearing of the law which had been passed in New England for putting to death such Friends as returned after banishment, an inward voice seemed to whisper: “Thou knowest not, but thou mayst go thither;” and after a while, finding a vessel ready for a voyage to Rhode Island, he took his passage in her. Having spent a short time in religious service amongst the Friends there, he writes that “the word of the Lord came to him saying, ‘Go to Boston, with thy brother, William Robinson,’ and, at His command I was obedient to give up to His will . . . . for He had said unto me that He had a great work for me to do.”

To William Robinson, also, as clear a call had been given whilst going one afternoon from Newport to the residence of one of his friends. “The word of the Lord,” he says, “came expressly unto me, and commanded me to pass to the town of Boston, my life to lay down in His will, for the accomplishing of His service. . . . I was a child, and obedience was demanded of me by the Lord, who filled me with living strength and power from His heavenly presence, which at that time did mightily overshadow me, and my life did say Amen to what the Lord required of me.” The two young ministers arrived at Boston on one of the

public fast-days, and at the conclusion of a religious service they thought it right to attempt to address the assembly, but were soon arrested. Their imprisonment was shared by a child of eleven or twelve, from Providence, named Patience Scott, who had sometimes spoken in religious meetings, and now believed herself called on to plead with the persecutors, from whose cruelty her mother had not long before severely suffered. When this little girl was examined by the magistrates we find that "she spoke so well to the purpose that she confounded her enemies," who, after due consideration of "the malice of Satan by all means and ways to propagate error—put to his shifts to make use of such a child," decided "so far to slight her as a Quaker, as only to admonish and instruct her according to her capacity, and to discharge her."

In a letter to George Fox, from Boston gaol, William Robinson writes of how God had had compassion on him,—“seeing how willingly I was given up to do His will,”—by constraining Marmaduke Stevenson to accompany him to Boston. He thus concludes:—“Oh! my dearly beloved, thou who art endued with power from on High; who art of a quick discerning in the fear of God; Oh! remember us,—let thy prayers be put up unto the Lord God for us, that His power and strength may rest with us and upon us; that faithful we may be preserved to the end. Amen.”\*

Soon the aged Mary Dyer arrived at Boston, constrained to carry comfort and cheer to her captive fellow-believers there, and was shortly imprisoned also. When the Friends were at length brought before the governors and magistrates, William Robinson endeavoured to make them comprehend that his com-

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\* See *Bowden's History of the Society of Friends in America* (vol. i. p. 170), in which most of the material used in constructing this sketch has been found.

panions and himself had come to Boston from the clear conviction that such was the will of God concerning them; and therefore, if the rulers put them to death for breaking their law, they would be guilty of shedding innocent blood. It is said—and there is no slight significance in the remark—that his words seemed to “cut them to the quick;” but the speaker was soon silenced by a handkerchief being thrust into his mouth, and was afterwards sentenced to receive twenty lashes in the streets of the city. The Friends were then liberated and ordered to leave the jurisdiction on pain of death.

William Robinson and Marmaduke Stevenson, experiencing the blessedness of living under a higher and holier law than any mere human authority, felt that the Lord still had need of them to testify for Him in this colony; so on the day after their release they went to Salem, desiring to invigorate the faith of their friends in that neighbourhood. The latter were afraid to have meetings held in their houses, but met the ministers in a wood not far from the town where, so writes a Friend who was present, “a great flocking there was to hear. The Lord was mightily with them, and they spake of the things of God boldly, to the affecting and tendering the hearts of many.” A very warm welcome was given them as they went northwards to Piscataway.

The mere fact of remaining in Massachusetts, at the peril of their lives, in order to display the banner of their Lord, naturally gave rise to inquiry concerning the doctrines they preached. A Friend who had accompanied Marmaduke Stevenson from Rhode Island, writes:—“Divers were convinced, the power of the Lord accompanying them, and with astonishment confounded their enemies before them; great was their service abroad in that jurisdiction for four weeks and upwards.” When these labours were ended they

were constrained by the love of Christ to return to Boston, there to be witnesses for Him. They were joined by six Friends of Salem, who, animated by a like holy motive, wished, even at the risk of their own safety, to uphold the hands of those whom they already looked on as martyrs.

As this little band of faithful men and women drew near the city they were met by the constabulary and a rough crowd, and were soon committed to prison. Robinson and Stevenson were placed in chains, and confined in a separate cell, whilst all their papers, including the journal of the former, were taken from them. A few days earlier, Mary Dyer, who had spent a little while with her family, had reappeared, and been again imprisoned. Before long the three Friends were brought before the General Court, and to Endicott's question why they had returned to the jurisdiction whence they had been banished on pain of death, they each replied that they came only in obedience to the Divine call. William Robinson asked leave to read an explanation which he had prepared, and when forbidden to do this, laid it on the table.

After describing the heavenly intimation he had received that it was God's will that he should lay down his life for the cause of Christ, he writes: "I, being a child, durst not question the Lord in the least, and as the Lord made me willing, dealing gently and kindly with me, as a tender father by a faithful child whom he tenderly loves, so the Lord did deal with me, in ministering His life unto me, which gave and gives me strength to perform what the Lord required of me. . . . Therefore all who are ignorant of the motion of the Lord in the inward parts, be not hasty in judging in this matter. . . . The presence of the Lord and His Heavenly life doth accompany me, so that I can say in truth, Blessed be the Lord God of my life, who hath counted me worthy and called me

hereunto. . . . Will ye put us to death for obeying the Lord, the God of the whole earth ? ”

Endicott took up this document, and after reading it, pronounced the sentence of death on its writer. A few days before his execution, in an epistle addressed “To the Lord’s people,” William Robinson says: “The streams of my Father’s love run daily through me, from the Holy Fountain of Life to the seed throughout the whole creation. I am overcome with love, for it is my life and length of days ; it is my glory and my daily strength. I am full of the quickening power of the Lord Jesus Christ. . . . I shall enter with my Beloved into eternal rest and peace, and I shall depart with everlasting joy in my heart, and praises in my mouth.” After Marmaduke Stevenson had received his sentence, he solemnly addressed the magistrates, concluding with these words : “ Assuredly if you put us to death, you will bring innocent blood upon your own heads, and swift destruction will come upon you.” It is a remarkable fact that many of these persecutors came to an untimely end, or were visited by severe personal calamities which resulted in death. “The hand or judgment of the Lord is upon me,” were the words of John Norton, who, whilst walking in his own house, leant his head against a chimney-piece, and sank down never to speak again. And Major-General Adderton, who had scoffingly said, “The judgments of the Lord God are not come upon us yet !” was overtaken by a sudden and shocking death.

During his imprisonment Marmaduke Stevenson wrote his “Call to the Work and Service of the Lord ;” and, not losing sight of his old friends, he prepared an address to his “neighbours and the people of the town of Shipton, Weighton and elsewhere.” “My love runs out to you all in pity to your souls,” he writes, “which lie in death as mine hath done, but the Lord in His eternal love hath redeemed me. . . . When I ponder

it in my heart, my soul is ravished with His love, and broken into tears at His kindness towards me, who was by nature a child of wrath as well as others. Oh, the consideration of His love hath constrained me to follow Him, and to give up all for His sake, if it be the laying down of my life; for none are the disciples of Christ, but they that follow Him in His cross. 'The Lord knows I do not forget you.'

A few days before his execution, he wrote a letter, "To the Lord's People," from which the following extracts are taken:—

"You lambs of my Father's fold and sheep of His pasture, the remembrance of you is precious to me, my dearly beloved ones, . . . . who are reconciled to God, and one to another, in that which sea and land cannot separate; here you may feel me knit and joined to you in the spirit of truth; and linked to you as members of His body, who is our Head and Rock of sure defence; here we are kept safe in the hour of temptation, and in the day of trial shall we be preserved in the hollow of His hand; here His banner of love will be over us. . . . . So, my dear friends! let us always wait at the altar of the Lord, to see the table spread, that so we may sit down and eat together, and be refreshed with the hidden manna, that comes from Him who is our life, our peace, our strength, and our preserver night and day. Oh, my beloved ones! let us all go on in His strength, who is our Prince and Saviour. . . . . If I forget you, then let the Lord forget me. Nay, verily, you cannot be forgotten by me: so long as I abide in the Vine, I am a branch of the same nature with you, which the Lord hath blessed, where we grow together in His life and image, as members of His body; where we shall live together to all eternity."

After Mary Dyer had heard her sentence, she only replied by the significant words, "The will of the Lord be done." And when Endicott impatiently exclaimed, "Take her away, marshal," she added, "Yea, joyfully I go;" for her heart was filled with heavenly consolation from the love of Christ, and from the thought that she was counted worthy to suffer for His sake.

She told the marshal that it was unnecessary for him to guard her to the prison. "I believe you, Mrs. Dyer," he answered; "but I must do as I am commanded." From the House of Correction she addressed "An Appeal to the Rulers of Boston," in which she asks nothing for herself, but manifests—as an anonymous writer remarks—"the courage of an apostle contending for the Truth, and the tenderness of a woman feeling for the sufferings of her people." She writes: "I have no self ends, the Lord knoweth, for if my life were freely granted by you, it would not avail me, so long as I should daily hear or see the sufferings of my dear brethren." It is said that on the day preceding that appointed for the execution, Mary Dyer's eldest son arrived at Boston, and was allowed to remain all night with his mother; he came in the vain hope of inducing her to make such concessions as might be the means of saving her life.

The erection of gallows on Boston Common for these guiltless victims awakened such strong feelings of amazement and indignation amongst the inhabitants, as to give alarm to the magistrates. On the morning of the day appointed for the execution a great number of people gathered around the prison, and gave earnest attention to William Robinson, who addressed them from the open window of an upper room. But the rulers, who always studiously endeavoured to prevent the Friends from holding intercourse with the colonists, were afraid for the crowd to listen, at this crisis, to Quaker preaching, and accordingly sent a military captain to disperse them. Finding this impracticable, he entered the gaol in a violent passion, and, hurling some of the prisoners down stairs, shut them into a low dark cell. One of this little company writes: "As we sat together waiting upon the Lord, it was a time of love; for as the world hated us and despitefully used us, so the Lord was

pleased in a wonderful manner to manifest His supporting love and kindness to us in our innocent sufferings ; especially to the worthies who had now near finished their course. . . . God was with them, and many sweet and heavenly sayings they gave unto us, being themselves filled with comfort. . . . While we were yet embracing each other, with full and tender hearts, the officers came in and took the two from us [Robinson and Stevenson], as sheep for the slaughter."

Boston Common was separated by the distance of a mile from the gaol, and the prisoners were escorted by two hundred men, armed with halberds, guns, swords, and pikes—in addition to many horsemen. It was thought the safest arrangement for this procession to avoid the direct thoroughfare through the city, and the drummers were ordered to walk immediately before the three captives, and to beat more loudly if they should attempt to speak : thus when William Robinson did so, the only words which were audible were, "This is your hour, and the power of darkness." Marmaduke Stevenson's voice was drowned by the same means. "Yet they went on," as Sewell says, "with great cheerfulness, as going to an everlasting wedding"—which, indeed, they were.

In reply to a coarse taunt from the marshal, Mary Dyer said, "This is to me an hour of the greatest joy I ever had in this world. No ear can hear, no tongue can utter, no heart can understand, the sweet incomes and the refreshings of the Spirit of the Lord which I now feel." Having bade farewell to his friends, and mounted the scaffold, William Robinson addressed the assembled crowd : "We suffer not as evil-doers, but as those who have testified and manifested the Truth. This is the day of your visitation, and therefore I desire you to mind the light of Christ which is in you, to which I have borne testimony, and am now going to seal my testimony with my blood." Wilson, a minister of the



city, changing the scoffing tone he had assumed whilst they were walking to the Common, now exclaimed,—  
 “Hold thy tongue, be silent, thou art going to die with a lie in thy mouth.” After the executioner had adjusted the rope, William Robinson said, “Now are ye made manifest; I suffer for Christ, *in whom I live, and for whom I die!*” Marmaduke Stevenson also spoke a few words to the spectators: “Be it known unto you all this day that we suffer not as evil-doers, but for conscience’ sake. This day shall we be at rest with the Lord.” We may easily imagine that Mary Dyer would now feel that much of the ordeal was over. Yet even when witnessing the death of her young companions, we may believe, as we recur to the words she had lately uttered, that she might have said,—

“Like to a sea-girt rock I stand,  
 Deep sunk in peace, though storms rage by,  
 As calm as if on every hand,  
 Were only Thou, O God, and I.”

When every preparation had been made for the execution, the awful silence maintained around the stage was broken by the piercing cry: “Stop! she is reprieved.” This respite had been granted to the prolonged intercession of her son, who was waiting at the prison to welcome her. The friends of the martyrs were not allowed to provide coffins for them, nor even to enclose the pit into which the bodies were thrown. Wilson, the minister to whom allusion has already been made, composed a song on the sufferers.

But no amount of indignity which might be heaped upon them could prevent their death from being a solemn attestation to the futility of every effort of a blind bigotry to crush the conscience of those who, bearing the image and superscription of Christ, rendered unto God the things that are God’s; and consequently with regard to these “things,” acknowledged

no ruler but Him in whose kingdom their spirits dwelt. So deep an impression was made on John Chamberlain, an inhabitant of Boston, by what he saw and heard that day, as to cause his conviction of the truth of the doctrines held by Friends : before two years were over he had been imprisoned, banished, and also cruelly whipped through three towns ; yet his Saviour suffered not his faith to fail, for we learn that this persecution, " so far from beating him from the Truth, rather drove him nearer to it."

About five months after leaving Massachusetts, Mary Dyer felt that it was her duty to return to Boston once more. She had in the interval, besides visiting her home, spent some time in Long Island, and had also laboured for her Lord at Shelter Island. It was early in 1660 that she re-entered Boston, where many Friends who had arrived in the province were now imprisoned, and, after pursuing her gospel service for ten days, she was arraigned before the General Court. When the sentence of death had been passed she said : " I came in obedience to the will of God to the last General Court, praying you to repeal your unrighteous sentence of banishment upon pain of death ; and that same is my work now and earnest request, although I told you that if you refused to repeal them, the Lord would send other of His servants to witness against them." Here Endicott interrupted her to ask, " Are you a prophetess ?" " I spoke the words," was her reply, " which the Lord spoke to me, and now the thing is come to pass." She would have added more on what she felt to be the Lord's call to her, had not the Governor impatiently exclaimed, " Away with her ! away with her !"

At nine the following morning the marshal came to fetch her ; a strong guard of soldiers were in attendance, and drummers were ordered to walk before and behind the prisoner, so soon to receive an eternal re-

lease. After she had ascended the ladder, she was told that if she would return home her life should be spared. "Nay," she answered, "I cannot; for in obedience to the will of the Lord I came, and in His will I abide, faithful unto death." To the charge of being guilty of her own blood, she replied: "Nay, I came to take blood-guiltiness from *you*, desiring you to repeal the unrighteous and unjust law; therefore my blood will be required of your hands, who wilfully do it." When asked if she wished any of the people to pray for her, she said that she desired the prayers of all the people of God: and to the proposal that an Elder should do so, she answered: "Nay—first a child, then a young man, then a strong man, before [being] an Elder in Christ Jesus." When accused of having said she had been in Paradise, she replied, without hesitation, "Yea, I have been in Paradise these several days." The few more words she spoke were on the everlasting happiness now so near at hand.

A Friend who had united in her ministerial services on Shelter Island sums up his description of her by saying: "She even shined in the image of God." On the day of Mary Dyer's martyrdom, two of the imprisoned Friends, Joseph and Jane Nicholson, from Cumberland, were summoned by the rulers, in the hope that the deed which had just been enacted would shake their constancy; but, as a contemporary writer says, "The power of the Lord in them was above all, and they feared them not, nor their threats of putting them to death." These menaces were not, however, carried out; probably the manifestation of public feeling warned those in authority that there might be danger in again perpetrating an execution wholly unsanctioned by the laws of the realm. Yet some eight or nine months later, William Ledra—who is said to have been a Cornishman, though his home was in

Barbadoes—was condemned to death for having returned to Boston after sentence of banishment.

When in 1658, after mutual labours for their Lord, he had shared the imprisonment of his friend William Brend in an unventilated cell—the cruelty of which he had been the victim had imperilled his life: and now, notwithstanding the inclemency of a New England winter, he was kept chained in an open prison. On the day before his death he addressed a letter to “The little flock of Christ,” in which he remarks that he was filled “with the joy of the Lord in the beauty of holiness,” whilst his spirit was wholly swallowed up in the bosom of eternity. . . . “As the flowing of the ocean [he continues] doth fill every creek and branch thereof, and then retires again towards its own being and fulness, and leaves a savour behind it: so doth the life and virtue of God flow into every one of your hearts, whom He hath made partakers of His Divine nature.” Alluding to his tender yearnings for the young, he says: “Stand in the watch within in the fear of the Lord, which is the very entrance of wisdom, and the state wherein you are ready to receive the secrets of the Lord. Hunger and thirst patiently, be not weary, neither doubt, stand still, and cease from thine own workings, and in due time thou shalt enter into the rest, and thine eyes shall behold His salvation. . . . Confess Him before men. . . . Bring all things to the light, that they may be proved whether they are wrought in God. . . . Without grace possessed, there is no assurance of salvation. By grace you are saved.”

The following day the fetters which had so long bound him were knocked off, and we are told that he went “forth to the slaughter in the meekness of the Spirit of Jesus.” He was surrounded by soldiers, in order to prevent intercourse with his friends; but before mounting the scaffold he exhorted Edward Wharton to faith-

fulness, and on bidding him farewell added, "All that will be Christ's disciples must take up His cross." A visitor to the city, from England, who witnessed this scene, having asked leave to speak, said ; "Gentlemen, I am a stranger both to your persons and country, yet a friend of both. For the Lord's sake, take not away the man's life, but remember Gamaliel's counsel to the Jews,—‘If it be of men it will come to nought ; but if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it ;’ be careful ye are not found fighters against God." This courageous stranger also told them that they had "no warrant from the word of God, nor precedent from our country, nor power from His Majesty, to hang the man." William Ledra's last words were, "I commend my righteous cause unto Thee, O God ! Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."

A few weeks before his death he wrote the following testimony to the willingness of God to supply *all* the need of His faithful followers :—"I testify in the fear of the Lord God that the noise of the whip on my back, all the imprisonments, and the loud threatening of a halter, *did no more affright me, through the strength and power of God, than if they had threatened to have bound a spider's web on my finger*—which makes me say with unfeigned lips, Wait upon the Lord, O my soul !" Like Josiah Southwick, of Salem, he might have said, "Tongue cannot express the goodness and love of God to His suffering people." "Here is my body," were the words of the latter when sentenced to a severe scourging, "if you want a further testimony to the Truth I profess, take it and tear it in pieces ; *your sentence is no more terrifying to me than if you had taken a feather and blown it up in the air.*" On the day of William Ledra's execution, Wenlock Christison, of Salem, was placed at the bar ; he, also, had experienced, as Milton says of those days, that—

"Heavy persecution shall arise  
On all, who in the worship persevere  
Of Spirit and truth."

Although exiled on pain of death, he had re-appeared at Boston, and caused such consternation by entering the Court just as sentence of death was being pronounced on his friend, as to cause perfect silence for awhile. When, now, in his turn condemned to die, he said, "The will of the Lord be done. . . . If you have power to take my life from me, *the which I question—I believe you shall never more take Quakers' lives from them. Note my words.*"

Just at this crisis the rulers of Massachusetts, received tidings from England which caused a sudden change in their conduct; for on the day preceding that which had been fixed on for the execution of Wenlock Christison, he and twenty-seven other Friends were set at liberty; and after two of them had been whipped through the town they were taken by a body of soldiers out of the jurisdiction. Would it not be a false refinement of feeling to be unwilling to *contemplate* the sufferings which, not young and strong men only, but tender and delicate women, were enabled to *endure* for Christ? Moreover, is there not instruction for us in this

"— Mournful record of an earlier age,  
That pale and half-effaced lies hidden away  
Beneath the fresher writing of to-day"?

We are not called to martyrdom: yet—notwithstanding our exemption from outward suffering, our unmolested meetings, the *open* door set before us for sharing with others the truths committed to our trust—we are bidden to present our "bodies a *living* sacrifice wholly acceptable unto God," seeking to know His will (whether it leads in the hidden or conspicuous path), in order that "all the good pleasure of His goodness, and the work of faith with power, may be fulfilled."

"Thou shalt lose thy life and find it; thou shalt boldly cast it forth;

And then back again receiving, know it in its endless worth."

## THE BERKHAMPSTED GRAVEYARD.

OURS is a pleasant graveyard ; much I love  
 To pause and look upon the grassy mounds,  
 Which bear the simple record, name and date,  
 And speak to us of those who sleep below ;  
 Not that we can forget them,—they were all  
 Our fellow-worshippers, familiar friends,  
 Our fathers, husbands, brothers, buried here.

The *gentle mother* and the *sister* too,  
 She on whose lips the law of kindness hung,  
 And breathed in every act ; with sorrowing hearts  
 We followed her to the same silent grave  
 That held his dear remains, her best beloved ;—  
 Not long had *he*\* escaped, with joyous wing  
 His soul took flight ; he saw his Saviour's arms  
 Stretched out to welcome him, and said, " I come ;"—  
 She did not murmur, but her drooping frame  
 Longed to lie down with his ; and spite of all  
 That dutiful affection could bestow,  
 Incessant watchfulness and tender care,  
 The cord was severed that had bound to life,  
 And her imprisoned spirit could not stay.  
 Delightful thought ! That they have met again,  
 And that their fervent love shall henceforth glow  
 A radiant flame of pure and holy joy.

Here the *sweet maiden*† blushing into life  
 Hath found her short memorial ; parents' tears  
 Fell thick upon the bud they would have saved  
 To bloom in beauty when themselves were gone.  
 And the *young mother*,‡ loth indeed was she  
 To quit this pleasant world, where her fond hopes  
 Had built so many castles of delight—  
 Had nursed such day-dreams of maternal joy,

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\* Thomas S——.      † Mary S. R——.      ‡ Sarah S——.

And wedded happiness ; but nought availed ;  
The messenger had spoke ;—she would not hear,  
But gathered courage up for years to come,  
And bade him stern defiance ; till at last  
Won by her Saviour's long-forbearing grace,—  
Won by His dying Love, which sweetly spake  
Of sins forgiven, and the joys of Heaven  
She meekly bowed her head beneath the stroke,  
And bade a glad farewell to things of Time.

More of earth's pilgrims in this quiet spot,  
All undisturbed are sleeping their long sleep,  
Surrounded by the shade of pleasant trees  
And cheerful shrubs. The rose and violet too  
Affection's hand hath planted, to exhale  
Their sweetness o'er the withered flowers below :  
*These* shall the sunbeams nurse, soft dew's refresh ;  
But *those*, no change can feel, no spring revive ;  
Yet do they rest in hope, and wait the hour  
When the Redeemer shall in triumph come  
To claim His purchased ones, and bear them home.

With thoughts like these we sanctify the grave,—  
Muse on the past, the present, and to come.  
A few short years,—not one can tell how soon,—  
And other graves shall open,—other groups  
Of mourners gather round ; while thoughts, deep thoughts  
From memory's gushing fountain shall supply  
Some hallow'd drops to water the green sod.

So must, so let it be ;—we say, Amen ;  
If Jesus is our refuge, all is well :  
Our wearied bodies shall lie down in peace,  
Our souls to Heaven ascend to live with Him.

(*The late*) SARAH LITTLEBOY.



## SWEDISH SKETCHES.

GOING to Sweden was in itself worth a sketch, but it would have been a monotonous one : sun, sea, sky, ship-life,—these would have been the constituent parts of the picture ; and though the monotonous notes of the birds are yearly welcomed, yet the story of a voyage, oft told, has become stale, flat, and unprofitable. Suffice it to glance at the wild waters, the rough breeze attempering the sun to these lambs shorn of the pleasant shade of trees, and the kindly shelter of houses. At the heaving of the waves, the heaving of the steamer, and the “heaving” which is the result of the internal emotion of those who have not found their “sea legs,” and find the substitutes as useless as other landlubbers, when on the blue rolling deep.

When the vessel from stem to stern was no longer an unknown land ; when the crew had become “kenned folk,” as the Scotch say ; and when we had become tired of the cabin talk, and the deck solitude ;—then, to those voluntarily taken from the business done on land to the enforced idleness on the deep, came the welcome sight of the bleak granite rocks that stretch on either hand from the mouth of the broad Gotha river. And from the entrance of the brawling river to the mooring at the quay-side at Gothenburg, all was new and strange to British eyes, except where, a short distance below the docks, a carpenter had catered for British custom, by placing above his sign—“Kusten”—the words, “The Carpenter’s Yard,” which met with the friendly recognition of old acquaintances seen in strange quarters. By-and-bye, there stepped on board Custom-house officers, very like their British

compeers, except that their coats were too long for their persons, their legs were encased in white, and they possessed the civility not always characteristic of British port-searchers of "auld wives' barrels." Taking the keys they opened bags and trunks, glanced in without touching the contents, returned the keys with a bow, and some words pleasant if unintelligible, and then we made acquaintance with Swedish soil, and Scandinavian granite.

#### GOTHENBURG.

Gothenburg—"Göteborg" the Swedes call Gothenburg—is the second city, and the chief port of Sweden. There resides the Governor-General of the district; there the mitred bishop; and there also about 58,000 of the "common people." My garrulous friends tell me that on the isle of Hisingen—on the opposite side of the river—there stood, "since time immemorial," a thriving borough, called Old Liodhus, or Old Lodose, which won fame in the misty Middle Ages. In the commotions and war—misnamed "civil"—between the sons and grandsons of great Birger Jarl, founder of Stockholm, the town was sacked and burnt, a pleasant variety of the kingly game called war. It was rebuilt, but when Charles VIII. founded New Lodose, thither his loyal subjects transferred themselves; and when, in 1619, Gustavus Adolphus founded Gothenburg, there the people flocked.

All was fish that came to their net; they "let the fair white-winged peace-maker," Commerce, fly to far India, and havens where money might be made; and despite the ravages of Danes, sieges, outbreaks of disease, and the decimations of that wholesale murder which State-policy calls war, Gothenburg increased, waxed fat and famous, and became wide-spread in its valley home, and its citizens wealthy in their ancient Dutch houses. The men were brave, and of the most

martial of its dames the story is told that in one of the sieges by the Danes she had to take command of the fortress Gulberg,—its commander, her husband, having been wounded. For Marten Krakow, his wife Emerentia Pauli proved no bad substitute. An archer's aim, directed by her, nearly killed King Christian VI. ; and she forced the Danes to retire by the womanly expedient of ordering her maids to empty on the heads of these nigh-victorious enemies, not "coals of fire," but pails full of burning pitch!—a comment on the text which, in spirit, "Christendom" commends.

Göteborg manufactures machinery—(the list of engines turned out at the "Göteborg Mekaniska Verstads Aktiebolag" in 1873 would be creditable to many English firms)—paper and cotton ; it builds handsome vessels of wood and iron ; it refines sugar, brews porter ; it tans ; and it manufactures canvas. Its banks are wealthy ; its merchants many ; its warehouses overflow with grain and produce, and exude with oil. Before me is a list of its shipments for last year, and I see that the thousands of vessels from Denmark, America, England, France, and other parts, must have borne away much of the produce in butter, hams, eggs, bacon, sheep, cattle and horses of the famed farms of Sweden ; much of the timber from its vast forests, the metal from its world-famous mines, the quaint wooden and mechanical manufactures of its peasantry, and the exuberant riches that the pleasant summer time brings.

In a fair valley Göteborg lies—city apparently surrounded by granite rocks, whose surface is green, with sparse vegetation, but which breaks into little oases of vegetation and fruit. The broad Gotha river runs through this valley, and the city has advanced guards around itself in the shape of forts commenting on and ramparts illustrating the text which tells of the "one blood" of which all nations are made, and

which they delight to prove by shedding. Broad canals, spanned by handsome bridges, traverse the town, losing themselves in the gardens and the pleasant suburbs. Barges play on the smooth waters, or sail between the granite walls ; wide streets diverge at right angles, and the bridges crossing the canals resound to the tread of the fleet-footed Swedish horses, as they rattle along with the light-limbed luries, to which their only attachment seems to be three threads of rope, a leathern strap, a pad and two wooden skewers. Patient horses feed from troughs at the cab-stand, and the "droschker" hurry and scurry about the town.

A motley throng parades the paths : now and again the quaint costume of the Dalecarlian meets the view ; a "white cap" (student from Upsula) struts along ; there are miners from Fahlun, mechanics from Finspong, merchants, servants, damsels whose fair hair is almost wholly hidden by the kerchief head-gear ; there are sailors from many climes, spruce and spectacled clerks, two sweeps with their soot-stained branches of that national factotum, the fir tree. Over that door it tells of death ; and now a funeral procession slowly moves down the street. The hearse is draped with silver-fringed black cloth, the driver wears a long black coat, and an odd cocked hat. The coffin is black draped, its top is pyramidal, and covered with garlands of flowers, white and red roses, &c. ; mourners, all male, are black-dressed, save for the white necktie. Following to the church, the altar is found black-draped with silver edging : and the two priests, in black robes which show their huge crosses, raise a mournful chant, which seems echoed back from the high roof, the high pews, the great altar-piece of the Crucifixion, the huge candle-filled chandeliers, the vast organ and the carved and gold-inlaid pulpit. Add to the types we have pictured in the streets the tall houses and buildings

devoted to commerce, the noble statue of "Gustaf Adolfs" in the great square, the blue-coated, leathern-breeched soldiers parading from their wooden boxes, the markets where the peasants haggle over the barter and butter, taste the milk before purchase; where berries in vast aggregations are displayed; where vegetables in little heaps have been brought by Swedish women in pails carried pannier-fashion; where the great stores of *knuckebrod* are hung in heaps strung together through the central hole. Here are stalls for cheese, for butter, bread, meat, fish, with a long row of light carts. An incessant babel of women's tongues, of haggling between men, and of the bleating of a few cattle in pens, complete the scene of the kaleidoscope of the life in Gothenburg's streets.

Out in the suburbs you may see the washerwomen on the pontoons in the canals beating the clothes with a shortened and bent cricket bat, and singing a chirping tune. Here in the suburbs are couples walking, children playing on the side walks, and a spectacled German admiring a bronze statue of the fighting gladiators. (And, speaking of this, one splendid specimen of the British traveller, fraternising with the writer, remarked critically on the statue, "That would be warm work, wouldn't it?—and they surely wouldn't put it up here if it wasn't true!") Ladies are using their parasols as walking-sticks in the shade of the trees, and opening them in all their yellow beauties in the sun. Here are merry groups in the tea-gardens at Lorensberg, sitting sipping the "curse of Sweden"—its famed corn-brandy—or substitutes for it. When the duskiness of the summer night descends these gardens and others will be full of life. There shall you see the stars gleaming and the moon shining in the ornamental waters, and through the dark trees the light falls from many parti-coloured lamps; marches and music fill the air, acrobats, perchance,

are performing, and beside the orchestra, in the shade of the trees, and in the pavilions near, sit hundreds of the citizens of all ages, of both sexes, and of many grades. There is the clink of glass, the clatter of crockery, the ringing of cutlery, the popping of corks, and a hurrying of waiters. Amid all and varied with laughter from treble to bass, and with a babble of voices, there is "a ripple of women's talk" making itself heard ever and again until the bell shall ring its warning note and loiterers leave.

#### HOME LIFE.

Let me try to picture a little the internal appearances in many of the homes and hotels in Sweden. Here is my bedroom. It has a bed much like the elongated cot of a child; and so far as I saw, this kind, and one which is square by day, and telescopically extended by night, are the chief in use. All are free from the objectionably solemn draperies that make the "four-poster" institution of England a dark nest of asphyxia. There are a few chairs scattered about, a dressing-table, a table near the green chintz-covered sofa, and the washstand is a chest of drawers, the top of which lifts. There is no carpet on the floor, the bare boards of which are scrubbed to a yellowy cleanliness needing not the strewing of fir leaves I have elsewhere seen. The stove is huge in size; white enamelled tiles form its outer casing, and within, when needed, a small charcoal fire forms the little bread to the enormous tankard of sack represented by the be-tasselled and corded stove. Light curtains at the window are playing hide-and-seek with the fresh breeze blown in at a casement that sensibly opens outward on hinges. And as I glance in the morning therefrom, I notice these lungs of the houses are opened at every chamber. Near the stove, if I brave the wrath of the anti-

tobacconists, is a spittoon ; but, instead of that solemn sham of bronze or the open sawdust enemy of housemaids, this is full of the faint-scented leaves of the fir, and as I use not wise King James's enemy, all night long I am reminded of the forests whence these leaves were brought.

If I go to dine, the same strangeness of object strikes me. Before I enter where "Matsal" tells me is the dining-room, I must perforce remove my hat ; and after I enter, whilst my dinner is being brought, I am expected to pay my respects to a substantially-spread sideboard. On it are arranged black bread, with the white brother of this negro, cheese, butter, ham, fish, four bottles of fiery spirits, and four long glasses. Here is one of the secrets of the drunkenness once so common amongst Swedes ; here one cause of the great consumption of spirits yet. The visitor enters ; and almost as a matter of course, he or she takes a little bread, fish, butter, or what not, and drinks off also a glass of spirit, strong in smell, and I am told horrible to unaccustomed throats. We have dinner usually good and well cooked and served ; we go from the room and have in another our coffee—taking our ease at our inn ; then, quite possibly, we loiter over soda and "safts"—the latter being a thin fluid preserve—under the grateful shade of the awning at the door, or under trees near.

You go to supper in the garden—there is the *sexa*, a supper of cold meats and fish in abundance : there is the *branvin* again, more frequently than the coffee. You visit a friend in the suburbs, and whilst you chat in the sunshine your hostess has prepared for you the meal, which is prefaced, if you will, with the ever-popular "nip" of this potent drink, which meets you so frequently that at last you wonder not that there is drunkenness, but that there is so little. The "social revolution" going on in connection with the sale of

intoxicants in Sweden is one of the most noteworthy of its phenomena. Home-life in Sweden has largely freedom, but also largely reserve. Your Swedish host is kind to his guests, with a reserved quiet kindness, removed from the sometimes obtrusive hospitality of hearty English people.

This national reserve evidences itself strikingly at times in unnecessary seclusion. Here is a church thronged on the first day of the week with changing crowds. Coming and going for hours, from long distances, your Swede greets kindly acquaintances, but takes no note of the stranger within the church gates. Enter the edifice, and it will be seen that the aisles are thronged with worshippers, standing, or seated on rough extemporised seats, whilst the high-backed and locked pews are only sparsely dotted with their occupants. By some means, a stranger, apparently a Norwegian sailor, had seated himself on one of these preserves for those who seem as if they would carry exclusiveness into Heaven. A short old Swedish woman enters the church, crushes through the aisle, unlocks the pew door, mutters to the stranger, who at once leaves the pew and quietly takes a place amongst the unseated worshippers in the aisle; and his supplanter thereupon audibly mutters the Lutheran service, which, for aught I know, may contain unheeded but apostolic injunctions in favour of the entertainment of "strangers."

"By y'r leev," as porters say at railway stations, when they have irretrievably bruised your pet corn—by your leave, we will peep into that life which is to be seen in an editor's office. There is the same table littered with pamphlets, the same books of reference, papers, files, and conglomeration of literary matter, as is to be seen in England; the same speaking tubes, proofs, stumpy little pens, dissipated and dirty ink-stands; the same patient mortal plodding through



yards uncounted of printed matter ; and the same general air of seediness and long use in the sofa, the chairs, the matting on the floor, and the furniture. The chief difference is that the patient P. D. wears a blouse of blue and white checked cotton, but the ink-smudge on his face betrays the cousinship of little Axel to his English prototype. And the chief himself puffs prodigiously at a pipe some five feet in length, with a bowl proportionately shaped.

We glance at a railway-station, and find that, to English engines and lines, and to the machinery brought from Britain, they have added Swedish civility. When we travel we take our tickets, hand our baggage to a porter, who gives us a check for it, which, presented at the end of the journey to the hotel porter, secures it at the needed time. The carriages are roomier and neater, and the fares not so high as in dear England.

#### ROAD AND RIVER SCENERY.

In the stillness of a summer night what is more pleasant than a long drive through the outskirts and the woods around a Swedish town ? Leaving behind the huge marts there are wooden houses, the red-painted fronts of which gleam in the dying sunbeams. Then suburban villas stretch out from under the avenues through which the road passes. These fade away, and there are long, lonely, and leaf-hidden lanes, dropping, at appropriate seasons, with lilacs and laburnums. Beyond the lanes there may be long and narrow strips of land, undivided by hedges, with a few granite stones now and then marking a boundary, and a dusty road leading up to a lowly cottage. The trees in the sloping distance seem shrubs, there is little traffic on the roads, and now and again the passing of a thorn-laden wain brings out a troop of dusty-haired and bare-footed lads. Now hills of

bleak granite shut us in on either hand ; now the little valley gracefully swells out into grounds thick with trees, in which the darkness of the fir is lit by some orange hue from the sinking sun.

A little church, secluded and still, springs out and disappears, and so does the graveyard filled with the dust that years ago trod these paths.

The roads become rugged, uneven, and boulder-strewn ; but when you alight to walk, it is on thickest carpet of softest moss, bespangled with wild flowers, and diversified by the bushes on which grows sweetest of wild fruit. You climb a hill, brushing thick branches from your path ; and at its summit look down at sunset on the loveliest lake that eyes ever feasted on. Lying deep down in its granite basin, its calm surface is unruffled by a breeze, unmarked by an islet, unrippled by a billow. Its waters are mingled shades of dark purple, glowing crimson, and golden orange ; and far down in its placid depth, the reflection of the first star may be seen. The trees that stud the steep sides send out a faintly perceptible odour, a few flowers add their contribution to the bouquet that appeals to the senses of sight and smell ; a few birds in fitful flight intensify the stillness that broods over this placid picture of still life and solitude in the gloaming.

Equally but differently pleasant is river life. Through flat tracts of lowland, waving in cornfields, spotted with shrubs, is the passage ; through sedgy morasses, on whose fringes sportsmen are wading ; by the side of garden-like little fields, where the long strings of husbandwomen (to coin a strange-sounding word) are working ; under the shadow of great cliffs, and by where bold towers tell the tales of the Harolds and Hakons who ruled in the misty and sanguinary days of old. We pass now and again small steamers speeding merrily along, flat-bottomed boats moored amid osier beds, rafts of wood, and specimens of the

famous Swedish craft deep laden with deals. Now an apology for a landing-stage comes into view, and soon a barefooted girl appears on the scene, who, in due season, seizes the ropes, hurries hither and thither, "moors" the vessel, shouts to the men in tones regardless of Shakespeare's dictum that a voice soft and low is an excellent thing in her sex, and, finally, she speeds the parting guest by disengaging the rope with an ease that a practised old salt might envy.

Pressing onward, we pass a little "borough" of some few hundred people, which suns itself by the river-side, watching its sawmills, and guarding its little Dutch-like houses, with their stunted poplars lining the river banks.

We diverge through locks, to escape a slight fall in the waters; and, whilst we wait for the opening of the gates, children come to us with plates of wild fruit. One, a little lad, by perseverance effects a sale, and produces a second supply, but his attempts are in vain; and, when we round off into the river again, he is still standing, like Patience, on a quay-side, if Patience ever wore a pair of trousers on which another patch could not be placed without infringing on the rights of previous possessors of the spot. And so on, with scenery changing constantly, with red-painted cottages and white country-seats dotted amongst the fir-trees; with pleasant company, varied food, excellent accommodation, publicity, and privacy at will—such is river-life in Sweden.

#### TROLLHATTEN FALLS.

Trollhätten Falls are by no means the highest in Scandinavia. The Norwegian Maanelv is said to fall, near Kongsberg, from seven times as great a height as the Gotha-Elf falls from at Trollhätten. The latter falls—or cataracts rather—are divided into many parts; there being four descents within a few hundred

yards, the highest of which, called Toppofallet, is not much above forty feet. Some of our British waterfalls, therefore, dwarf this ; but the body of water that falls at Trollhätten is immense. A many-gabled hotel is near to the falls, so near that in the rising moonlight the rising spray is seen as it is blown at times to the garden in front. In the moonlight the scene is worth the travel-troubles ten times told. The cottages of the village, with their wooden sides and tiled roofs, seem a dull red ; to the right is the chief of the falls, rushing through its granite rocks, and leaping, foaming, and hurrying over the boulders that strew its path. It dashes the rising foam over the yeasty sides of the rocks ; it sends upwards the spray-breath of its pants of agony ; and it raises one prolonged cry, that rises from a wail to a roar at the bidding of the fitful wind. Beyond, the saw-mills of the practical Swede are placed, with the piled rafts of fir-trunks, and a large manufactory for paper pulp. Over and around these, dim and darkly, the fir-woods stretch themselves in luxuriance—fragrant woods, whose trees are cone-laden, trunks plant-hidden, and whose roots creep down the steep banks of the river in search of soil to strike in. Through the waking hours the solemn song of Trollhätten shall follow you, and far into dream-land its burden shall be borne, bringing up with its wayward and weird notes sad strains and memories of yore. Teacher and preacher, it points to the attempt at all costs to do the daily duty, to the falls in the river of life, and the wild strains from those in the breakers to the full flow thereafter in the river, and its ending in the great sea of Eternal Life.

#### COMING BACK.

Coming back meant a pleasant scampering trip from Gothenburg by a roundabout route by sea and land. A pleasant sea passage down the Swedish coast, low

and sandy, with the background of fir-crested hills. "By thy stormy deep, Elsinore;" a stay at Helsingborg, all too short to explore the quaint town and the mines near. A short run to Copenhagen, queen of northern cities, enthroned porphyryogene! A glance at Tivoli's gardens, and at the beautiful environs that stretch Sound-wards to the King's summer-house, showing its glittering form to the Baltic-bound vessels. Then off, in the dying day, through a flat, level, uninteresting tract of country—sprinkled with thatched cottages, stout trees, and many-gabled farmsteads—to far Korsøer, whence, in the darkness, we take boat to Kiel, and glide over unruffled waters, till in early dawn we land at that receptacle of butter and bacon; and find that its railway refreshers have learnt the art of fleecing in a manner creditable to the "Mugby Junction," from whence they possibly acquire their knowledge.

Another few hours of jolting over birchen-belted meadows, and we are at Altona, and soon are set down at one of the rural stations which do duty for that Jew of cities near—Hamburg. Exploring its unsavoury streets, wandering even by its beautiful Alster, penetrating into the vast agglomerations of industry that litter its quay-sides with fruits uncounted, and glancing at the oleaginous dirty dens that strew the sides of the parts where sailors most do congregate, the mind reverts to the pleasant pictures of Swedish life to fill it. And when Hamburg's muddy stream is left behind, and the blue of the North Sea looms before, a sweet Swedish ballad of "Lilla Karin" hummed brings up Sweden to mind; and till the last hour whilst memory lingers, and mind mercifully treasures up the pleasant pictures of life, till "the silver cord be loosed and the golden bowl broken," amongst the sunniest of the photographs of memory will be some of the sights and impressions taken in Scandinavia.

J. W. STEEL.

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE,

BORN THIRD MONTH 19TH, 1813. DIED FIFTH MONTH 4TH, 1873.

BURIED FOURTH MONTH 18TH, 1874.

FROM out the grass-roofed hut in far Illala,  
 Beneath the shadow of the tropic palm,  
 Where sudden on that life of heat and labour  
 There settled evening's healing cool and calm ;

When he who through long years of toil had wandered,  
 Folded his hands for ever on his breast,  
 And they who watched him, drawing near with reverence,  
 Whispered, " The mighty master is at rest."

Up from the tangled groves and reedy thickets,  
 By lake and river's dank and marshy shore,  
 O'er mountain and o'er plain, 'mid foes and danger,  
 With faithful hands the cherished form they bore.

And many moons had come and gone upon them,  
 Until at last they reached the longed-for strand,  
 And then they brought their dead across the ocean,  
 And laid him down within his fathers' land.

Yes, long and grand the funeral march they gave him, .  
 Those sons of Afric', bringing home their trust,  
 Like those of old who through their desert journey  
 Bore up from Egypt Joseph's treasured dust.

Oh ! traveller from that unknown wild's recesses,  
 For thee may Britain well her hands outspread,  
 Well may she seek to give thee noblest burial,  
 And lay thee with the mighty of her dead.

No warrior thou, borne home from fields of slaughter,  
 With earthly pride and blood-bought honour crowned ;  
 But greater far, for deeds of highest daring,  
 Of mercy, and of Christian love, renowned.

Wails of the vanquished, groans of the despairing.  
Mar not the music of thy funeral hymn,  
And with no smoke of burning town and ruin,  
Or lands deserted, is thy glory dim.

For thou went'st forth to loose the iron fetters  
The spoiler's deeds of darkness to unveil,  
And in the spirit of thy Heavenly Master.  
The broken-hearted and oppressed to hail.

So, ages hence, when from her shores enlightened  
Glad voices peace and liberty proclaim,  
Shall Afric' still thy blessed memory cherish,  
And teach her sons this noble white man's name.

And worthy sepulture she too had found thee,  
Beside the long-sought fountains of her Nile,  
Within the shadow of her ancient mountains,  
Or where Marava's silver waters smile.

But fitter that with us thy dust should slumber,  
And since two lands must mourn their fallen brave,  
That Afric's hut should be thy funeral chamber  
While Britain gives her long-lost son a grave.

Yet wherefore reck where Livingstone is lying?—  
For long before our portals opened wide,  
With pomp and state to give those ashes burial,  
And lay the dust its kindred dust beside,—

Straight from that lonely hut of pain ascending,  
A soul had touched the everlasting shore,  
And joyful at the heavenly city's gateway  
A spirit entered to go out no more.

E. C. PEARSON.

*Fifth Month 5th, 1874.*

A FEW WORDS ON THE "PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS  
OF MARY SOMERVILLE."\*

MARY SOMERVILLE was born at Jedburgh, at the house of her uncle, the Rev. Dr. Somerville, on the 26th December, 1780, and died on the 29th of November, 1872; having very nearly completed her 92nd year. The memoir of her life is edited by her daughter, but consists principally of her own personal recollections, and leads one back to times so different from the present that I will venture to make a few extracts from the pages relating to her early life, and the country people amongst whom she lived; feeling sure that without doing so it will be impossible to form a just estimate of the noble and energetic character which enabled her to overcome so many difficulties, and earned for her the admiration and fame which at last were so largely her reward.

Her childhood was passed at the house of her father, Admiral Sir William Fairfax, at Burntisland, a quiet little seaport town, situated on the coast of Fife, immediately opposite Edinburgh. The inhabitants of the district were very simple and primitive in their manners, as may be judged from the following extract:—

"When a very poor couple were about to be married, the best man, or even the bridegroom himself, went from house to house, asking for small sums to enable them to have a wedding supper and pay the town fiddler for a dance; and any one

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\* *Personal Recollections of Mary Somerville.* By her Daughter. London: John Murray. 1873.



was admitted who paid a penny. The prisoners at the Tolbooth at this time used to let down bags from the prison windows to the passers by, begging for charity.

‘Licensed beggars, called ‘Gaberlunzie men,’ were still common. They wore a blue coat and tin badge, and wandered about the country, knew all that was going on, and were always welcome at the farm-houses, where the gude-wife liked to have a crack with the ‘blue-coat,’ and in return for his news gave him dinner or supper, as the case might be.

“There was another species of beggar of yet higher antiquity. If a man were a cripple and poor, his relations put him into a hand-barrow, and wheeled him to the next neighbour’s door and left him there. Some one came out, gave him an oat-cake or peasemeal bannock, and wheeled him to the next door; and in this way, going from house to house, he obtained a fair livelihood.”

When Mary Somerville was eight years old, her father, Admiral Fairfax, returned home after a long absence at sea, and seems to have been shocked to find how little his daughter’s education had progressed, as at that age she could only read very badly, and had not learned to write at all; so to make up for lost time, he began to make her read a chapter out of the Bible to him every morning, and sometimes added a paper from the *Spectator*. This last seems to have been very distasteful to his little pupil, and she adds: “in consequence of which discipline I have never opened the book since!” She far more enjoyed assisting him in the cultivation of his garden, of which he was very fond; and she soon became clever in laying carnations, &c., and distinguishing between the leaf and flower buds in pruning the fruit trees. But this also came to an end, her father saying, “This life will never do. Mary must at least know how to write and keep accounts;” so at ten years old she was sent to a boarding-school.

The change from perfect freedom—wandering alone on the grassy links, and wild sea-shore, collecting

flowers and shells—to the perpetual restraint of school life was very irksome. The chief lesson seems to have been a page from Johnson's Dictionary; not only to spell the words and give their meanings, but also the parts of speech, and, as a still further exercise of memory, to remember their order of succession. Here she also learned to write, and acquired the rudiments of French and English grammar. However, soon after her return home, she received a letter from a lady in the neighbourhood, inquiring after her mother, who had been ill. This greatly distressed her, for she says, "I could neither compose an answer, nor spell the words, and my half-text writing was as bad as possible." Fortunately a cousin, who was then on a visit, got her out of the difficulty by writing for her.

The school at Musselburgh had been expensive, and she was reproached with having cost so much money in vain. Mrs. Fairfax said she would have been satisfied had Mary learned even to write and keep accounts, which was all a woman was expected to know! Still her return to freedom was delightful to her, and again she searched the rocks at low tide, and learned much of the habits of the sea-creatures she found there; and became well acquainted with the shells and sea-weeds, of which she made a collection (though for long afterwards ignorant of their scientific names); and to it she added a number of wild birds' eggs, and, what puzzled her exceedingly at the time, some pieces of limestone from a little pier, in which she found impressions of what seemed to be leaves. So passed her life along, until her father's death, when her aunt Janet went to live with her mother. The lady, though very agreeable and witty, had all the prejudices of the time with regard to women's duties; and she remarked to Mrs. Fairfax, "I wonder you let Mary waste her time reading and wandering about, she never sews

more than if she were a man." Whereupon Mary was sent to the village school to learn plain needle-work, and remained there until she could make a shirt all by herself, after which the house linen was committed to her care to make and mend.

She had by this time become very fond of reading, and was annoyed to find it so much disapproved of; thinking it unjust that women should have been given the desire for knowledge if it were wrong to acquire it. Among her father's books she had found "*Chapone's Letters to Young Women*," and she resolved to follow the course of history there recommended, the more so as she had access to most of the works mentioned. Her memory was not good, and she was often perplexed by her inability to remember names and dates. Years afterwards she studied a "*Memoria Technica*" with little success, though in her youth she could play long pieces of music without notes, and never forgot mathematical formulæ. At the village school the boys were allowed to learn Latin, but it was thought sufficient for the girls to sew and read the Bible.

When thirteen years of age her mother took her to Edinburgh for the winter, where her studies were continued, and on her return home she practised music four or five hours every day, and taught herself enough Latin to read "*Cæsar's Commentaries*." In the summer she paid a visit to her uncle Dr. Somerville, and during her long walks with him gathered courage to tell him that she had tried to teach herself Latin, but feared that she would never be able to conquer its difficulties. To her delight he encouraged her, and even offered to assist her for an hour or two in his study each morning before breakfast. These were some of her happiest days—the sympathy shown her by her uncle and aunt was refreshing—the loveliness of the inland country charmed her, so that she never

tired of looking at the woods and tree-crowned precipices, and her mind expanded and grew in the sweet sunshine round her.

Her next visit was to her uncle William Charters, of Edinburgh. He was a violent "Tory;" and his exaggerated abuse of the opposite party, made his niece into a thorough "Liberal." Her mind had always revolted against oppression and tyranny; and she adds, "My liberal opinions, both in religion and politics, have remained unchanged (or rather advanced) throughout my life, but I have never been a Republican." On her return home from this visit she saw, in an illustrated magazine of fashion, the introduction to what proved the great study of her life. But I will give her own words:—

"I was often invited with my mother to the tea-parties given either by widows or maiden-ladies who resided at Burntisland. A pool of commerce used to be keenly contested till a late hour at these parties, which bored me exceedingly, but I there became acquainted with a Miss Ogilvie, much younger than the rest, who asked me to go and see fancy works she was doing, and at which she was very clever. I went next day, and after admiring her work, and being told how it was done, she showed me a monthly magazine with coloured plates of ladies' dresses, charades, and puzzles. At the end of a page I read what appeared to me to be simply an arithmetical question; but on turning the page I was surprised to find strange looking lines mixed with letters, chiefly X's and Y's, and asked, 'What is that?' 'Oh,' said Miss Ogilvie, 'it is a kind of arithmetic; they call it Algebra; but I can tell you nothing about it.' We talked about other things, but on going home I thought I would look if any of our books could tell me anything of Algebra.

"In Robertson's Navigation I flattered myself that I had got precisely what I wanted; but soon found I was mistaken. I perceived, however, that astronomy did not consist in star gazing, and certainly got a dim view of several subjects which were useful to me afterwards. Unfortunately not one of our acquaintance knew anything of science or natural history,

nor, had they done so, should I have dared to ask any of them a question, for I should have been laughed at. I was often sad and forlorn; not a hand held out to help me.

“ My uncle and aunt Charters took a house at Burntisland for the summer, and a lady named Miss Melville came to pay them a visit. She painted miniatures, and from seeing her work I took a fancy to learn to draw, and actually wasted time in copying prints; but this circumstance enabled me to get elementary books on algebra and geometry without asking questions of any one, as will be explained afterwards. Nasmyth, an exceedingly good landscape painter, opened a school in Edinburgh, a proof of the gradual improvement which was taking place in the education of the higher classes. My mother very willingly allowed me to attend it. The class was very full. I was not taught to draw, but looked on while Nasmyth painted: then a picture was given me to copy, my master correcting the faults. Though I spoiled canvas, I had made some progress by the end of the season.

“ Mr. Nasmyth, besides being a good artist, was clever, well-informed, and had a good deal of conversation. One day I happened to be near him while he was talking to the Ladies Douglas on perspective. He said, ‘ You should study Euclid’s Elements of Geometry, the foundation, not only of perspective, but of astronomy and all mechanical science.’ Here, in the most unexpected manner, I got the information I wanted; for I at once saw it would help me to understand some parts of Robertson’s Navigation; but as to going to a bookseller and asking for Euclid, the thing was impossible. Besides, I did not yet know anything definite about algebra, so no more could be done at that time; but I never lost sight of an object which had so interested me from the first.”

So began the study which she pursued throughout her long eventful life, and in which she excelled almost all her contemporaries. At the age of twenty-four she was married to her cousin Samuel Grieg, with whom she lived happily for three years, when he died, and she returned to the old home at Burntisland a widow, with two little boys, the youngest of whom died in childhood. She spent most of her time in the care of these children, and also renewed her mathe-

matical studies, which she had almost discontinued during her married life, as her husband felt no interest in them and possessed to the full the prejudice against learned women so common at that time. Many people thought her eccentric and odd, especially some of her own family.

In 1812 she was married again to another cousin, William Somerville, and this again put an end to her scientific pursuits for awhile, but not for long, as he entirely sympathised with her tastes, and warmly entered into all her ideas, encouraging her zeal to the uttermost, and affording her every facility for its exercise in his power. His love and admiration for her were unbounded, and he frankly acknowledged her superiority and felt an honest pride and gratification in the fame and honours she obtained.

Now, at the age of thirty-two, she was at last comprehended, and henceforth her life is one long series of triumphs. She wrote and published four scientific books—namely, “The Mechanism of the Heavens,” “The Connection of the Physical Sciences,” “Physical Geography,” and “Molecular and Microscopic Science.” She was elected an Associate of the College of the “Resurgenti” and the Royal Academy of Science at Arresso. Amongst her intimate friends and correspondents she numbered Lord Brougham, Sir W. Scott, the Herschells, Sir Robert Peel, Professors Sedgwick and Laplace, Hallam, Admiral Smyth, Lord Rosse, Humboldt, Faraday, John Stuart Mill, Maria Edgeworth, Frances P. Cobbe, Joanna Baillie, and many others; yet withal she never neglected her duties as a wife and mother, being deeply impressed with the feeling that it was thus, as well as by the cultivation of her intellectual powers, that she could best live to the glory of God.

Her daughter remarks, in reference to the freshness and vigour of her intellect, that—

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"It is not unusual to see persons in youth whose opinions are far in advance of the age in which they live, but who afterwards crystallise and lose the faculty of comprehending and accepting new ideas and theories; so that at last they remain as far behind as they once were in advance of public opinion. Not so Mary Somerville. Everything in nature spoke to her of that Great God who created all things, the grand and sublimely beautiful, as well as the exquisitely lovely among minute objects. Above all, in the laws which science unveils step by step, she ever found motives for the love and admiration of their Author and Sustainer.

"She early accepted the modern theories respecting the Mosaic account of the Deluge, &c., and the revelations of geology, seeing in them nothing in any way hostile to *true religion*; and her early candid avowal of her views on this and kindred subjects caused her to be publicly censured by name from the pulpit of York Cathedral; but she still looked forward without doubt and fear to the further modifications in opinion which continued discoveries must make, her constant prayer being for *Light and Truth*!

"She never discussed religious subjects in general society, considering them too sacred to be talked of lightly; but with those of her intimate friends who were near and dear to her, and whose opinions agreed with her own, she spoke freely and willingly. Her mind was constantly occupied with thoughts on religion, and in her last years especially she reflected much on that future world which she expected so soon to enter, and lifted up her heart still more frequently to that good Father whom she had loved so fervently all her life, and in whose merciful care she fearlessly trusted her last hour."

She had many sorrows, but her sunny disposition ever led her to turn from the shadows to all that is *bright* in mortal life, and so she passed on to a beautiful old age.

I will draw this sketch to a close by again quoting her own words, the last she ever penned:—

"Though advanced in years, I still take as lively an interest as ever in passing events. I regret that I shall not live to know the result of the expedition to determine the currents of the ocean, the distance of the earth from the sun, deter-

mined by the transit of Venus, and the source of the most renowned of rivers, the discovery of which will immortalise the name of Dr. Livingstone. But I regret most of all that I shall not see the suppression of the most atrocious system of slavery that ever disgraced humanity—that made known to the world by Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Stanley, and which Sir Bartle Frere has gone to suppress by order of the British Government.

“The Blue Peter has long been flying at my foremast, and now that I am in my ninety-second year, I must soon expect the signal for sailing. It is a solemn voyage, but it does not disturb my tranquillity. Deeply sensible of my utter unworthiness, and profoundly grateful for the innumerable blessings I have received, I trust in the infinite mercy of my Almighty Creator. I have every reason to be thankful that my intellect is still unimpaired; and although my strength is weakness, my daughters support my tottering steps, and, by incessant care and help, make the infirmities of age as light to me that I am perfectly happy.”

She died, in sleep, on the morning of the 29th November, 1872, and her remains rest in the English Campo Santo at Naples.

I trust the foregoing extracts and short summary of the career of this remarkable woman will induce many of your readers, who may not already have perused these “*Personal Recollections*,” to order the book, under the assurance that their time will be amply rewarded in its perusal.

L'ESPERANCE.



## FRAGMENTS FOR THOUGHT.

“ New things and old co-twisted.”—TENNYSON.

STRANGE things Sir Gawain heard in Camelot,  
And saw as strange ; and yet that was not strange ;  
For people see “ according to their sight.”  
King Arthur said so, Gawain’s Prince and head.  
And after Gawain’s death another knight,  
King Arthur’s first and last, Sir Bedivere  
Adds this opinion, copied, or his own :  
“ Light was Gawain in life, and light in death  
Is Gawain, for the ghost is as the man.”  
Therefore it was not strange that the light things  
Of Camelot, frivolity and chaff,  
The “ high-heeled, low-browed damsels,” and the re:  
Who would attract him and he would attract,—  
Should find him out and be first noticed there.

King Arthur’s words have wisdom in them still.  
We see, what we bring power to see. No more ;  
We hear, according to our hearing sense.  
One man detects the distant spire or sail  
On the horizon, where his neighbour’s eye  
Finds absolutely nothing. Nor alone  
In distant views occurs the difference.  
“ Look at this lovely insect on my hand ! ”  
Cries one ; “ Where ? ” asks his friend ; “ I see the hand,”  
But nothing on it, or the smallest speck.”—

One man hears tones of music, high or low,  
Where to another all is silent, dead.  
A third, while hearing, may not understand.  
’Tis sound, unmeaning sound, to such an one,

But yet 'tis something that he hears a sound.  
What then? Are those whose senses cannot feel  
The finer, higher waves which beat on them,  
To blame? No surely! or if blame there be  
The punishment goes with it in the lack.  
*Those* are to blame, who, better organised,  
Or better taught, could see if they would look,  
Could hear if they would listen. Or those  
Who see and hear less than they might perceive,  
For want of culture which they could have had  
But seized not.—If this be true of powers  
Physical—the wood, and string, and metal,—  
We, being instruments, 'tis no less true  
Of mental powers,—the tone and temperament  
Which give these things inanimate, their life.

Again King Arthur of the Table Round.

Once when Sir Gawain, our impulsive Knight,  
Bold and irreverent, would sally forth  
To seek what others sought—yet scorning it,  
“Being too blind to have desire to see,”  
Thus told him Arthur, wise and blameless man;—  
Yet *was* he man? or an embodiment  
Of men's high aspirations, and ideas  
Of spiritual perfection which must have  
A form to clothe them, while men dwell in forms?  
I know not which he was, a man or myth,  
Ideal or historical, nor care;  
We want the teaching;—Arthur tells Gawain  
He is not fit, not worthy for this Quest,  
That “as the instrument, so comes the sound.”  
That e'en when God made music in the past  
Through Bard and Prophet; or, in later times,  
Through men with other names, “He could but speak  
His music by the framework, and the chord.”

We hear much in these "Science-lecture" days  
Of Latent Power—Potential Energy—  
The Force of Elements still uncombined—  
Old sunshine "bottled up" within the mine,  
And—by some witchery these men call law—  
Changed in the lapse of ages into coal,  
A store of Force and Energy to-day.  
It may be measured, we are told, and weighed,  
So many tons of fuel, so much force.

But where exists the man so bold and wise  
That he can tell the Latent Power in *us*?  
What stores of "Light and Sweetness" lie within?  
What Energy potential—dormant yet?

Only the One can tell who knows the frame  
And all about the wondrous instrument  
Each has received to use and keep in tune.

Only the One who, when He speaks, still gives  
"His music by the framework and the chord,"  
Requiring us to keep the framework right,  
The chords still true, that if the music come  
It be not marred by jarring instrument.

Sir Gawain started us along a road  
That we have followed further than at first  
Was meant; yet I would ask, before we part,  
Leave to suggest one thought, one fragment, more.  
While striving earnestly that we shall miss  
No measure of the height we can attain,  
Through want of care and culture, we need not  
Give up the lighter pleasantries of life,  
But rather hold the bright and beautiful  
Where'er we find them—in flowers, in music,  
Or in poetry, and I would even add  
In fiction too; but let us take good care  
That what we hold is bright and beautiful!

## NOTES FROM AMERICA.

SOUNDINGS IN "THE CONFERENCE" OF FRIENDS, HELD IN  
LONDON, ELEVENTH MONTH, 1873.—No. I.

ALTHOUGH the state of our Society in America is somewhat different from that in England and Ireland, the same causes of decline in life and power are evident. The soundings to find these causes, and the causes of "the lessened interest in meetings for transacting the affairs of the Church" come nearer the bottom as they come nearer to "*the love of the world.*"

This is the *grand bank of danger* to the whole Church everywhere, and has been the cause of more "shipwreck of faith and of a good conscience" than all other causes put together. A member from York called attention to the representative character of many of the men composing the Conference, some from positions of influence in public affairs, of finance, of commerce, manufactures and literature, and pointed out the secret of their success, viz., singleness of aim and earnestness of effort, showing that the reason why we had not now strength in the Church was, that we did not carry the same rule into it that a business man would into his business, i.e., the rule of doing with our might—the rule of whole heartedness, the same which is forcibly expressed in the First Commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy mind, with all thy soul, and with all thy strength." True allegiance cannot be divided or vacillating, for "If any man love the world the love of the Father is not in him." If every one knew the Gospel axe laid to

the root of this corrupt tree in himself, how quickly would we see the disease, and its true diagnosis in the Church, and skilfully set about applying the remedy ! We may as well sum up at once, that the love of the world has too much place in us and among us ; we are too far from the primitive standard of discipleship, viz., the *dedication* implied in “Lo ! *we have left all and followed Thee.*” We have a history ; sentimentalities will not keep us steady. We must read our history, and meet facts in earnest. These are set forth in the Essex Minute :—

“The religious condition of our meetings, as brought before us by the Answers to the Queries, Tabular Statements, &c., has been under our serious consideration on this and some previous occasions ; and believing that the low state which is felt to exist amongst us is by no means an exceptional one in the Society, this meeting thinks it right to suggest to the Quarterly Meeting that a Proposition be forwarded to the Yearly Meeting inviting a Conference to be held at some suitable time, composed of Friends representing all parts of the country, seriously to deliberate upon the present state of our Society in England ; more especially in reference to the decrease in the attendance of our meetings for worship, held on First-day afternoons or evenings, and on other days of the week ; the lessened interest apparent in many places in the meetings for transacting the affairs of the Church ; the relative decline in the number of members ; the amount of religious teaching and pastoral care bestowed on its members ; and its action as a Church on the world at large.

“We are the more disposed to make this proposition from the fact that the discussions on the state of the Society in the Yearly Meeting, however interesting and instructive, are generally admitted to be of a less practical character than could be desired, and the time for them is necessarily very limited. It is thought that in a Conference specially appointed for the purpose there would be more freedom of expression among the members generally than in the meeting at large.

“In making this proposal we would by no means be understood as expressing an opinion as to any particular course of

action, but we believe that benefit would result from a full and free exchange of sentiment on subjects affecting the best interests of our Society, and which are largely engaging the thoughts of Friends. We cannot but hope, too, that the result would tend to the confirmation and establishment of our members."

Is the lameness in our organisation? or in the condition of the organs? Is it the want of functionaries? or the want of life and vigour in the circulation and relationship of those constituencies which now make up the Body of the Church?

It is safe almost to say that there is not one essential lacking in our Church organisation for accomplishing all her pastoral and evangelical work. True there has been some partial legislation in some Yearly Meetings, and some functions assumed by them founded in local usages which, in those meetings, tend to hinder the word of the Lord from having free course among their members; but there is not, it is believed, any disciplinary obstruction if the members were only united on the right ground.

It clearly appeared in the showing from some of your meetings, that they *had not the members* who were willing to give themselves to the Lord's work, on account of the claims of their business; that their gatherings were often dry times, and not edifying—nobody appearing ready for the business of the Church. But all the pastors were there, and the best of them can't keep the flock alive if they won't eat and drink. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness! for they shall be filled."

Our highest aims and efforts can do no better than direct them to the Chief Shepherd and Bishop of our souls,—*point to Christ*, and preach Him as "the Wisdom of God, and the Power of God"—the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world; by whom God now speaketh "*unto us*;" and He speaketh

unto us by His Spirit. Then *He Himself* "*will find them, and lead them beside living water.*"

NO. II.

What gathers and keeps gathered into the Divine harmony, is the Gospel of Christ. That is, the *free Gospel*: free in its distribution, according to His own command,—“Freely ye have received, freely give;” free in its exercise by authorised functions in the Church, so that the “water of life” may flow through the “chosen vessels” “without money and without price:” free also in its acceptance; so that neither “partiality” nor tradition, nor worldly-mindedness, may, in any mind, oppose the working thereof.

Since my very pleasant sojourn among Friends in England—yearning as I do for their faithful abiding in the Truth as it is in Jesus Christ, as well as for our abiding in the same—nothing presents itself to my mind with more fervency than the desire that the standard of the Free Gospel may be valiantly held up with the inscription, “One God, and one Mediator between God and man.” No one-man system of Gospel ministry.

What gathers the sincere seekers after the Truth among the Freedmen of our country is this platform of a Free Gospel, and an unpaid ministry. They like to stand on that platform; for there they can feel the power of the Holy Ghost falling upon them individually, and congregationally; and can say, with the Apostle, “as in the beginning;” which expression shows that the Apostles waited for it, as on the day of Pentecost; and that *that* is the true test of its power.

Oh Friends! whatever you attempt to do for the help of the Church, I entreat you refrain from every *approach to human leadership in worship*, from every wedge-opening, however thin-edged, which would lead to fettering the Gospel power in any way; or popularise the idea of a stated or paid ministry.

*Germantown, Philadelphia, U.S.*      YARDLEY WARNER.

## VOICE FROM SOUTHAMPTON.—No. IX.

"THE lively Packet Port," whose doings we have at various times chronicled in these pages, has lately displayed a costume of a very different description. No one could have walked its airy streets, or listened to the passing hum of conversation from the many groups of anxious faces gathered together in small clusters, without being aware that some sad object of common interest was engrossing the attention of its usually vivacious inhabitants.

Impulsive alike in their joys as in their griefs, this reaction was the more noticeable, and even in the minds of strangers could hardly fail to awaken a sympathetic interest. A seaport town is ever specially subject to those sudden revulsions of feeling which arise from the reception of good or ill news concerning its sailor population who "go down to the sea in ships and do business in great waters." It would indeed be difficult to describe the extremely varied feelings with which from time to time the arrival of our mail packets is anticipated by the anxious relatives and friends of those who navigate them. In Southampton not only are there those common anxieties which are awakened in every expectant breast on behalf of some of the crew—such as whether they may have been drafted to another ship, or prevented by ill health, or a hundred other causes, from now returning—but alarming rumours of yellow fever at St. Thomas's, shipwrecks in the Red Sea, or breaking down of machinery on their passage home, so often outstrip authentic particulars, that the inha-



bitants are kept in a continuous state of tension, whilst not unfrequently the ominous yellow flag floating at the masthead warns a whole population of the presence of fell disease on board, and the death of one or more of the men. Then the terrible disquietude of hours or even of minutes of utter uncertainty as to which, or how many, have passed into eternity—(often magnified by the false alarms and fears of a multitude of troubled wives, mothers, and sisters)—induces an intensity of suspense almost incomprehensible to an inland town.

Southampton has done its part in the reception of many a noted personage—sometimes welcoming, and sometimes firmly resisting its sea-visitors. In A.D. 837 the Danes sailed up its beautiful and enticing waters, but were repulsed by Wulfhord. In 860, however, they succeeded in landing and paying a most unwelcome visit, afterwards proceeding to and capturing the royal and ancient city of Winchester, but were eventually defeated by the Earls of Southampton and Berkshire. In 1017 this good old town welcomed Canute the Great, who, some sixteen years afterwards, vainly endeavoured to stop the onflow of its returning tide, by planting his royal feet upon its then sandy beach, ejaculating the well-known words, “Thus far only shalt thou go.” And so on through the ages that are passed—was this good town visited by kings, lords, and high-born dames in triumphal procession through the old Bar-gate.

The second William was shot in the New Forest, within a few miles of Southampton; and in the Friends’ burial-ground was laid, some twenty years since, a lad—William Rufus Purkis—a direct descendant of the man who, 750 years ago, took charge of the wounded king. In 1186 King Henry II. and Queen Eleanor here disembarked joyously from their French dominions; whilst 150 years subsequently,

in 1336, the French landed hostilely, and, after a great slaughter of the inhabitants, sacked and burnt the town. Amongst its archives we find this lively people giving hearty reception on several occasions to Queen Elizabeth, and three years after the appearance and defeat of the Spanish Armada in the Channel, they entertained her Majesty for four days, but afterwards complained of the "great charge the town was att in receaving of the Queene's Majestie."

In 1625 Charles I. resided with his council for a time at Southampton. But the mayor and burgesses having eventually declared to hold the town for the Parliament, happily its venerable walls were never scathed and battered by Cromwell's iron balls.

In 1843 our gracious Queen Victoria and Prince Albert paid a regal visit, and from that day to the present the mayor and corporation have been intent on paying municipal honours, and giving an almost triumphal reception to Kossuth, Garibaldi, Palmerston, and many other men of lesser fame.

But now, as we have already said, the scene is changed. The flags that on former occasions have proudly floated from the mast-heads of her shipping, and waved from the numberless flag-staffs which decorate the housetops in her main thoroughfares are all down-stricken. "Half-mast" is the universal order for the day, and intensely sad is the feeling produced by this simple movement, upon the spirits of every spectator. I know not whether the idea of mourning is, in "the eternal fitness of things," instinctively associated with the spectacle of bunting thus hoisted half-mast high; but this is certain, that in a seaport town nothing carries with it so universal a sense of bereavement, mourning, and death, as this simple, unostentatious act of respect. Plumed hearses, craped hats and bands, mourning costumes, mutes, and velvet palls, alike fail in com-

municating the general sense of a *loss* sustained, in comparison to the universal lowering of ensign and burgee. Such was the feeling which now overspread our whole community at early morn when the *Malwa* was telegraphed as being off the Needles, at Alum Bay, and the pre-arranged signal of "Ensign half-mast" from the old Bar Gate and Council Chamber, quickly followed by a host of others, conveyed to an expectant people the intelligence that the remains of the great and noble-hearted Dr. Livingstone had reached our waters.

For days had this steamer been expected. Telegraphed as usual from Gibraltar, some of his sorrowing friends anticipated her arrival on Sunday; others maintained that Monday at latest would be the period; but these days came and went without fresh tidings of the missing vessel. The like condition of things remained on Tuesday, and then the Wednesday!—still no news. Continually throughout each day did many a citizen come forth, and gaze peeringly at the undraped flag-staffs, and never before had they appeared to me so offensively and unutterably bare as now, when every eye was fixed upon them, longing to see the half-mast signal raised on high.

It was the one topic of conversation:—the *Malwa's* name itself was rarely mentioned, but at the doors of houses in every bye-street were groups of women and men talking about "*her*." Where was "*she*"? Any news of "*her*." No explanation was needed to prove who "*she*" was, that was thus the object of universal anxiety; and rumour, with its hundred tongues, was busy in conjuring up the strangest and the saddest and the wildest "confidential" stories of her mishaps. But, as I have said, the sorrowful yet thankful day at last arrived when the *Malwa*, with her precious freight of the roughly-made coffin, containing the mortal remains of the immortal Livingstone, steamed

slowly into the docks, and shortly afterwards the body of the great Christian traveller and philanthropist was placed on board the *Queen* steamer, and slowly conveyed to the Royal Pier, where an unexampled crowd of friends and mourners awaited the landing of the remains.

Many an ovation have I seen in Southampton to people, good and bad; when large masses of the population, especially of children and women, flocked forth to witness the pageant. I have looked upon processions of all kinds, including the triumphal entry of Garibaldi—"the king uncrowned," as his friends here loved to call him—but never have I beheld so general an assemblage of men of all classes, conditions, and opinions, as now gathered from all parts to pay the last tribute of grateful homage and respect to the illustrious Livingstone.

The programme of the sorrowing procession included not only the mayor and corporation, but also magistrates of the borough and county; the members of all the public boards of the town,—of the different medical and philosophical societies, the ministers of all denominations, followed by Sunday school teachers, and sailors of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, all of which bodies attended in large numbers to testify their grateful esteem for the departed Hero. These, together with the personal relations and friends of the deceased, including Mr. Stanley, Rev. Dr. Moffatt, and Jacob Wainwright, were gathered at the pier head as the *Queen* steamer approached with the rudely-constructed coffin resting upon her deck, enshrouded only with the plain Union Jack of Old England, and upon its debarkation a large wreath of pure white camelias was placed by a lady upon the now uncovered bier. Then came the measured tramp of the military band, who followed close behind the hearse, and ever and anon throughout the

long line of procession, wafted along by the cold and fitful wind, arose the wail of martial music, breathing forth in plaintive and most touching strains the well-known "Dead March" in *Saul*. Combined with this was the muffled peal of bells from the Holy Rhood and St. Michael's Church towers, past which the sad procession moved, and the booming of the minute-guns from the quay; whilst every shop along the route of a mile or more was closed, and ensigns and Union Jacks floated moodily at half-mast from every flag-staff. The long *cortège* was almost wholly on foot, but was not inappropriately wound up with the sober livery of a woman Friend's carriage and pair, whilst a swarthy and intelligent negro had chartered on his own behalf a four-wheeled carriage, in which he sat alone, bearing aloft a homely-made white banner, with a deep black border, and the significant but truth-telling inscription upon its surface, "*Dr. Livingstone, the friend of the negro.*"

It was impossible to look upon this immense, spontaneous, and solemn popular triumph unmoved; and as this long line of followers marched along slowly through the thousands of people gathered on either side the streets, whilst balconies and windows were filled with faces grave and subdued with sympathetic feeling for the dead, the mind of the spectator turned involuntarily to that rude and lonesome hut where, nearly twelve months' ago, England's great and noble-hearted traveller drew his last breath.

I need not dwell upon the scene which followed in Westminster three days afterwards, as it lay beyond Southampton's ken; but to complete my narrative of the unexampled national honour paid by a whole people, not to a warrior or mighty prince, or peer, but to a peace-loving Christian traveller and missionary of unpretentious mien, it seems needful to append a short record of the final act of committing his body to its

last resting-place, in the sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection.

“ ‘His body (says a graphic chronicler of these events) “is buried in peace.” With those words David Livingstone was buried on Saturday in Westminster Abbey, in the 60th year of his age. The sentence was appropriate, for Livingstone was pre-eminently a man of peace. Under circumstances which would probably to most persons have justified the exercise of force he kept the sword in its sheath, and his career proved that he fared as well and achieved as much on peace principles amongst the savage tribes of Africa as the most fire-eating explorer could have done.

“ Like his life so was his death—peace. In solitude, and depression, he died tranquilly amidst his handful of faithful followers. His remains, brought through a toilsome march beyond the sea, were allowed to rest a brief space in what might fitly be termed his home—the rooms of the Royal Geographical Society; and in one of them he lay surrounded by the trophies of peace, his own conspicuous amongst them. Touchingly they appealed to those persons who on Saturday morning were privileged to take part in a brief impromptu service held in the Map-room. There were not many present, but the few will never forget it. There was no portion of the proceedings of the day more touching than the moment when the members of this small congregation, representing various classes of men, many of them bronzed and travel-worn, bowed their heads in reverence to listen to Mr. Hamilton’s words. The service was impressive in its simplicity, and none the less impressive because of its extreme brevity. A few selected verses from the Old and New Testaments reminded the strongest that death was stronger than they, the youngest that life was uncertain, the greatest in rank that the grave is an unerring leveller, and everyone that if in this life only we have hope, then are we of all men the most miserable.

“ The minister concluded with an extempore prayer of singular beauty. In the name of the mourning nation he praised the Almighty for what Livingstone was, and what he did—for what he achieved for his country, and the far distant land to which he devoted his life—that he was the means of bringing freedom to the oppressed and enslaved, and light to the

people sitting in darkness and heathendom. 'Thou hast,' Mr. Hamilton continued, 'seen fit to take him away ere his work here seemed to us completed, but we rejoice to know and to believe that Thou hast taken him to be with Thyself, and that now, all his journeys here on earth having ended, he has entered upon the rest that remains. May we be faithful and true, following the example of Thy servant in so far as he walked in the Master's footsteps, and may we use faithfully and truly for Thee the gifts, talents, and opportunities given to us. Solemnise our minds as we go to the place appointed for the dead, and as the remains of our brother are laid to dust, may each of us, remembering that here we are but strangers and pilgrims, hear the voice, 'I am the resurrection and the life.'

"Westminster Abbey has not for many years been so crowded as it was on Saturday. Admission was by ticket; the application at the outset far outnumbered the seats. Every part of the church was crammed—so crammed that many ticket-holders who were entitled to places in the choir, unable to get there, were compelled to put up with such accommodation as they could find in the densely-thronged north transept."

"The grand funeral dirge, the 90th Psalm, was sung to Purcell's music, and Canon Conway read the equally grand exposition of the Resurrection written by Paul the Apostle to the Corinthian Church. While the Canon read the Epistle the Abbey was cast in a gloom which seemed to creep down the aisles and shroud the grey walls and columns in a gauze of blue mist. The light in the roof, which had till then been silver-bright, now became a sickly straw colour. The precentor announced Doddridge's well-known hymn—

'O God of Bethel, by whose hand  
Thy people still are fed,  
Who through this weary pilgrimage  
Hast all our fathers led.'

It cannot be often that such a superb outburst of congregational singing resounds through the hoary archways of Westminster Abbey. There were many in the congregation who were intimately acquainted with the composition, and who doubtless had often sung it under other circumstances, and now, as if to make up for those parts of the service in which

they could not share, joined in a fine volume of harmony. The hymn was aptly chosen, and the third verse was vividly illustrated in the dark object raised in sight of all—

‘ Through each perplexing path of life  
Our wandering footsteps guide :  
Give us each day our daily bread,  
And every want provide.

‘ O spread Thy covering wings around  
Till all our wanderings cease,  
And at our Father’s loved abode  
Our souls arrive in peace !’

“ Immediately on the conclusion of this hymn the march to the grave was begun, the chief mourners following in the order observed on entering. But the congregation left their seats, and pressed after, so that many who should have been near the grave gave up the attempt. Before the coffin, with its pile of wreaths and garlands, had been lowered into the ancient dust, there was no semblance of a passage in the nave. Of the many funerals that have been celebrated in Westminster Abbey in our time, none could equal this in advantage from the position of the grave. It had been dug in the very centre of the nave, and a gradually ascending platform had been raised to the boundary, bringing the burial within sight of all. A narrow space in the middle of the immense crowd reflected the darkness of the grave. Mr. Webb and Colonel Grant, both friends of Livingstone, and African travellers, towered head and shoulders above their fellows. Sometimes when there was a movement amongst the masses, other prominent mourners were seen for a moment. About the time when the bands were removed from the lowered coffin the sun had regained its power, and the nave was flooded with brightness.

“ Dean Stanley performed his part with much impressive fervour; every one heard the sentence, “Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God of His great mercy to take unto Himself the soul of our dear brother,” &c. The deep volume of sound which filled the church when the spectators repeated the Lord’s Prayer was almost as remarkable as the singing of the hymn.”

Such was the closing scene of this eventful life. A career as remarkable in its close, and after its close,



as it was in its progress through long years of unabated courage and energy under circumstances that might well have appalled and cowed the stoutest heart. So extraordinary, in fact, were the circumstances succeeding his death, that only by slow degrees did England seem even able to comprehend, much less to believe, the plain facts concerning it.

The telegraphic intelligence of March 30th, 1874, stated that:—

“Dr. Livingstone had been ill with chronic dysentery for several months past. Although well supplied with stores and medicines, he seems to have had a presentiment that the attack would prove fatal. He rode a donkey, but was subsequently carried, and thus arrived at Mulula, beyond Lake Bemba, in Bisa country, when he said, ‘Build me a hut to die in.’ The hut was built by his followers, who first made him a bed. He suffered greatly, groaning night and day. On the third day he said, ‘I am very cold: put more grass over the hut.’ His followers did not speak or go near him. Kitumbo, chief of Bisa, sent flour and beans, and behaved well to the party.

“On the fourth day Livingstone became insensible, and died about midnight. Majuahra, his servant, was present. His last entry in diary was on April 27. He spoke much and sadly of home and family. When first seized he told his followers he intended to exchange everything for ivory to give to them, and to push on to Ujiji and Zanzibar, and try to reach England. On the day of his death the followers consulted what to do. The Nassick boys determined to preserve the remains. They were afraid to inform the Chief of Livingstone’s death. The Secretary removed the body to another hut, around which he built a high fence to insure privacy. They opened the body and removed the internals, which were placed in a tin box, and buried inside the fence under a large tree. Jacob Wainwright cut inscription on the tree as follows:—‘Dr. Livingstone; died on May 4th, 1873,’ and superscribed the name of the head man Susa.

“The body was preserved in salt, and dried in the sun for twelve days. Kitumbo was then informed of the death, and beat drums and fired, as a token of respect, and allowed the followers to remove the body, which was placed in a coffin formed of bark: then journeyed to Unyanyembe about six

months, sending an advance party with information addressed to Livingstone's son, which met Cameron. The latter sent back a bale of cloth and powder. The body arrived at Unyanyembe ten days after the advance party, and rested there a fortnight. Cameron, Murphy, and Dillon together there; latter very ill, blind, and mind affected. Suicided at Kasakera; buried there.

"Here Livingstone's remains were put in another bark case, smaller, done up as a bale to deceive the natives, who objected to the passage of the corpse, which was thus carried to Zanzibar. Livingstone's clothing, papers, and instruments accompany the body. When ill Livingstone prayed much. At Muilala he said, 'I am going home.'"

It is, perhaps, one of the most remarkable tributes of respect and honour ever paid to human being, that these Nassick boys should have set aside all national and negro prejudices against embalming the dead, and in so tropical a climate have persevered, during eight or nine long months, in conveying a dead body over 1,500 miles of pathless inland territory to the sea-coast, without other object or hope than that of faithfully delivering the remains to his friends.

So stupendous indeed did this task appear that not a few sceptics on the landing of the body at Southampton were whispering their suspicions as to its identity, and probably but for the indubitable medical evidence of his old friend Sir W. Fergusson concerning the left arm, in which there had been an ununited fracture (the result of the bite of a lion, as recorded in his journal some thirty years ago) multitudes of men would doubtless still maintain that the whole story of its transit was ideal only.

And who then were these Nassick boys, who accomplished this almost superhuman task? They were not men of Spartan birth, or of Roman race, neither were they youths in whose veins flowed the indomitable Anglo-Saxon blood. Jacob Wainwright, who came home with the precious charge, is a modest negro

youth who was rescued from slavery several years ago, and placed for education in the African asylum at Nasik, one of the institutions of the Church Missionary Society in the Bombay Presidency. He with five companions, who also helped to carry the dead body through Africa, volunteered to join the party detached by Mr. Stanley from Zanzibar, in 1872, to convey provisions to Dr. Livingstone. They met with the Doctor at Unyanyembe, and remained with him through all his after wanderings unto the day of his death. Jacob kept a diary from that time, and describes the nine long and weary months they were working their way to the coast, carrying with them the mortal remains of their late master. We rejoice in recently observing that this diary, which we shall all peruse with so deep an interest, is shortly to be made public.

Unfeigned regret has been often expressed that Chumal and Susi, the other head men of Dr. Livingstone, were left behind at Zanzibar, seeing that they were connected with Dr. Livingstone as far back as 1864, and have followed him since then in all his wanderings and discoveries. Whilst grieving that these two devoted negroes were kept back at Zanzibar when the body left for England, and have thereby missed witnessing the grand and solemn spectacle in honour of their revered master, we may thankfully note that since their recent arrival in this country the Geographical Society has, through its president, Sir Bartle Frere, presented each of them with a bronze medal, and publicly expressed to them "how highly their fidelity to their late master was appreciated, and with what gratitude every one regarded the bravery which was shown by the whole band of his servants, when they undertook to save all his writings and to bear his body to the coast." The President added that "a silver medal is about to be struck off which will yet further

mark the esteem in which the Doctor's followers are held by the Geographical Society."

My task as "spectator" is more than complete, but as events of to-day will be history to-morrow, and I trust the *Friends' Examiner* will be a book of reference in long years to come, when its present staff of workers shall be for ever "at rest from their labours," I venture to append for the benefit of the next generation, who may consult its pages for facts as well as for thoughts, a brief summary of the life and services of Dr. Livingstone.

"His father, Neill Livingstone, who kept a small tea-dealer's shop in the neighbourhood of Hamilton, in Lanarkshire, is represented by him, in a biographical sketch prefixed to his volume of "Travels," as having been too strictly honest and conscientious in his worldly dealings ever to become a rich and wealthy man. The family motto, we are told by one writer, was "Be honest." He was a "deacon" in an Independent chapel in Hamilton; he died in the early part of the year 1856. His son was born at East Kilbride, in Lanarkshire, in or about the year 1816. His early youth was spent in employment as a "hand" in the cotton-mills in the neighbourhood of Glasgow; and he tells us, in the book to which we have already referred, that during the winter he used to pursue his religious studies with a view to following the profession of a missionary in foreign parts, returning in the summer months to his daily labour in order to procure support during the months of renewed mental study.

"While working at the Blantyre mills young Livingstone was able to attend an evening school, where he imbibed an early taste for classical literature. By the time he was sixteen years of age, he had got by heart the best part of both *Horace* and *Virgil*. Here also he acquired a considerable taste for works on religion and natural science; in fact, he "devoured" every kind of

reading, "except novels." Among the most favourite books of his boyhood and early manhood, he makes special mention of Dr. Dick's "Philosophy of Religion and Philosophy of a Future State." His religious feelings, however, warmed towards a missionary life; he felt an intense longing to become "a pioneer of Christianity in China," hoping that he might be instrumental in teaching the true religion to the inhabitants of the Far East, and also by so doing he might "lead to the material benefit of some portions of that immense empire." In order to qualify himself for some such an enterprise he set himself to obtain a medical education, as a superstructure to that which he had already gained so laboriously; and this he supplemented by botanical and geological exploration in the neighbourhood of his home, and the study of Patrick's work on the "Plants of Lanarkshire."

We next find him, at the age of nineteen, attending the medical and Greek classes in Glasgow, in the winter, and the divinity lectures of Dr. Wardlaw in the summer. His reading while at work in the factory was carried on by "placing his book on the spinning-jenny," so that he could "catch sentence after sentence while he went on with his labour, thus "keeping up a constant study undisturbed by the roar of machinery." Having completed his attendance on Dr. Wardlaw's lectures, and having been admitted a Licentiate of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, he resolved, in 1838, to offer his services to the London Missionary Society as a candidate for the ministry in foreign parts. This step he was induced to take, to use his own words, on account of the "unsectarian character of that Society, which sends out neither Episcopacy nor Presbyterianism, but the Gospel of God, to the heathen." In this "unsectarian" movement he saw, or thought he saw, realised his idea of the missionary life as it ought to be.

His offer was accepted by the Society, and having spent three months in theological study in England, and having been ordained to the pastoral office, he left these shores in 1840 for Southern Africa, and after a voyage of nearly three months reached Cape Town. His first destination was Port Natal, where he became personally acquainted with his fellow-countryman, the still surviving Rev. Robert Moffat, whose daughter subsequently became his wife and the faithful and zealous sharer of his toils and travels, and accompanied him in his arduous journey to Lake Ngami.

From Natal he proceeded inland to a mission station in the Bechuana country, called Keruman, about 700 miles distant from Cape Town, where, and at Mabotsa, he was employed in preparatory labours, jointly with other missionaries, down to about the year 1845. From that date for about four years more he continued to work at Chonuane, Lepelole, and Kolobeng, aided and supported by no larger staff than Mrs. Livingstone and three native teachers. It was not until 1849 that he made his first essay as an explorer, strictly so called, as distinct from a missionary; in that year he made his first journey in search of Lake Ngami. In 1852 he commenced, in company with his wife, the "great journey," as he calls it, to Lake Ngami, of which a full and detailed account is given in the work already quoted above, and which he dedicated on its publication to Sir Roderick Murchison, as "a token of gratitude for the kind interest that he had always taken in the author's pursuits and welfare." The outline of this "great journey" is so familiar to all readers of modern books of travel and enterprise that we need not repeat it here. It is enough to say that in the ten years previous to 1855 Livingstone led several independent expeditions into the interior of Southern Africa, during which he made himself acquainted with the languages, habits, and religious notions of several

savage tribes which were previously unknown to Englishmen, and twice crossed the entire African continent, a little south of the tropic of Capricorn, from the shores of the Indian Ocean to those of the Atlantic.

In 1856 Livingstone returned to England—to use the eloquent words of his firm friend, the late Sir Roderick Murchison—

“As the pioneer of sound knowledge, who by his astronomical observations had determined the sites of various places, hills, rivers, and lakes, hitherto nearly unknown; while he had seized upon every opportunity of describing the physical features, climatology, and even geological structure of the countries which he had explored; had pointed out many new sources of commerce as yet unknown to the scope and enterprise of the British merchant.”

Early in the spring of 1858 Livingstone returned to Africa for the purpose of prosecuting further researches, and pushing forward the advantages which his former enterprise had to some extent secured. He went back with the good wishes of the entire community at home, who were deeply touched by his manly, modest, and unvarnished narrative, and by the absence of all self-seeking in his character. He carried with him the patronage and encouragement and the substantial support of Her Majesty's Government (more especially of Lords Clarendon and Russell), and of the Portuguese Government also; and before setting out on his second expedition in that year he was publicly entertained at a banquet at the London Tavern, and honoured by the Queen with a private audience, at which Her Majesty expressed, on behalf of herself and the Prince Consort, her deep interest in Dr. Livingstone's new expedition.

This leads us to the third and last great journey of Dr. Livingstone, the one from which such great results have been expected, and in which he has twice or

thrice previous to the last sad news been reported to have lost his life. Leaving England at the close of 1865, or early in the following year, as our readers are probably aware, he was despatched once more to Central Africa, under the auspices of the Geographical Society, in order to prosecute still further researches which would throw a light on that mystery of more than 2,000 years' standing—the real sources of the Nile.

In July, 1869, Dr. Livingstone resolved to strike westwards from his head-quarters at Ujiji, on the Tanganyika Lake, in order to trace out a series of lakes which lay in that direction, and which, he hoped, would turn out eventually to be the sources of the Nile. If that, however, should prove not to be the case, it would be something, he felt, to ascertain for certain that they were the head-waters of the Congo; and, in the latter case, he would probably have followed the course of the Congo, and have turned up, sooner or later, on the Western coast of Africa. But this idea he appears to have abandoned, after having penetrated as far west as Bainbarre and Lake Kamolondo, and stopping short at Bagenya, about four degrees west from his starting point. At all events, from this point he returned, and when, in the winter of 1870–71, he was found by Mr. Stanley, he was once more in the neighbourhood of his old haunts, still bent on the discovery of certain “fountains on the hills,” which he trusted to be able to prove to be the veritable springs of the Nile, and to gain the glory of being alone their discoverer—to use his own emphatic words, “So that no one may come after and cut me out with a fresh batch of sources.”

During the last two years or so, if we except the sudden light thrown upon his career by the episode of Mr. Stanley's successful search after him, we have been kept rather in the dark as to the actual move-



ments of Dr. Livingstone. Mr. Stanley's narrative of his discovery of the Doctor in the neighbourhood of Ujiji is in the hands of most of our readers, and his journey in company with him round the northern shores of Lake Taganyika (with some hint of a possible modification of his opinion as to the connection between that sea and the Nile) was recorded in the address delivered by Sir Henry Rawlinson, the President of the Geographical Society, last summer.

As the best memorial of such a man as Livingstone, we would here place on permanent record his own eloquent words, in which he draws out his idea of the missionary's work in the spirit, not merely of a Christian, but of a philosopher and statesman :—

“The sending of the Gospel to the heathen must include much more than is implied in the usual picture of a missionary, which is that of a man going about with a Bible under his arm. The promotion of commerce ought to be specially attended to, as this more speedily than anything else demolishes that sense of isolation which is engendered by heathenism, and makes the tribes feel themselves to be mutually dependent on each other. Those laws which still prevent free commercial intercourse among civilised nations appear to me to be nothing but the remains of our own heathenism. But by commerce we may not only put a stop to the slave-trade, but introduce the negro family into the body corporate of nations, no one member of which can suffer without the others suffering with it. This, in both Eastern and Western Africa, would lead to a much larger diffusion of the blessings of civilisation than efforts exclusively spiritual and educational confined to any one tribe. These should, of course, be carried on at the same time where possible—at all events, at large central and healthy stations; but neither civilisation nor Christianity can be promoted alone; in fact, they are inseparable.”

To this record of his work as a Christian traveller and pioneer of civilisation, I will append the latter portion of the eloquent sermon preached by Dean Stanley the day after the interment had taken place

in Westminster Abbey. After eulogies on the glorious mission of travellers in exploring new regions, visiting famous scapes, breathing a new atmosphere, and traversing new experiences; searching out the secrets of God's Providence, the treasures of His grace, and the infinite variety of nature and of man, unveiling mysteries which none before have known,—he set forth the lofty vocation of every true traveller, the adventurous explorer who is almost always the representative of a more civilised nation, of a more refined religion than those into whose haunts he wanders. “The humblest wayfarer in the far east or south has it in his power, by fairness, by kindness, by justice, to leave behind him his stamp on those who in him, perhaps for the first and last time, have the chance of knowing what is meant by a European, by an Englishman, a Christian.” He then goes on to say:—

“I have spoken of the gracious allotment by which the Ruler of the world has brought the inborn sentiment of curiosity and benevolence in the more highly-favoured parts of the earth to bear on the darkness and isolation of the more remote and obscure. It would almost seem as if, by a yet further distribution of the same merciful Wisdom, particular tracts of the world had become the vent, the sphere for the energy of particular nations, which have acquired a kind of special parental interest in these neglected lands—these Foundlings, as it were, of the human family. Such has been the singular lot of Africa. That vast, impenetrable continent has been, for the last hundred years, the peculiar subject of the inquiry and the philanthropy of England, as in early ages it was to the civilised world of Greece and Rome. The grand secret of geography—the course of that mysterious and beneficent river which has for ages veiled its head, and provoked the curiosity of mankind from Herodotus downwards—has laid a special hold on the

imagination of this remote island, of which Herodotus hardly dreamed. The forlorn condition of the African races has awakened a sympathy in English hearts which no Greek or Roman ever knew; and this Abbey teems with the memorials of those who have laboured in the cause of the negro and the slave.

“Such was the sphere to which, in its double aspect, was devoted the life of him who has been adjudged by competent authority the greatest African traveller of all time.

“In few men has been developed in a stronger, more persistent form, that passion which we just now analysed for penetrating into the unknown regions of the earth. His indomitable resolution has revealed to us, for the first time, that vast waste of Central Africa which, to the contemplation of the geographer, has literally been transformed from a howling wilderness into “the glory of Lebanon.” The parched ground has, in his hands, ‘become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water.’ The blank of ‘Unexplored Regions’ which, in every earlier map, occupied the heart of Africa, is now disclosed to us, adorned with those magnificent forests; that chain of lakes, glittering (to use the native expression) like ‘stars’ in the desert; those falls, more splendid, we are told, even than Niagara, which no eye of civilised man had ever before beheld—where, above the far-resounding thunder of the cataract and the flying comets of snow-white foam, and amidst the streaming columns of the ever-ascending spray, on the bright rainbows arching over the cloud, the simple natives had for ages seen the glorious emblem of the everlasting Deity—the Unchangeable seated enthroned above the changeable. To his untiring exertions, continued down to the very last efforts of exhausted nature, we owe the gradual limitation of the basin within which, at last, must be found the hidden fountains that have lured on

traveller after traveller, and hitherto baffled them all. We trust that those way-worn feet now rest not unfitly on the dust of Rennell, the most illustrious of the founders of African exploration. We cannot but rejoice to think how the aged chief of geographical science in our own day, if he could not welcome back alive, would have welcomed back dead to this his last repose the friend in whose existence his own seemed to be bound up.

“But there was yet another feeling—deeper than the thirst for knowledge, however insatiable, or the love of adventure, however indomitable—that drew him forth to those distant wilds. There was implanted in him, as there have been from time to time among the sons of men,—not merely the love of humankind at large, but the love for that particular race of mankind which, by colour, by long oppression, by persistent resistance alike to the inroads and the influence of civilisation, has alternately repelled and attracted the more privileged children of Shem and Japheth. ‘My practice,’ he said, ‘has been to apply the remedy with all possible earnestness, but never allow my own mind to dwell on the dark shade of sin’s characters. I have never been able to draw pictures of guilt as if that could awaken Christian sympathy. The evil is there. But all around in this fair creation are traces of beauty, and to turn from those to ponder on deeds of sin cannot promote a healthy state.’

“Most noble and wholesome sentiment—noble and wholesome—not only in Africa but in Europe—not only in heathendom but in Christendom; in dealing both with Christians and with heathens, how often neglected, and yet for any hopeful, energetic action, how indispensable! He loved to dwell on their individual acts of kindness! He reiterated his assurance that their moral perceptions of good and evil are not essentially different from our own. And out of this

sense of his fellowship with them as children of the same Heavenly Father and of the possibility of embracing them within the fold of the same Heavenly Shepherd, there rose as he wandered on amongst them, the passionate desire, ever mounting to a higher and yet a higher pitch of burning indignation, of fierce determination to expose and by exposing to strike a fatal blow at that monster evil, which by general testimony is the one prevailing cause of African misery and degradation,—the European and Asiatic slave-trade.

“ He grappled with it, as with the coils of a deadly serpent, and it recognised in him in turn its most formidable foe. Each strove to strangle each—and in and by that struggle he perished ; too soon, alas ! for him to know how nearly he had succeeded—not, we trust, too soon for us to secure that his success will be accomplished ; and that the work, which in its commencement and its continued inspiration was the brightest side of the name of Wilberforce, shall in its completion shed the chief glory on the name of Livingstone.

“ Such he was as an Explorer, such as a Philanthropist ; what was he as a Missionary ? I have, in part, already answered this question ; for all these callings spring from the same root in human nature, from the same inspiration of the Providence of God. But we should miss one of the chief lessons of the Wanderer’s course, if we did not in few words indicate his peculiar place in the glorious company of those who have devoted their lives to the spread of the Christian faith. It was a peculiar place. He was a missionary, not only as ordained for that work by the hands of a small group of faithful ministers, some of whom yet live to see how he followed out the charge which they intrusted to him, but as fashioned for the work by special gifts of the Creator. Preacher he

was not, teacher he was not; his was not the eloquence of tongue or pen. His calling was different from this, and by that difference singularly instructive. He brought with him to his task an absolute conviction not only, as I have said, of the common elements of humanity shared alike by heathen and Christian, but of the common elements of Christianity shared by all Christians. Himself born and bred in one of the seceding communions of Scotland; allied by the nearest domestic ties, and by his own missionary vocation, to one of the chief Nonconformist Churches of England, he yet held himself free to join heart and soul with all others.

“For the venerable Established Church of his native land—for the ancient Church and Liturgy of this country, with one of whose bishops he laboured, as with a brother, through good report and evil; even for the Roman Church of Portugal, and the disciples of Loyola, from whom in theological sentiment he was the furthest removed, he had his good word of commendation. If he freely blamed, he also as freely praised. He remained faithful to the generous motto of the Society which sent him forth. ‘I never,’ he said—strange and rare confession—‘I never as a missionary felt myself to be either Presbyterian, Episcopalian, or Independent, or called upon in any way to love one denomination less than another.’ Followed to his grave by the leading Nonconformists of England and the staunchest Presbyterians of Scotland, yet we feel that all the Churches may claim him as their own; that all English-speaking races may regard him as their son; not only those who nurtured his childhood and his youth, but those who beyond the Atlantic strove, in his later days, with characteristic energy and with marvellous success, to search out the clue of his wanderings, and to bring back the latest assurance of his lost existence.

“ Yet, further, he was penetrated, as years rolled on, through and through and more and more with the sense that the work of a missionary is confined to no order or profession of men. As even from his early youth he steadily refused to recognise the opposition between religion and science, so in his later years he hailed the evangelisation effected by the trader, the traveller, and the legislator, no less than that effected by the professed evangelist. When, in one of his latest utterances, he expressed with enthusiastic gratitude his conviction that ‘Statesmen are the best of missionaries,’ he taught a truth which all Churches, and all societies, not least in our day, may well ponder and plead. But the most powerful missionary agency, as proclaimed both by his teaching and his example, is that of individual character.

“ Most impressive in itself, and in its transparent simplicity, is that testimony which he rendered years ago. ‘No one ever gains much influence in Africa without purity and uprightness. The acts of a stranger are keenly scrutinised, by both old and young. I have heard women speaking in admiration of a white man because he was pure, and never was guilty of secret immorality. Had he been, they would have known it, and, untutored heathen though they be, would have despised him everywhere.’

“ When he first came among them, he was revered as a man born in the depths of the sea ; clothed with a lion’s mane, controlling the rains of heaven. But, after he had long dwelt among them, he was revered on far higher grounds. They then learned to appreciate the true above the false supernatural—he was loved and feared, not as a magician or a spectre, but as a just and kind benefactor, before whose strong will they bowed, and by whose faithful affection they were subdued.

And when, in after times, the passing stranger shall

look on his grave in this church, and shall be told that it contains the bones of a wayfaring man who perished in the remote wilds of Africa, that grave itself will be felt to be the most enduring monument of his greatness, because the very fact of his burial here in the heart of England, is, as it were, the footmark and finger-print of the plighted faith and awe-struck veneration which inspired the reverent care alike of heathen Mussulman and Christian around the solitary death-bed ; because it shows, by the most indisputable tokens, the devotion which must have sustained that small band of African youths in their arduous enterprise of carrying, through six long months, in spite of all the obstacles of climate, all the inborn prejudices of ancient superstition, all the machinations of hostile tribes, the last relics of their departed master."

The heart of the Society of Friends beats true to the noble calling of the departed Livingstone. He has fervently worked in his sphere for the destruction of that-aborrent system of slavery which, since the days of John Woolman, it has rested upon our religious Society, as our continuous and undying mission, to uproot and destroy. The Editor's basket has also borne witness to the deep regard and sympathy which exist amongst our members on his behalf. These columns already contain one heartfelt effusion from a new contributor, and I will now close this narrative with the appropriate lines in which another correspondent (Anna Lloyd) has clothed the loving and sympathetic feelings which animate the breasts of all :

" They brought him home, our hero, brought him home !  
Over the waves the melancholy ship  
Came onward, hiding dark within its heart  
The treasure of a nation ;—so they came.  
Oh ! matchless hero !—mighty in thy love,  
Careless of praise or blame, wrapt up in love,  
And having but one hate,—a God-like hate,



Hating black sin and sinful slavery.  
 How shall thy nation meet thee? Can they bring  
 Honour, or fame, or wealth, or civic crown,  
 A pomp or pageant?—*No*—not these for thee!  
 Thou art come home—so still, pathetic, mute,—  
 Love is thy fittest guerdon; so we lay  
 A tender reverent hand on thy black pall,  
 Place there one garland—*give*—a nation's tears.  
 Sleep well—great hero—they have brought thee home!  
 A thousand, thousand, thousand weary steps  
 Thy love, thy courage, took thee; pierced with thorns  
 Thy feet have bled, and left their bleeding trace  
 Through Africa's wide forests—Freedom's trace.  
 And Africa's dark sons have met and said,  
 "What brings the *white* man through our forest lands,  
 Across our streams, through many alien tribes?"  
 And thou hast answered, with thy gleaming eye,  
 Standing among them with thy wasted frame,  
 Fever and famine-wasted, thou hast said,—  
 "The love of Freedom, brethren sent me here;  
 The love of you, my brethren, love of you,  
 And love, of loves the greatest, love of God."

"Build me a hut to die in;"—dying so  
 Our hearts almost die with thee; yet 'tis well,  
 They bring thee home, thy negroes bring thee home.  
 With many a thousand sad and patient steps  
 They bring thee through the forests of the land,  
 Across the streams and through the alien tribes,  
 They bear thee gently, with a sacred fear—  
 And all thy labours, all thy victories—  
 Thy trust in God, and therefore trust in man—  
 Thy love to God, and therefore love to man—  
 All this is crowned, all this made eminent,  
 Made voiceful through the world, throughout all time,  
 By that great answering love that brought thee home.

SPECTATOR.

"AND THERE I BURIED LEAH."—GEN. xlix. 31.

## I.

BRIDE of my youth ! I loved thee not  
 Though thou wert pure and free from spot,  
 And gentle as the western breeze,  
 That pours the scent of far-off seas,  
     Through Hebron's street at even-tide.  
 Yet never yet from my wrong'd heart,  
 The memory of that morn would part,  
     When first I saw thee for my bride.  
 Thy cheek might be with weeping worn,  
 Thy heart with silent anguish torn,  
*Thy* grief I could not see, thou widow-wife forlorn.  
 I saw but Rachel's showered tears,  
 I saw the ghosts of wasted years.  
 My seven long years of manhood's prime,  
 That golden unreturning time.  
     I saw thy father's smile  
     Of joy for conquering guile ;  
 Thy baser brethren's gloating scorn,  
 And all the wrath and shame of that accurs'd morn.  
     Yea, though I knew thee helpless in their hands,  
     As when before the altar stands  
 Adorned for death, the sacrificial lamb,  
 Yet oh ! how oft my soul was forced, on high,  
 My wrestling soul, the near-despairing cry.  
 To send unto the God of Abraham,  
     For help the ready Tempter's voice to shun,  
     Which bade me *hate* thee, oh thou guiltless one.

## II.

Wife of my manhood's noon !  
Thou wast no more a foe,  
And changed was now my spirit's tune,  
From that first wail of woe.  
That first fierce strife was ended now,  
Yet was my heart not thine  
Though thou wast made the goodliest bough  
In all my fruitful vine ?  
Yet little might'st thou gain,  
From all that manly train.  
Sons of my strength, who for their mother hailed thee,  
Nor more the golden hair,  
The face so queenly fair,  
And all thy daughter's opening bloom availed thee.  
One word from Rachel's lips that fell,  
One look that might recall  
That blessed eve by Haran's well,  
Was dearer than ye all.

## III.

They came, they went, the changing years,  
And each one brought its weight of tears  
To swell the deluge of my woe :  
Till hopes and fears of days gone by,  
That once had reared their heads so high,  
They seemed to fill my spirit's sky,  
Now slept in unseen depths below ;  
And only Faith's calm ark could glide,  
Above those waters wild and wide.  
Joy with no binding power had shone,  
And vain to weld us Grief's endeavour ;  
All wearily we journeyed on  
Through Life, to Death, estranged for ever.

IV.

"Estranged for ever," said'st thou? Nay:  
Oh, heart of mine recall  
Those bitter words: there came a day  
Of darker storm than all:  
It came, it struck, it passed away,  
But where its bolt did fall  
It left a joy it found not there,  
Two hearts conjoined in one Despair

V.

Oh, unforgotten Eve of Love,  
When Joy was born of waiting:  
I see thee yet:—the stars above  
Around the crescent paling,  
The gleam over the western lands,  
Mazzároth in the sheeny North.  
Afar, the dusky desert sands  
Which lured my sorrowing footsteps forth.  
A yearning swept my spirit o'er  
Far in yon dreary waste to roam—  
Dreary, but I could bear no more  
The drearier ruins of my home:  
The silence of the lonely tent  
Through which *his* gladsome voice had rung;  
The Robe all blood-bestained and rent,  
Which round *his* neck my hands had hung,  
And, worse than all, the nameless fear  
Which came, and went, and came again,  
Nor would my heart's stern exile hear,  
But lingered still, a sullen pain,  
That not, in some far cavern growled  
Over their grisly banquet done—  
That not, round Dothan's thickets prowled  
The evil beasts who tore my Son.

But near, too near, beside me stood  
And gathered round my nightly fire,  
*My Tent, His Home*, their Lair of blood,  
And I, oh agony ! their Sire.

## VI.

Forth and away, in numb despair,  
Not knowing what I sought,  
The coolness of the evening air  
To me no soothing brought.  
My grief was round me everywhere,  
All else to me was nought.  
Till—hark !—from yonder oaken glade  
A voice lamenting came.  
A woman's voice—my steps it stayed  
It is—it is—*his* name.  
His name, but ah ! who names it so  
With such a bitter groan  
Such choking sighs and tears that flow,  
Full-flooded as mine own ?

“ Yoseph, *my* son, by heart-right mine,  
My loved one's first-born pride  
Would God, to any life but thine  
The blow had glanced aside.  
That any of my sterner line  
Instead of thee had died !  
Ah me ! how oft in slumberings weary  
One dream returns again,  
I see thee in the desert dreary,  
Girt round with cruel men.  
On thy tear-glistening countenance roll  
Their red eyes savagely ;  
They see the anguish of thy soul,  
And none will pity thee.

"Loved one of Israel ! not for this,  
Too well I understand  
Thou gavest me that last cold kiss,  
Clasping in mine *his* hand,  
And pleading with those eyes so mild,  
Those lips which scarcely bore  
The weight of words : 'Thy sister's child—  
Thy rival's—nevermore.'

"Oh, sister ! vanished sister ! Thou,  
If from the grave thou hearest,  
Believe that I have kept my vow,  
And made thine own my dearest.

"And is he gone ? Gone, he who did inherit  
Thy dark eyes' glorious blaze :  
Gone, he who to my stricken spirit  
Alone called back the days  
When—strife as yet an unfeared shade,  
And jealous love a name—  
We two in happy Haran played,  
Ere the Divider came.  
'Tis fled, for ever gone, that dream  
Into the reachless past.  
That spell of joy *his* eyes soft beam  
Alone could o'er me cast,  
Above, around, one blinding blaze  
Love's last sweet fountain dry,  
O'er the wide waste of loveless days  
I look—and long to die."

VII.

Sighing, she ceased : and o'er us came  
Silence more sad than spoken woe.  
I started forth, I named her name,  
And at her feet knelt very low,

And strove to fashion forth in words  
The thoughts that stabbed my soul like swords.

"Oh, Leah ! wife ! true wife of mine,  
Through coldness and through hate  
By me left desolate to pine,  
Hear me, ere yet too late.  
I knew not that thou lovedst the boy ;  
I have been strangely blind ;  
But oh ! by her thy childhood's joy,—  
The two she left behind—  
All memories of home and kin—  
And by our God above,—  
I pray, I own my life-long sin.  
Canst thou forgive and love ?"

Humbly I prayed : hope keen as pain,  
That wronged one's slighted love to gain  
My weary soul possessed.  
In stony silence listened she,  
Her soft eyes turned away from me  
Toward the fading West.  
So for a space she sat apart,  
While I but heard her beating heart,  
Her heaving bosom's swell ;  
These and the ripple of the stream,  
Gushing from out the moon's broad beam  
Into the darksome well.  
Gently at length she turned her head,  
And in a sweet low voice she said,  
"*I love thee, Israel.*  
—Years upon years, how hopelessly  
God knows, I did but wait  
One word, one look of love from thee  
To let me love thee utterly,  
And now—I cannot hate.

I break with all that bitter past,  
Forgiven is all the wrong,  
Oh Husband, love me to the last,  
It will not be for long."

"For ever!" clasped in sweet embrace  
I kissed that noble furrowed face  
And whispered, "Nought shall sever;  
Henceforth be Bethel's God my stay,  
As I will love thee from this day,  
Thee, dear one, thee for ever."

VIII.

Aye, and I loved her, as He knows  
Who gave that blessed boon,  
All through the sunny evening-close  
Of my tempestuous noon.  
I loved her through her failing age  
Right onwards to the day  
When she had done her pilgrimage,  
And I had but to lay  
Within my Sires' sole heritage  
One gift more to decay.  
Ah, when I turned me from that tomb,  
My tired heart seemed breaking;  
The grief was deep as Ephrath's gloom  
As bitter the leave-taking.  
Oh! why were deaths and farewells planned  
When hearts love deathlessly?  
Lord! on Thy Truth I take my stand  
Through all life's stormy sea:  
We are the creatures of Thy hand,  
Our love is all from Thee.  
And wilt not Thou our yearnings bless  
With other union, save



When Loathsomeness by Loathsomeness  
Lies in yon silent cave ?

—I know not. When she wandered forth  
Darkness around her fell,

But faintly of some fairer birth

The spirit's whispers tell :

The Judge and King of all the earth

Can He do else than well ?

And shall not Abraham's offspring trust

The God of Abraham ?

This flesh may crumble into dust

But He abides the same.

Yes : I will wait, through foes and fears

Clasping Thy plighted word,

As I have waited, weary years,

For Thy salvation, Lord !

T. H.

## ON THE MORMONS.

To the intelligent mind it must be an interesting problem to endeavour to explain how it is possible that, in the nineteenth century, a body of men, numbering over 200,000, should flourish as a religious community, carry out a complete Church organisation, be bound together by the closest ties, and embrace in their creed the *effete* system of Polygamy. The cursory observer, laying hold of that practice of the creed most repugnant to the ideas of modern civilisation, rushes hastily to the conclusion that this sect is composed of a number of sensual men and women, who have embraced the Mormon faith for the sake of indulging the degrading passions of their nature, and, satisfied with this solution of the question, seek no further for the reasons why this body has gained such ground, and still holds such a position amid the "isms" of the day. Numberless reasons might be brought forward to show the fallacy of such conclusions. I do not intend entering upon them, but rather propose inquiring into the causes which have led to the rapid increase of this body.

Before so doing, I would remark that Polygamy was no part of the original creed. Not a word on the subject will be found in the Book of Mormon, or in documents issued for fourteen years after the formation of the Church; it was rather a later "revelation," propounded, as they describe it, "as a trial they had to endure for higher objects." I shall, therefore, abstain from alluding to it in the early history of the sect, though in a future paper concerning my two visits to Salt Lake, I shall feel it necessary to show

how this monstrous doctrine has been a scourge and stumbling-block. That whilst originally promulgated with a view of binding those who participated in it effectually to the Church, it has been the real source of weakness ; has prevented the accession of hundreds and thousands ; and threatens eventually to break up the body into a number of small and uninfluential sections.

Whilst desiring in the following remarks to endeavour to give a brief and impartial account of the origin and rise of the Mormon Church, I wish most emphatically to guard myself against being thought to sympathise with their doctrines, although they embrace several which appeal to the highest spiritual sentiments of our nature.

I propose, firstly, to enter upon the early history of this Church, to explain the circumstances under which it arose, and to carry the history as far as the death of "The Prophet Joseph Smith ;" whether I take it further in these pages must depend upon the interest felt in the subject.

The early rise of a religious sect is always one deserving attention ; and although I am inclined to regard the first promoters of this creed as the carriers-out of a gigantic fraud—yet, as concerns those who were convinced, it was a religious movement of no ordinary nature. About the year 1820 there was a large amount of religious excitement in America, a great many revivals took place, and a number of manifestations, as they were termed, were said to have occurred of the direct communion between God and His creatures. There was a great desire for some personal development of the Deity : some believed the second appearance of our Saviour was at hand ; that the world was about to be destroyed ; that a great prophet was to arise ; and these ideas were largely fed by excited demonstrations at revivalists' meetings.

Outward manifestations, bridging over the gap between the finite and infinite, were said to have occurred, and thus the way was somewhat prepared for enthusiastic young missionaries, who spread through the eastern States of America, England, Wales, Switzerland, Sweden, and Norway, declaring that God had at last visited His people; that the fulness of time had come, and that a veritable prophet was alive on the earth,—one who was receiving from time to time revelations direct from Jehovah Himself,—one who had received orders to gather His people to the Holy Zion,—one who bade them come out from a sinful world, abandon all creeds and observances of men, and seek their inspiration from him alone as a prophet of the true God.

These emissaries of the new Church took no medium course. They promulgated “facts” without fear; they asserted that the gifts of healing, and of speaking with tongues were known amid the Saints. They, in short, declared that Joseph Smith was a manifestation of God to man, ordained from the foundation of the world. Speaking of these things as realities, and declaring that holiness, peace, and all Christian virtues were the accompaniments of this new revelation, they aroused the feelings of the credulous, and great numbers were added to the Church.

I find it utterly impossible to reconcile the two accounts given as to the early history of Joseph Smith and the origin of the new Church. According to his followers, Joseph Smith, who was born in Vermont, in the year 1805, was a peculiarly intelligent boy, who spent a large amount of time meditating in the woods and reading his Bible. He repeatedly had deep contrition for sin, and once, at the age of fifteen, he received from God the information that he was to be a great prophet, that he was to be peculiarly favoured, and that he was to draw the world out of sin; that there

were golden plates deposited in a mountain in Ohio, giving an account of the former inhabitants of the continent, and the source from whence they sprung. The messenger Nephi also said that the fulness of the everlasting Gospel was contained in them as delivered by the Saviour to the ancient inhabitants of America ; also that there were two stones in silver bows (and these stones, fastened to a breastplate, constituted what was called the Urim and Thummim) deposited with the plates, and the possession and use of these stones was what constituted seers in ancient or former times ; and that God had prepared them for the purpose of translating the plates. His followers also add that, although this revelation occurred in the year 1820, and although he was shown the plates in that year, he was ordered to visit the spot year by year for six years, and it was not till 1826 that he was entrusted with them for the purposes of translation. They declare that, by inspired means, he, with Martin Harris as scribe, deciphered the characters, and that the Book of Mormon is the true interpretation of the records written upon these golden plates. So much for one side of the question, and now for the other.

His enemies state that he was from early youth a low, cunning rascal, who professed, with a divining rod, to point out where water or minerals were to be found ; who was continually endeavouring to forecast his future, and that of others, by means of a peep-stone ; and that early in life, some time between the years 1812 and 1820, he managed to possess himself of a copy of a manuscript written by the Rev. Solomon Spaulding, purporting to be a historical romance to account for the settlement of America, a copy of which, in the year 1812, was handed to a printer named Patterson for publication, with a preface giving an imaginary account of its having been taken from

plates dug up in Ohio, but which the publisher did not think worthy of publication.

At the time the manuscript was in the hands of Patterson, Sidney Rigdon, a subsequent apostle of the new faith, was working in his printing establishment. The manuscript appears to have been lost, but I have been unable to connect Rigdon with Smith at this early date. In confirmation of this theory of the origin of the Book of Mormon, it is stated that Mrs. Spaulding, who possessed another copy, lost it at a time when Joseph Smith was digging a well for her next door neighbour, in the year 1825. Certain it is that, although Smith professed to have had a revelation of the existence of the plates as early as 1820, it was not till the year 1826 that he laid claim to the possession of them; and not till the year 1828 that he, in conjunction with Martin Harris, professed to have translated them. It is also certain that, when the translation appeared, the widow Spaulding, the brother, and some other persons who had heard Spaulding read his work, recognised from the style the similarity between the two.

If this account is true, the solution of the matter would appear to be that Sidney Rigdon had possessed himself of one copy of Spaulding's manuscript, and that Joseph Smith was aware of its contents; that Joseph Smith stole the other from the widow in the year 1825; and that in the year 1826, the date of the death of Patterson, the printer, Joseph Smith boldly proclaimed that the plates were in his possession, and commenced the professed translation: in other words, took the manuscript of Spaulding as the groundwork of the Book of Mormon, which did not appear till the year 1830. From this year may be dated the rise of the sect.

On April 6th, according to Orson Pratt exactly eighteen hundred years to a day after the resurrection

of Jesus Christ, the new Church was established. Six persons were present at this meeting. They entered into a covenant "to serve the Lord," and on the following Sunday one of them, Oliver Cowdery, preached the first public discourse on "this dispensation" and the principles of "the Gospel as revealed to Joseph," and from that day the "testimony" of the Mormon elders has been carried into every civilised nation.

This epitome of the origin of the Book of Mormon is condensed from several accounts, by friends and enemies: the one abounding in remarkable statements as to spiritual gifts; the other teeming with abuse and intimations, or rather direct charges, of cool and deliberate conspiracy.

Conversions were but few at first; but "gifts" began to manifest themselves, and shortly a "miracle" was performed. By the 1st of June thirty had joined the Church, and many more were anxious to learn. These occurrences took place amongst Smith's immediate relations and friends; but about the beginning of August, Parley P. Pratt, a local preacher of great power, joined the Church, and soon after Sidney Rigdon, a Campbellite preacher, and Orson Pratt—both men of great Biblical knowledge. Joseph Smith thus found himself surrounded by able men, competent to bring forth arguments from the Bible in favour of Mormonism.

The first great effort at conversion appears to have been amongst the Indians, but this was not attended with any success. In December Joseph Smith issued an order for the Saints to gather in Ohio, and in a few months numbers had located themselves at Kirtland in the northern part of that State. But it was not till February, 1831, that the Saints were called upon to inquire of the Lord where the New Jerusalem was to be fixed. In June thirty elders were sent out Westward on a preaching tour, and it was about the

middle of the next month that the desired revelation was forthcoming. A high-flown document was issued, indicating Independence, in Missouri, as the place appointed "by the finger of the Lord for the gathering of the saints, and for the building of the New Jerusalem."

On the 2nd of August the foundation of the first house was laid, twelve miles west of Independence—by twelve men, in honour of the twelve tribes of Israel. The land of Zion was dedicated to the Lord by prayer. On the following day the Temple lot was dedicated, and the first conference held the day succeeding. A few days afterwards Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon returned to Ohio, and immediately afterwards the former had "an abundant outpouring of revelation." Meanwhile Joseph had great difficulty in curbing the unruly spirits who joined the church, and revelation after revelation was proclaimed against those who outraged the strict laws of morality. From the Gentiles he early received rough handling, and in March of the year 1831 he and Sidney Rigdon were tarred and feathered.

In November, 1833, Joseph first met the man who was to create such a name for himself. Brigham Young, who had been following the trade of a painter and glazier in New York, visited him at Kirtland, Ohio, and great demonstrations of the gift of tongues were manifested. Meanwhile, whilst Smith was hard at work finishing "the inspired translation of the New Testament," in Ohio, trouble was brooding over the Mormons, now numbering about 1,500, in Missouri. The anti-Mormons saw the danger they were exposed to, of the new sect becoming a great power; and from slight indications connected with slavery to which they were opposed (Missouri was then a slave State), foresaw the perils ahead. Determining to anticipate troubles, they broke into the office of a



Mormon newspaper, the *Star*, tarred, feathered, and whipped a number of the brethren, and insisted upon the Mormons leaving Jackson County. In consequence of efforts at legal protection on the part of the Mormons the anti-Mormons formed themselves into a band to rid the county of the obnoxious sect; "peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must." "Relieving as we do (say they) that the arm of the civil law does not afford us a guarantee, or at least a sufficient one, against the evils which are inflicted upon us and seem to be increasing by the said religious sect, we deem it expedient, and of the highest importance, to form ourselves into a company for the better and easier accomplishment of our purpose." Such was the resolution, followed by a pledge to carry it out with their "bodily powers, lives, fortunes, and sacred honour."

From this moment great cruelties ensued, outrages were enacted, and wanton destruction of property. Men, women, and children fled from their persecutors, wandered out on to the prairie exposed to unheard-of privations, hunted like wild beasts from county to county, ultimately settling in Clay County, Missouri, where they were received with some degree of kindness. Nothing daunted, Joseph, who had before been Prophet, Seer, Revelator, and Translator, became Military leader, and received a revelation to redeem Zion. One hundred and thirty men started from Kirtland, Ohio, organised in companies of twelve. Camp discipline was rigid, and at the sound of the evening trumpet the little host invoked the protection of "The God of Battles." But the expedition was anything but a success. Storms of wind and rain scattered the camp, the horses stampeded, and on the second day cholera broke out; sixty-eight were attacked, fourteen died, and Joseph, who went about laying on hands, was himself stricken. Finally, a fresh revelation declared that "the Saints

in Jackson County deserved all they had received, for their sins," and a fresh proclamation suggested the propriety of their buying up all the land they could procure in this most coveted spot.

In 1835, Joseph, having laid aside the sword, separated from his followers twelve apostles, who were to proclaim the kingdom "to all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people," and for this purpose they departed to the Eastern States.

The temple which had been built in Kirtland was finished in 1836, and a thousand Saints assembled at its consecration. "Great spiritual gifts were manifested, and a wonderful pouring out of the Spirit took place." But matters in Kirtland did not go smoothly; great apostasy took place, and Joseph had all he could do to keep things straight. This, however, he appears to have accomplished, till, having established a bank at Kirtland, and having failed in honouring the notes of this same establishment, he and Sidney Rigdon, its president, were forced to leave "between two days," and joined company with Brigham, who had left them weeks before. Amid many perils they reached Missouri, and never returned to the spot where they had announced "The Lord had accepted His saints there, and had established His name for the salvation of the nations."

Joseph Smith's experience of the esteem in which his followers were held was not encouraging. In Kirtland the apostates were excommunicated, and in Missouri the anti-Mormons objected to their settling. A new place was sought, and the revelation given. "Adam-*Onde-Ahman* (the valley of God in which Adam blessed his children), the true spot of the Garden of Eden," in the north of Jackson County, was the future spot, and thither they went. But disputes at law and disturbances of a political nature troubled them still. An indiscreet speech of Sidney Rigdon's roused the

Missourians — the elections were approaching, and they determined not to be swallowed up. Fighting ensued, and the remainder of their stay in Missouri was one great quarrel for supremacy, either at the voting-booth or in the field. Unheard-of cruelties were perpetrated, great injustice done, but the anti-Mormons were determined to get rid of the hostile sect. Joseph, who was charged with cowardice by his wife, gave himself up as a prisoner; his followers fled, and received a welcome from the people of Illinois, to which State Joseph was allowed, by connivance of the sheriff, to flee; and in 1839, the foundations of the City of Nauvoo, on the east bank of the Mississippi, were laid; and about the same time leading apostles who had suffered severely in Missouri, and who it was deemed advisable should not remain in America, repaired to England on a mission.

At Nauvoo for a time all went smoothly. In less than two years 2,000 dwellings were erected, besides schools and public edifices; the foundations of a new temple were laid, and Joseph set himself steadily to work to consolidate his position, and for this purpose entered into politics. By working the rival parties for his own benefit he obtained, in the Session 1840–1, a city charter for Nauvoo, and placed himself and all his satellites in offices of influence. The city government at once passed stringent laws in self-defence, and all looked promising. The British Mission was a grand success;—a large immigration poured into Nauvoo, and this may be said to have been the happiest portion of the Prophet's life. But his quiet was short-lived. Political difficulties ensued, writs were continually being presented from Missouri for his arrest, constant struggles took place, and it was then that he first designated the Pacific coast as the future home of the Saints. At the same time, as though to test his *political* power, he became a candidate for the Presi-

dency of the Republic. Some slight disturbance led to his being cited to appear before the Court. Having been bailed out, he was re-arrested on leaving the Court, and was thrown into prison on a charge of treason. From this prison he never came out again alive.

It is needless to enter into the details of his death. Whilst the Governor of Carthage (the place of his imprisonment, and under whose personal guarantee of safety he and his brother Hiram, and one or two more, had delivered themselves up to the law) was away holding a Conference with the Mormons at Nauvoo, a band of men, with faces blacked and masked, marched with steady, dogged, and silent tread into Carthage, disarmed the guard, surrounded and took possession of the gaol, marched a squad upstairs, shot Hiram Smith, and attacked Joseph, who defended himself with a six-shooter. Finding himself wounded and overpowered by numbers, he jumped out of the window, and fell stunned into the court-yard below, where he was quickly despatched by the remainder of the band.

Thus died, in the year 1844, at the early age of thirty-nine, thenotorious Joseph Smith, regarded by his enemies as a personification of all that was bad,—hardly a crime but was charged to his account. Worshipped by his followers, idolised by those who were his intimates, and held by the members of the sect which he established as a saint, he suffered martyrdom; for even his enemies allow that no crime worthy of death was charged against him. Over six feet high, of commanding stature, and handsome features, he was one of those who had a peculiar power over his fellow-men. In argument he was strong, in influence he was powerful; and finding such to be the case, his enemies shot him. But in so doing they raised him

to the dignity of a martyr ; and although had he lived he would have sunk to his proper level, their rash proceeding has elevated him on a pinnacle amongst his followers as one who has “sealed his faith with his blood, and now reigns triumphant.

JOSEPH BECK.

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### THE DARLINGTON CONFERENCE.

ALTHOUGH our advertisement sheet contains the full programme of arrangements for this important and interesting gathering, we desire in these columns also to refer to the subject, commending it to the best solicitude of all our readers. We doubt not that, as relates to its religious aspect and bearing, the prayers of many will be offered that the fruits may *remain*, and that the effects of this contemplated large and influential gathering may be, under the Lord's gracious hand, “to the lengthening of the cords and the strengthening of our stakes”—that, in the language of the prophet, “the place of our tent may be enlarged ; that we may break forth on the right hand and on the left, and that our desolate cities may be inhabited.” For this end we need the earnest prayers of those who are absent, as well as those who may be present, that strength sufficient unto the day may be given, and that the Lord's name may be exalted thereby amongst the people.

We can hardly conclude this slight notice of the Conference without referring to the ample provision to be made both for the comfort and enjoyment of the numerous guests. We are firm believers in the propriety, as well as the wisdom, of thus combining physical with spiritual enjoyments on such occasions, even to the proposed extension of a garden party at Pelmore, and visits to Rokeby and Rivaulx Abbey ! The mere enumeration of so many benefits will, we hope, stir up the bodies, as well as the minds, of all who can in any wise attend.

In these southern latitudes we have often heard Darlington itself spoken of as the “land of Goshen” to our religious community. We trust it may prove so in every respect on this occasion, and that the rich blessings which have rested upon our Society through the labours of beloved and honoured Friends once resident there, may be renewed at this time to the abiding joy of both visitors and visited. We hope to give a report of the gathering in our next number.

EDITOR.

## THE CHURCH AND ITS MEMBERS.

THERE is, perhaps, nothing more difficult than to write critically on any topic with *evident* justice, and the difficulty lies often in this: that words are very inadequate to convey thought. This difficulty especially clings to subjects which are neither distinctly commonplace nor distinctly learned. Words in continual use have their meaning sharply defined by incessant wear; and what use does for common words is done for abstruse words by the refinements and subtleties of science.

But there are some subjects of great interest to many that so labour under this perplexity, that they seem to lose rather than gain by an interchange of thought upon them. We refer especially to religious topics, in which it often happens that particular phrases, which symbolise certain truths and emotions to one mind, have no signification to another; and Christian brethren who have met in peace, prepared to love as brethren, have parted, after some discussion of Christian doctrine, as severely opposed as they could be consistently with their Christian profession. We believe that these sharp contentions are chiefly occasioned by a want of definiteness in expression; in fact, by the ambiguity of language and its powerlessness to convey the finer shades of thought and deeper intuitions of the soul. Whilst this is so, it is quite obvious that we should all do everthing in our power to rescue words and phrases from ambiguity, and to be cautious in our use of such terms as may have a variable signification.

In the Society of Friends, we think the use of the

words "the Church," "the Truth," "faithfulness," "baptism," and some others are liable to be misapplied, or, at least, to be used in a partial perfunctory manner. The Spirit alone is eternal: the form changes with changing time, yet we become endeared to forms through which the power of the Spirit has reached us; and it seems almost an impossibility, to those who have from childhood received blessing through one channel, to conceive its flowing as freely, perchance more freely, through any other. "But the course of discussion and progress of opinion in this matter are such that the duty is laid upon us all to make *true* our own position; to make sure that we are none of us remaining too much in the bondage of the letter, and trying to subjugate others to the same yoke. For, if this should be so, we shall assuredly find that we are doing grievous harm to many thoughtful and truthful minds, driving the weaker to secret mistrust, the stronger to open protest."

With regard to those words to which we have just referred, we cannot but wish that it may always be remembered in their use, that the *Church* is much wider than our small section of it; that the *truth* is something infinitely greater than our small comprehension of it; that *faithfulness* to God will not always lead to Quakerism; and that baptism does often in Scripture mean water baptism.

Perhaps to some such a caution may seem unnecessary; but we believe much, very much, is required from those who teach, those who are placed in the position of leaders. It is requisite that they should have a clear and definite appreciation of the meaning of the terms they use, and employ them with precision and perfect justice.

We would not by these remarks throw discredit on the labours of those who, though poor in intellectual endowments, are yet rich in faith, but merely wish to

urge, when allusion is made to ecclesiastical and theological *facts*, that zeal for the truth may be according to knowledge.

The immense increase of literature, the facility with which it can be obtained, and the earnest inquiring spirit of the present day make such exactitude, which is always most desirable, a very great necessity. For no moment can be more painful to the sincere heart than when it is confronted with a fear that some beliefs on which the love and reverence of an immature judgment have been concentrated may after all have been founded on wrong assumptions, and it is to be feared that this experience is not unknown among our younger members.

We do not allude to beliefs in the greater truths of revealed religion, which Friends hold in common with other religious bodies, but to belief in those points that separate them from others, which are called "our distinguishing views," or "our valuable testimonies." We do plead earnestly that these views and testimonies should be taught to all our members. We cannot but think that it is the great duty of the Society to see that all its members have a clear, rational, scriptural conception of the grounds upon which our Church\* dissents from other churches of professing Christians. We firmly believe that it is not enough in this matter to leave the training of children in the hands of parents, or natural guardians, but that the Church should arrange an organised means of instruction for its members.

We thankfully believe that our children are not left in ignorance of the great and vital truths of Christianity; from their earliest infancy they are instructed in the Bible; but the further details of our doctrine and practice are, we believe, generally left to quite un-

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\* The Church is here used in its simple signification, "a congregation of faithful men."



certain and fugitive instructions. It is to be observed, also, that we are indebted almost entirely to books which are not Friends' books for help in instructing the young. For plain simple expositions of doctrine, and for exhortation, for the simple Gospel message, and all that enforces and explains it, we turn to the writings of others. So that whilst things remain as they now do, the intellectual fabric of the minds of our young people is being built up by the writings of those who exalt doctrines, rites, ceremonies, and ecclesiastical practices, which Friends feel they were especially raised up to testify against. And it is obvious that unless the mind is fortified by some previous teaching, that the most ordinary reading of a devout, or theological character, must have a determining effect in an opposite direction to Quakerism.

Can we, then, honestly advise the disuse of the learned and pious writings of the great divines of the universal Church? Can we honestly wish to avoid such valuable contributions to our spiritual growth as are continually placed before us in these modern days? Must we lay aside Butler, Leighton, or Jeremy Taylor—must we refuse the instruction of a Trench, Liddon, or Stanley? What shall replace on our bookshelves the well-known copies of Thomas à Kempis? and can Bernard Barton supply the need met by George Herbert, or Keble, Miss Waring, or Bonar? Surely such a sacrifice is not called for; and yet, without the counterbalancing instruction for which we have been pleading, the result is and will be, such as can easily be predicted—that whilst for social, filial, and we believe in many cases spiritual reasons, young Friends are sincerely attached to our Society, intellectually they are not only not attached, but absolutely disloyal to it.

We often hear lamentations that the writings of our early Friends are not more frequently studied, and it is certainly a duty laid upon those who speak thus, to

point out in what their value consists. Is it not, also, incumbent on those who speak of our "distinguishing views" as *true*, to teach these truths; to explain that there is Scriptural authority for them and to answer any doubts that may rise in the minds of those less firmly convinced than themselves?

We cannot understand that apathy which is willing to let the intelligent, serious, and earnest-hearted leave our Society for want of instruction in those very points that make it superior to other religious bodies! We believe that many are not only willing, but anxious to enter into the conditions of discipleship, with hearts as honest and earnest as any of those who might instruct them, and that it is only for want of this definite instruction that they do not grow up with the same firmness of faith in the same views.

A. LLOYD.

## GLEANINGS AMONGST SCRIPTURE SHEAVES.—No. 3.

REV., CHAPS. IV. AND V.

WITH what a touching affection John the Evangelist, not naming himself in his Gospel, yet speaks of himself as “one of His disciples whom Jesus loved,” who was leaning on Jesus’ bosom at that memorable Last Supper—at the moment when Jesus said to the group in communion with him, “Verily, verily, I say unto you that one of you shall betray me;” and once again, that same disciple stood by when his Master was in agony on the cross, and again he describes himself as he whom Jesus loved; of whom the words were spoken to His mother, “Woman, behold thy son,” and to this disciple, “Behold thy mother.” “From that hour that disciple took her to his own home.” The last charge in His human nature of affection and trust given by the Lord.

But here, in the Book of Revelation, the familiar affection is swallowed up in reverential awe, in the narrative of the aged and faithful servant and witness of his Lord. He had seen the King in His glory, and he humbly calls himself only “his servant, John.”

May we not believe that he had a clear remembrance of that day when “James and John, the sons of Zebedee came unto Jesus, saying, Grant unto us that we may sit, one on thy right hand and the other on thy left hand in thy glory? And Jesus said unto them, Ye know not what ye ask.” With the glimpse of that glory, so far exceeding his utmost thought, how true would he feel the Saviour’s words, “Ye know not what ye ask.”

And how high an honour even to know the fulfilment of the promise, "Ye shall indeed drink of the cup that I drink of and with the baptism that I am baptised withal shall ye be baptised," a promise which was being accomplished to the Apostle, "companion in tribulation," as he calls himself, "and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ"—banished to the lonely little island "for the Word of God and for the testimony of Jesus Christ."

It arises with me to say and to feel, that in the living believer's heart this same Jesus still lives and reigns in glory, and still says through this same loving disciple and servant, "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame and am set down with my Father in His throne." Wonderful, mysterious promise, to which the words which follow seem most fitting: "He that hath an ear let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the Churches."

We have in the second and third chapters of Revelation, the risen and glorified Lord presented as the Shepherd and Bishop of His Church. We have in the fourth and fifth chapters, or rather in the fifth, John's inspired record of the Saviour-King in His glory. But even so He is shown to us as the Saviour still occupied in finishing His work of redeeming love, and surrounded, not only by the angels, but by those who have been redeemed to God by His blood out of every kindred and tongue, and people and nation. He was, even in glory, "like unto the Son of Man."

The fourth chapter of the Book of Revelation, describing the worship in heaven of the Father Almighty, recalls to us naturally the inspired and sublime visions of the prophets Isaiah and Ezekiel.

Let the reader first turn to the sixth chapter of Isaiah, verses 1 to 7, and then to the vision of Ezekiel, which has also many points of resemblance

to that of John. [Ezek. chap. i. 1, also verse 4 to the end.]

The fifth chapter of Revelation relates the vision of the Lamb that was slain, who was in the *midst* of the throne of God—the object of the songs of adoring gratitude and praise. “And I beheld (says the inspired writer), and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the beast and the elders, and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands: saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing. And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever. And the four beasts said, Amen. And the four and twenty elders fell down and worshipped Him that liveth for ever and ever.”

These two sublime chapters bring home to us the teaching, opening words of the Lord's Prayer, “Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name.”

It is our privilege to bring to our Father in heaven—without a human priest's interference, without book or form, or sacred building—every need, every grief, every care, every temptation, confessing every sin and all sinfulness. In the words of the Apostle Paul, “we should seek the Lord, if haply we might feel after Him and find Him”—what an expressive figure of speech, as though we were helpless children in the dark, feeling after and finding the Caretaker and Friend—“if haply we might feel after Him and find Him, though He be not far from every one of us. For in Him we live and move and have our being.” So

are we encouraged to come, in the name of, and through, Christ.

Yet with all this readiness of approach, with the exhortation to seek, to feel after, to find, and to have communion with our Father in heaven, with the promise of the Holy Spirit's aid and witness, we rob our Heavenly Father of the glory due to His name, and ourselves of the highest of human feelings, if we fail to come to Him in prayer, and praise, and worship, with the reverence which befits us, and which angels and heavenly powers devoutly render.

Are these two feelings inconsistent, the approach of sons, and the reverence of the creature before the Creator? Indeed they are not. The awfulness of the approach might well overpower us, were it not for Him who is the "Way," were it not for our fellowship and brotherhood with the Son of Man, the Lamb that was slain. Divine—the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of His person, and upholding all things by the word of His power. Human—for verily He took not on Him the nature of angels, but He took on Him the seed of Abraham.

"Wherefore, in all things it behoved Him to be made like unto His brethren, that He might be a merciful and faithful high-priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people." "For in that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted."

Thus are joined the Divine and human; thus are linked together, through Christ, God and man, even the sinner.

"Having, therefore, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way which He hath consecrated for us through the vail, that is to say His flesh, and having an high-priest over the house of God, let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from

an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water."

Thus are joined together reverence towards the Father Almighty with Son-like trust in His love, and assurance of the Holy Spirit's guidance through Christ's baptising and redeeming grace.

The Spirit itself "beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God. And if children, then heirs, heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ."

"What shall we say to these things? He that spared not His own son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him, also freely give us all things."

Oh! for the absence of the state that is neither cold nor hot! Oh! for deeper love for Christ! For a clearer perception of His self-sacrificing love for us! For the faith which can now regard Him as so full of compassion for the sinful, that He took on Him our nature in the humblest form, dying for us in the body prepared for Him—yet that He is so exalted in glory that He receives the adoration of myriads of angels, and of the redeemed in heaven. Faith at once in the crucified and unseen Lord, the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and ending of redemption and all our eternal hopes.

After reading the Bible record of the Saviour in glory in heaven, we may turn with a still deeper interest to the account of His lowly birth. And yet, humble as was His first abiding-place in human form, there appeared a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good will to men."

There are a few pages in the work of Dr. Hanna, which seem to me appropriate in this connection, as showing the linking of the earthly and the heavenly, the human with the angelic—with which we will conclude these notes,

“ ‘ In the sixth month,’ half a year from the time when, within the holy place at Jerusalem, he had stood on the right side of the altar of incense, and announced to the incredulous Zacharias the birth of the Baptist, the angel Gabriel was sent to an obscure Galilean village to announce a still greater birth—that of the Divine Redeemer of mankind.

“ As we open, then, the first page in the history of our Lord’s earthly life, we come at once into contact with the supernatural.

“ The spirit world unfolds itself ; some of its highest inhabitants become palpable to sense, and are seen to take part in human affairs. In the old patriarchal and prophetic ages, angels frequently appeared, conversing with Abraham and Hagar, and Lot and Jacob ; instructing in their ignorance, or comforting in their distress, or strengthening in their weakness, Joshua, and Gideon, and Elijah, and Daniel, and Zachariah. Excluding, however, those instances in which it was the Angel of the Covenant who appeared, the cases of angelic manifestation were comparatively rare, and lie very thinly scattered over the four thousand years which preceded the birth of Christ. Within the half century which embraced His life we have more instances of angelic interposition than in all the foregoing centuries of the world’s history. At its opening and at its close, angels appear as taking a special interest in events which had little of outward mark to distinguish them.

“ Gabriel announces to Zacharias the birth of John, to Mary the birth of Jesus.

“ An angel warns Joseph in a dream to take the young child down to Egypt.

“ On the night of the great birth, and for the first time on earth, a multitude of the heavenly host is seen.

“ In the Garden of Gethsemane, an angel comes to strengthen our Lord in His great agony.



“On the morning of the resurrection, angels appear, now sitting, now standing, within and without the sepulchre, as if thronged around the place where the body of the Lord had lain. When from the top of Olivet, the cloud carried the rising Jesus out of the apostles’ sight, two angels stand beside the apostles, as they gaze so stedfastly up into the heavens, and foretell His second coming. Nor do they withdraw from human sight when the ministry of our Lord has closed. Mingling with the other miraculous agency, whereby the kingdom of Christ was established and extended, theirs appears.

“An angel releases Peter, commissions Philip, instructs Cornelius, smites Herod, stands amid the terrors of the shipwreck before Paul.

“Is there aught incredible in this? If there be indeed a world of spirits, and in that world Christ fills the place our faith attributes to Him; if in that world there be an innumerable company of angels; if the great design of our Lord’s visit to this earth was to redeem our sinful race to God, and unite us with the unfallen members of His great family,—then it was not unnatural that those who had worshipped around His throne should bend in wonder over His cradle, stand by His side in His deep agony, roll away the stone, rejoicing, from His sepulchre, and attend Him as the everlasting doors were lifted up, when, triumphant over death and hell, He resumed His place in the eternal throne. When the Father brought His first begotten into the world, the edict was, ‘Let all the angels of God worship Him.’

“Shall we wonder, then, that this worship, in one or two of its acts, should be made manifest to human vision, as if to tell us what an interest the Incarnation excited, if not in the minds of men, in another and higher branch of the great community of spirits? From the beginning angels were interested spectators

of what transpired on earth. When, under the moulding hand of the great Creator, the present economy of material things was spread forth—so good, so beautiful—they sang together, they shouted for joy.

“ Though, since Christ Himself has gone, they have withdrawn from human vision, they have not withdrawn from earthly service under the Redeemer. Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation? Who shall recount to us wherein that gracious ministry of theirs consists? Who shall prove it to be a fancy that, as they waited to bear away the spirit of Lazarus to Abraham’s bosom, they hover round the deathbed of the believer still, the tread of their footstep, the stroke of their wing unheard, as they waft the departing spirit to its eternal home?”

J. H. BARBER.

## Notices of Books Received.

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*Memoirs of Joseph Buckley.* Edited by his Daughter. Glasgow: Robert Sineal; and London: Harris & Co. 1874. (Pp. 650.)

We have been interested in reading these memoirs of another departed worthy from amongst the long roll of names of those of whom it may be truly said that, "having served their own generation by the will of God, they fell on sleep." The volume before us is an affectionate tribute to the life of a humble-minded and consistent Friend, who, though probably not very widely known throughout the Society of Friends, was a faithful and earnest workman in that important part of the heritage committed to his charge.

The private journal, from which very numerous extracts have been made, brings before us many of the more important events of our corporate history during the past half century. The accounts also of his two visits to Norway will be read with interest, more especially by those acquainted with the persons and places amongst whom his lot was cast.

We have no means of judging how far the number of personal connections of our late Friend justify so thick a volume, but unless a life be very eventful or full of incident of general interest to the community, we doubt the wisdom of publishing so copious a memoir as the one before us. The feeling of near relatives upon this subject should always be checked by an appeal to those less intimately acquainted with the deceased, who can therefore judge better of that which is adapted for the general public.

*Which is the Church?* By J. W. CUDWORTH. Simpkin, Marshall & Co., London, 1874.

This volume is intended as supplemental to a pamphlet by the same writer, which we reviewed in a former number, setting forth his reasons for leaving the Society of Friends. The present book seems laden with the same dogmatic but unproven assertions which characterised the former one.

We must congratulate the writer on his zeal for religious subjects in his old age, so different from the apathy and indifference which he informs us was his condition during his early manhood and prime of life, even though his present zeal be "not according to knowledge." Our impression is that, had he given the same time and attention in his earlier days to the principles in which he was brought up, he might, under the Lord's training hand, have become a consistent upholder and zealous defender of the faith he now seeks to destroy.

We may, on a future occasion, give a more extended notice of the book, although we confess to an indisposition to review a work so full of dogmatic assumptions and loose statements. The opening statement, which is put in strong italics, and upon which he grounds his argument is, *that the denial of the necessity of baptism by water is "the only distinction which can justify the existence of the Society as a separate religious community."* This is an extraordinary beginning. We would simply refer him to George Fox's journal, wherein, if our memory does not deceive us utterly, he will certainly find this is not the only, or in anywise a principal ground of secession; we had imagined indeed, it was a *very* small part of our protest and cause of secession. We should also have thought that a mere glance around at the Romanising tendencies of the Church of England at the present day would satisfy any one of reasons which might justify the existence of our Society as a separate religious community. Have priestcraft, superstitious rites, and Popish customs, no hold in the so-called Protestant English Church of this day? and if they have, can the testimony of our Church as an independent witness against these abominations be spared? We rise from this book, to use the language of the Yearly Epistle for this year, "in the renewed persuasion that it has pleased the Lord to give us a place amongst the tribes of His spiritual Israel, and may it be our prayer that we may be kept by Him in our appointed lot, faithful to that service and testimony to which He has called us; abiding in Christ, and under the life-giving influence of His Spirit bringing forth much fruit."

*Work of the Future for the Society of Friends.* London: W. Isbister & Co. 1874. (Pp. 47.) Price 1s.

A very thoughtfully-written book on questions which will crop up in the minds of all, and written in the main from what may be regarded as the "ancient standpoint of

Quakerism." The writer forcibly brings out the present and future need of upholding the principles of our Society intact. "Our existence (says he) and the position we hold in the esteem of the best men of all opinions is a standing protest against Ritualism and priestly authority, and against the delusion that there is a necessary connection between 'orthodoxy' as to rites and ceremonies and true religion. The glorious work remains for us, if we will undertake it, to establish Christian truth on a basis that neither rationalism, nor superstition, nor historic doubts, nor critical subtleties, nor metaphysical quibbles, nor materialistic philosophy, can shake or destroy." It is, in many respects, an unintentional, though by no means an inapt, reply to some of the assertions contained in the book of J. W. Cudworth just reviewed.

*A Retrospect of my Life.* By EDWARD ASH, M.D. Bristol: W. Mack. (Pp. 88.)

This little book, which its compiler, Fielden Thorp, states "may be regarded as his legacy to his surviving friends," is one which will be read with interest, not only by those who were personally acquainted with him, but by a much wider circle to whom he was known by his writings, and the Christian gentleness and love of truth which they uniformly displayed, even though we might not assent to his conclusions. Many valuable papers have been contributed by him to the columns of the *Friends' Examiner*, several of which were sent under a real concern and strong apprehension of the need of setting forth the views therein contained.

The circumstances of his life were peculiar. Having been born a Friend, and been an active member and a Gospel minister amongst them, he resigned his membership, though not his love and interest in the Society, when about fifty-four years of age, and eleven years afterwards he rejoined its ranks as a member, and during the last three years of his life he was again a recorded minister, faithfully, we believe, exercising his gift amongst those with whom he was located.

As the record of a gentle Christian life of true-hearted love to his Lord, ending in a calm and happy old age, we commend the book to all.

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FRIENDS' QUARTERLY EXAMINER.

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*N.B.—The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the opinions expressed in any article bearing the signature of the writer.*

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FIRST-DAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE AT DARLINGTON.

THE Society of Friends is becoming remarkable for its Conferences. Not only is there the regular Annual Conference, or Yearly Meeting, which has for the last two centuries been zealously attended by Friends from all parts of the country, but in this epoch of its history scarcely a year passes without a large deputation from the district meetings throughout the land congregating in London to consider some question or other concerning its organisation and Church arrangements.

The zeal with which these gatherings are attended, often at considerable sacrifice both of time and money, is unquestionably an evidence of life and energy in the Body, but we very much doubt the wisdom of the Yearly Meeting foregoing its own functions, and delegating to another equally large body of representatives

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considerations which legitimately belong to itself. There may often be a real waste of strength, as well as of time, in "too much talking;" and seeing the admirable arrangement we have, by which every district Quarterly Meeting can bring forward any proposition it pleases, after it has been fully discussed and sifted in its own locality, we demur to the system of frequently summoning another body of Friends virtually to supersede this long-recognised relationship of Quarterly and Yearly Meetings.

We have lately seen a Conference gathered together in London about as large as the Yearly Meeting itself, and the former, after several days' discussion, having agreed on a report, it was simply ignored by the latter meeting, although its component parts were neither more numerous, influential, energetic, or representative than the body whose suggestions it put aside. We believe that to avoid collision either the Yearly Meeting must accept the decision of such large representative Conferences summoned by its orders, or that it must itself do its own work, deciding on propositions sent up to it through the good old-fashioned channel of Quarterly Meetings.

But however much the desirability of these repeated Conferences in London may be questioned, the argument will in no wise apply to those "First-day School Conferences" which have been held every four or five years in various large towns throughout the kingdom, including Birmingham, Manchester, Bristol, Liverpool, Leeds, Dublin, and Darlington. These circular meetings not only possess the special advantage common to all associations that change their locality for holding meetings—of stirring up fresh life and vigour in the district in which they meet—but they bring together the strength and working sinew of our Society from all parts for the one definite object of helping each other in their Christian engagements.

Some of the events of the late Darlington Conference are elsewhere chronicled in these columns, and our object in this place is mainly to gather up a few of the deeper thoughts which animated this large assembly of both sexes, and which, if we mistake not, is destined to bear "fruit after its kind," not only in the schools but in the Church itself.

No one who attended it could fail to be impressed with the thoroughness with which each subject was considered, and the practical results which must assuredly follow such deliberations, although at the time they may not crystallise into very definite shapes. We confess to a far deeper faith in the fruit resulting from this sowing of good seed into hearts and minds prepared for its reception, than in any cut-and-dried plans for work, or abstract rules carefully squared to fit all conditions.

But perhaps the most satisfactory issue to those who regard these subjects in their relation to our own Church was the increased feeling of loyalty and attachment to the Body which was displayed not only in most of the papers which were read, but by the numerous younger Friends who took part in the discussion, as well as by the older.

For many years much inward anxiety has been felt by the Fathers and by the watchmen upon our walls, lest the stream of youthful zeal set flowing by this and kindred associations, should break loose into fresh directions, severing its promoters from the ancient testimonies and faith of the Body, and leaving the old channels dry as well as empty.

Having to some extent sympathised in this fear, and yet feeling assured that the work was of the Lord, and must go on whatever the indirect consequences might be, it was with heartfelt thankfulness that we recognised throughout the sittings of the Conference a strong and almost universal under-current of



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feeling that the Church cannot and must not be a secondary consideration amongst First-day School teachers, but that the prosperity of the one is really most intimately associated with the well-being of the other.

Whilst admitting fully that the work of teaching some 14,000 Sabbath scholars (more than half of whom are adults) is one of sufficient importance to enlist the heartfelt services of every one now engaged in it, and recognising the binding effects of such a coalition, we believe that a still deeper basis of union is needful to make the First-day School cause an unbroken success hereafter, and to hold fast its workers in a permanent and indissoluble oneness.

The inducements to a lasting corporate subsistence are very variable. Probably a unity of *action* will suffice when the work to be done is short and quick. If all are labouring for a common end, and that end is promptly reached and accomplished, there is neither time nor necessity for very closely examining motives.

And even with the strongest bond of all, that of religious fellowship, unless there be also underlying strata of unity in the deep things of God, which shall permeate the hearts and souls of the co-workers in any congregation, we have but little faith in the permanence of the outward bond which holds them together.

Lastly, and in relation to our First-day School organisation, looking upon the circumstances of other societies past and present, we cannot resist the conviction that for an imperishable cause it is needful to have church fellowship and unity of *faith* as well as of practices. Whilst with the present generation of Friends the First-day School movement is probably in no danger of dissolution, we have again and again asked ourselves what its condition would be if its teachers ceased to have the tie of a common religious profession, and depended solely upon the tie of common service in a good cause?

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We regard this movement as a legitimate branch from the old Quaker root, and so long as it receives spiritual life and help from the tree that bare it, we see every reason for its spread and growth ; but if the branch be severed, no longer receiving nourishment from the old trunk, we can foresee in the next generation little in a *national* point of view but a rope of sand to hold the schools together. If there be no unity in doctrine, discipline and practice amongst the teachers, we hold that no unison of action or of teaching effort will avail for the continuous corporate existence of this now vigorous and most valuable organisation.

Not therefore for the sake of our Church alone, but for the *lasting* prosperity of the First-day Schools themselves, do we hail the thoroughly fraternal and harmonious feeling which displayed itself in the representatives both of Church and schools at this important Conference ; and from it do we venture to predict results far beyond anything we have yet witnessed. No one who has closely observed the condition of the Society of Friends can have failed to observe the great loss it sustained in the first half of the present century from want of *action* and outward corporate religious efforts for the good of the depraved and ignorant around them. Its very muscles became limp and half powerless by reason of disuse, and had it not been for this and other similar movements it is probable that before the present century had run its course this once vigorously doing and working religious community would have died of paralysis or inanition, leaving indeed a noble record of former great deeds, but closing with a deedless decadence.

If, then, the First-day School movement has been thus instrumental in saving the Church, is it too much to ask that the Church should now come forward and strive to infuse its own deep and fervent religious life into the schools ? It seems to us that never was the

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old saying, "united we stand, separated we fall," more truly applicable than in the mutual relationship of the schools and the Church.

This connection has been so forcibly treated in the paper by R. Spence Watson, entitled "Teaching and the Church," that we content ourselves with earnestly inviting all our readers again to give it a calm and prayerful perusal. It touches upon the great questions of personal conviction and of loyalty to the principles we profess in a way that must commend itself to every thoughtful Friend.

"There is a wide difference (he says) between freedom in form and freedom in faith, a mighty difference between having no written creed and having no definite creed. But I need say little upon this point, for there are many indications that our Society is fully alive, at length, to the need there is of teaching its own principles to those within its own borders. Yet we can scarcely wonder that, when we ourselves understand them so little, we should fail to make others appreciate them; that, when we ourselves seem to hold them so lightly, we should not succeed in inspiring in others a genuine affection for them. We have heard in former Conferences, advice to teach Christianity, not Quakerism—as though there were some radical difference between the two; to try to make men Christians rather than Quakers—advice which is quite easily to be understood if given by those who do not believe with us, but which is simply impossible if given to those who do. If we accept such advice we may be very good Methodists, or Baptists, or Episcopalians, but we are not Quakers. Why, if we have the courage of our convictions, if we believe that we have found a more excellent way, in all love and sympathy to other Christian denominations shall we not urge it upon them? In all love and sympathy to those who come to us from without shall we not offer it to them?"

The only other paper which space permits us to refer to, is the "Church and the School," by Joseph Rowntree. It is hardly just to the writer to quote a single extract from a paper so logically compiled, but we are tempted to give the following:—

"If, then, our meetings are not aggressive, and if only a

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handful of persons join the Society out of all the millions who people these islands, it is not likely that our scholars will be exempt from the influences which affect the general population. I think, therefore, that the question, How are we to bridge over the gulf between the Church and the School? is only another form of the wider question, How is our Church to be made an aggressive Church? How it is to meet the spiritual wants of larger numbers of our fellow-countrymen? Put into a single sentence, I believe the answer is:—*By recognising in worship and Church organisation the principle of adaptation, and by encouraging particular congregations to adapt their regulations to their own special needs.*"

Upon a right application of this idea will largely depend the future of our religious Society. We can only repeat our conviction that any attempt to upturn the character of our morning meetings for worship, would be fraught with injury to the souls of those worshipping, and with danger to the fabric of Quakerism itself. But upon other portions of the First-day it does seem an incumbent duty upon a religious community, to whom spiritual gifts have been largely imparted, to exercise those gifts for the enlarging and advancement of the kingdom of Christ amongst others. It is not every congregation that knows its "own special needs," and, without great care, the adaptation of particular congregations—many of which are very small, and exceedingly weak—might lead to anarchy and to an independence fatal to the upholding of our corporate profession. As there will, doubtless, be many failures before the best mode of gathering in outsiders will be discovered, we are especially anxious that all such tentative efforts should not affect that portion of the First-day which is occupied by our regular morning meetings for worship. When the practical results of these shall have been proved, we shall be the better able to form an opinion upon the expediency of further changes.

EDITOR.

## ON THE MORMONS.

## PART II.

HAVING carried the history of Mormonism to the time of the death of its founder, it is necessary to inquire into the nature of the creed held by this Body ; and on this point we are not left in doubt, as there has been no hesitation on their part in proclaiming the points of their faith. The difficulty is rather to gather from their various documents, and present in a condensed form, such a *résumé* as shall give a correct idea of the most important religious tenets held by them ; and here I confess to the difficulty. The creed published by Joseph Smith, and given at the conclusion of this paragraph, was intelligible enough, and contained in it nothing to excite the amazement or startle the propriety of any Christian community ; but this was elaborated ; from time to time fresh revelations were made, and these were issued, eventually, in a work on “Covenants and Doctrines.” But these revelations are continually being received, and to the work above-mentioned have to be added the latest developments as promulgated by Brigham Young and his apostles. These I must allude to presently ; but in order to place the matter clearly before the reader, he will find, below, the Creed of the Mormon Church, as written and declared by Joseph Smith in the year 1842 :—

“We believe in God the Eternal Father, and in His Son Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost.

“We believe that men will be punished for their own sins, and not for Adam’s transgression.

"We believe that, through the atonement of Christ, all mankind may be saved by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel.

"We believe that these ordinances are:—First, Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; Second, Repentance; Third, Baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; Fourth, Laying on of Hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost.

"We believe that a man must be called of God by prophecy, and by laying on of hands by those who are in authority, to preach the Gospel and administer in the ordinances thereof.

"We believe in the same organisation that existed in the primitive Church, viz., apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers, evangelists, &c.

"We believe in the gift of tongues, prophecy, revelations, visions, healing, interpretation of tongues, &c.

"We believe the Bible to be the word of God, as far as it is translated correctly. We also believe The Book of Mormon to be the word of God.

"We believe all that God has revealed, and that He does now reveal; and we believe that He will yet reveal many great and important things pertaining to the kingdom of God.

"We believe in the literal gathering of Israel, and in the restoration of the Ten Tribes. That Zion will be built upon this continent. That Christ will reign personally upon the earth, and that the earth will be renewed and receive its paradisaic glory.

"We claim the privilege of worshipping Almighty God according to the dictates of our conscience, and allow all men the same privilege, let them worship how, when, or what they may.

"We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers, and magistrates; in obeying, honouring and sustaining the law.

"We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to *all men*; indeed, we may say that we follow the admonition of Paul. We believe all things, we hope all things; we have endured many things, and hope to be enabled to endure all things. If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report, or praiseworthy, we seek after those things.

"(Signed)      JOSEPH SMITH."

The above Creed appears simple enough, and differs but little from those of other sects ; but, taken in connection with subsequent developments or “revelations,” it has become one of the most complicated systems of faith ; and the Church government, which is spoken of as being a simple apostolic organisation, has become one of the most tyrannical and narrow systems for throwing all influence, power, and authority on secular matters, as well as religious, into the hands of the Church authorities—apostles, prophets, pastors, &c.

It would far exceed the limits of a paper such as the present, and not accord with my purpose, to trace through all their intricacies the development of many of the headings given in the Declaration. Spread over a very many writings they might fill volumes, but I shall allude (as somewhat of a type of elaboration) to, say, the first point of belief—“We believe in God.” This belief is developed in the book of Covenants and Doctrines and in the sermons of their preachers, in a purely materialistic manner. God is held to be a perfected man ; they deny altogether the existence of spirit distinct from matter ; they believe it to be a question of degree, just as air is more subtle than water. The purest of all matters they hold to be the Holy Spirit, which, being set in motion by the power of the Great Elohim, is the moving cause of all creation. They believe that the God of our worship is the God for this world ; they hold that there are other gods for other worlds, and under these are angels, spirits, and men, only differing in degree. Heaven is declared in their writings as a place for the development of the pleasures of earth ; the inhabitants are to be ruled over by those who have attained a sufficiently high state before death. Baptism is held to be a “saving ordinance” of actual and material value, and to such an extent do they carry this doctrine that they

baptise again and again after every backsliding, and sometimes when there has been a period of "general coldness" in the Church.

At the time known in Mormon annals as the Reformation, when it was supposed that the Lord had sent drought and grasshoppers to punish their backsliding, every adult member of the Church was rebaptised. Nearly all the old members have been baptised two or three times each, and Brigham Young in one of his sermons mentions an old reprobate who had been baptised no less than twelve times, and "cut off thirteen times for lying." Brigham himself, who was then much addicted to liquor, seems to have fallen under the power of his enemy soon after uniting with the Church, thus rendering re-baptism necessary.

They hold the efficacy of the laying on of hands in cases of sickness. They hold visions as sent from God, and the same material tendency runs through all their creed; everything is elaborated, everything decided: The dawn of the Lord's-day is here, the new Sabbath will soon be ushered in—nearly all the Gentile world will be destroyed. Those that remain will become servants to the Saints, who will return and possess the whole land. At the same time the remnant of the Indians, who are the descendants of the ancient Jews, will be converted, have the curse removed, and become a "fair and delightsome people."

The way will be opened to the remainder of the "ten lost tribes," who are shut up somewhere near the North Pole. Old Jerusalem will be re-built by all the Jews gathering to the Holy Land, and about the year 1890 the new Jerusalem will be let down from God out of Heaven, and located in Jackson County, Missouri, with the cornerstone of the great temple "three hundred yards west of the old court-house in Independence," where is to be the capital of Christ's earthly



kingdom. The streets of the city will be paved with the gold dug by Gentiles from the Rocky Mountains ; noxious insects will be banished, infectious diseases cease, the land produce abundantly of grain, flour, and fruit, and everything will be lovely.

Having glanced rapidly at some of the main features of the Mormon Creed, it will be necessary to allude to the repulsive doctrine of Polygamy before preceding with the history of the sect.

Mormon history may be considered as consisting of three periods. The first from its rise to 1843, when monogamy was preached and practised, and polygamy denied. Secondly, from 1843 to 1852, during which period it was secretly taught and practised, but openly denied and condemned. Thirdly, from 1852, to the present, during which time it has been openly avowed as an essential part of their religion.

A description of the effect of the promulgation of the doctrine, and its consequences, I propose deferring to a future time, and give below the views of a Mormon Elder, as explained to me ; he himself preferring a lower place both in the Church here and hereafter to giving way to the solicitations of the apostles to alter his marital arrangements. They hold that the atmosphere around is filled with spirits waiting for outward bodies, and that the sole object of marriage is to give an opportunity for these spirits to go through their probation below ; and as they believe that the father of a family, after death, becomes king over his offspring, the larger the number of his children on this earth, the more important will be his sphere in the next.

Marriage is held as a very high religious ordinance, and in cases of polygamy the first wife has to give her assent, and absolutely at the altar to place the hand of the new bride into that of her husband. They acknowledge that it leads not unfrequently to difficulties and unpleasantness, but they hold that the revelation

having been made to Joseph Smith, was delayed, because they were not strong enough to bear it ; but that after ten years those in authority were able to bear the trial, and that now all good Mormons, who have sufficient of this world's goods to enable them to keep a plurality of wives, are bound to give up to the trial as a proof of their faith, and to increase the number of the kingdom of Christ here and hereafter.

Before holding high office in the Church, a man must embrace the doctrine, and an increase in the number of his wives leads to higher promotion. They quote the Apostle Paul, "a bishop *must* be the husband of one wife ;" they say he does not forbid more, but no bachelor is ever qualified to fill this office in the Church. Amongst the "twelve Apostles," the highest number is seven, the lowest three, the total amongst them being fifty-two. Brigham Young has nineteen, and I think H. Kimble had twenty-six wives.

From the above it may be well imagined that that close and tender social tie existing amongst all Christian bodies between man and wife is ignored by the rulers of the Church at Salt Lake. Woman is no longer the helpmeet of man. She merely looks after the family and the household arrangements. The men occupy themselves during the day with their farming and mercantile pursuits, and in the evening are engaged at their church or class-meetings, varying it now and then with a visit to the theatre or concert, in company with one or other of the wives, probably leading to jealousy amongst the others ; thus bearing out the truth I heard expressed, that he that loved least got on best ; and a careless, indifferent husband, had generally the quieter and more contented household. That the women strive their best to bear it, I can truly testify. On mentioning jealousy to a very refined-looking Mormon lady, the big tears rolled down her cheeks ; and Mrs. Stenhouse, in her

work on the subject, graphically describes her own feelings as follows :—

“I knew very well that if it was the law of God, as I had been led to believe it was, I must endure it, though it should cost me my life. Besides which Brigham Young and all the authorities used to say that it ‘was a cross we all had got to bear.’ They have all told me frequently and positively that there was no salvation or ‘exaltation in the heavens’ without it. With all my faith in Mormonism doubts would arise, and in my bitterest moments of anguish I would exclaim, ‘This is more like the work of cruel man than of God. Why should man have that power over woman, and she so helpless? Surely a just and impartial God can have nothing to do with this.’ Then again I would come to the conclusion, as I had many times before, that ‘the ways of the Lord are past finding out,’ and therefore I must submit. . . . The time at length arrived for us to go to the ‘Endowment House,’ and there at the altar the first wife is expected to give proof of her faith in her religion by placing the hand of the new wife in that of her husband. She is asked the question by Brigham Young, ‘Are you willing to give this woman to your husband, to be his lawful and wedded wife for time and for all eternity? If you are, you will manifest it by placing her right hand within the right hand of your husband.’ I did so. But what words can describe my feelings? The anguish of a whole lifetime was crowded into that one single moment. When it was done, I felt that I had laid everything upon the altar, and that there was no more to sacrifice. I had given away my husband. What more could the Lord require of me that I could not do? Nothing!”

Direct revelations are held to be of frequent occurrence, and therefore a mere list of them would involve a recapitulation of all the occurrences that have taken place since the foundation of the sect. If a battle was successful it was the result of revelation; if a failure, revelation declared it was a punishment for sin. By revelation apostles are sent on their journeyings. By revelation the place of Salt Lake City was defined, the shape of its streets, and position of the temple and tabernacle. By revelation the use of tea and coffee

were discouraged,\* and intoxicating drinks and tobacco forbidden, and at the present time, by the same means, information as to the smallest details of living and dressing are supposed to be obtained, the latest development being an order for all to wear wooden shoes.

The devout Mormon believes himself to be directed in all and everything, and a revelation promulgated by the apostles of his Church is as much binding upon him as the most direct command in the Bible. He waits for revelation of the will of God in everything, and can say but little without reference thereto. His pastor or bishop has such thorough control of him that he can be used for anything. At a moment's notice he may be sent on a foreign mission, he may be ordered to take another wife, he may be commanded to give over his goods to the keeping of the Church, and he must obey. His revelations, if contrary to those higher in authority, must be false, and thus he is the mere creature of a theocratic system which holds him on every side. The freedom of the Gospel is to him a thing unknown, he must bow to the dictation of the Church or be cast out an apostate, cursed by his former friends, his temporal affairs ruined if possible, and an example according to the preacher of the visible curse on the unfaithful man.

The following summary of Mormonism is from the pen of J. H. Beadle, who for several years resided in Salt Lake City, became intimately acquainted with the leaders of the sect, and whose book on "The Mysteries and Crimes of Mormonism" is worth perusal by those desirous of learning the intricate details of the secret rites and ceremonies of the Latter-Day Saints.

"Amusement and disgust possess us by turns as we pursue these blasphemous speculations in regard to the employment

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\* Tea, coffee, and leather have to be imported into the State, thus rendering Mormons dependent on the "Gentiles."

of the *gods*, or the vain attempt to supply those points of knowledge which Infinite Wisdom has left unrevealed. In this attempt the Mormons may be styled eclectic theologians. They are Christians in their belief in the New Testament and the mission of Christ; Jews in their temporal theocracy, tithing, and belief in prophecy; Mahometans in regard to the relations of the sexes; and Voudoos or Fetichists in their witchcraft, good and evil spirits, faith, doctoring, and superstition. From the Boodhists they have stolen their doctrines of apotheosis and development of *gods*; from the Greek mythology their loves of the immortals and spirits; they have blended the ideas of many nations of Polytheists; and made the whole consistent by outdoing the Materialists.

“In the labour of harmonising all this with Christianity, there is scarcely a schism that has ever rent the Christian world but has furnished some scraps of doctrine. They are Arians in making Christ a secondary being in the Godhead—‘the greatest of created things, and yet a creature’; they are Manicheans in their division of the universe between good and evil spirits, and Gnostics in their gross ascription of all human indulgences and enjoyments to the Saviour. Of the modern sects, they have the order of service, ‘experience meetings,’ and ‘witness of the Spirit,’ of the Methodists; the ‘first principles’ of the Campbellites, and the ‘universal suffrage’ of the Presbyterians; while their views on baptism, the ‘perseverance of the saints,’ backsliding and restoration, read like a desperate attempt to combine the doctrines of the Campbellites, Methodists, and Cumberland Presbyterians.

“Finally, they are Millenarians in their speedy expectation of Christ’s earthly reign; almost Universalists in the belief that a very small portion of mankind will finally fail of any heaven; Spiritualists in their faith that the unseen powers produce special and actual and visible effects on earth, though by natural laws; and Communists in their system of public works.”

I do not propose entering more fully into the extravagant ideas woven into the creed of this remarkable sect. It only remains to describe their wanderings, their emigration to Salt Lake City, and their present condition.

JOSEPH BECK.

## THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE

UPON attempting to analyse the chaotic mass of causation and effect presented to our view by the mediæval ages in Europe—if the progress of civilisation, either throughout the broad expanse of the then co-existing nations, or in some particular territory and people, be considered—there is no event, or series of events, which so arrests the attention or excites so deep or so universal an interest; no motive power which exerted so intense or so extended an influence upon the development of Europe, both immediately and in subsequent times, as the Crusades—undertaken for the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of its infidel possessors. But in what measure is our interest increased when we read of a Crusade of the Children; and with what tender and expanding feelings of sympathy do we extricate from the dust of the Dark Ages the knowledge of a movement, wonderful in its magnitude, as well as unique in its very nature and origin! With how great compassion are we filled when to our view is unrolled the record of the dangers and hardships bravely endured by youthful bodies, accustomed only to play and pastime, for the sake of that which to them seemed a heaven-appointed mission!

Entombed in old monkish chronicles, the children's story was in danger of being, and in truth had been, overlooked until by a recent collection of the scanty notices of this too little heeded movement, we are now enabled, with whatever meagreness of detail, to learn of the throbbing wave of child-life which swept through Europe in the beginning of the thirteenth

century, robbing alike the castle of the baron and the hut of the peasant, of their loved sons and daughters.

About the year 1200, near the little village of Cloyes, in the northern part of France, Stephen, the future leader of the children, commenced his career as a humble shepherd boy, and had only reached his twelfth year when persuaded by a fanatic priest that he was appointed by heaven to lead a Crusade of Children for the bloodless recovery of the Holy Sepulchre. Overcoming all misgivings and oppositions of his friends he repaired to the national shrine at St. Denys, as being the place best calculated for the rapid spread of his mission, at an age when the religious sentiments of an ignorant and superstitious people were easily swayed by the Pope, through his ready emissaries the clergy, and when, in consequence, there was a condition of affairs ripe for the extremity of religious ardour and fanaticism.

Stephen named Vendome as the place of general rendezvous, where we will leave for a time the assembling bands of children, to trace the origin and progress of events, similar in kind and degree, transpiring in Germany. There, as in France, the Crusade was promulgated by a boy, named Nicholas, who likewise chose as a propitious place the German's national shrine, Cologne, where, by his earnest asseverations of God's power which should rest upon all who would put on the Cross, and enrol themselves under his standard; by his appeals to their sentiments of piety and religion; and by the aid of the priests, there was soon collected a large number of children of both sexes, with a less number of adults also, who were ready to endure everything which might befall them on behalf of the sacred cause.

About Midsummer of the year 1212, Nicholas, then only about eleven years of age, led from the gates of Cologne an army of 20,000, of all ages, sexes, and

conditions, the virtuous and the depraved, the plunderer and the zealous pilgrim ; by far the larger part, however, consisted of mere boys and girls, actuated, it is true, by a superstition, yet, by a touching and a beautiful one, and by an implicit faith which cannot fail to win our most lively feelings of compassion and admiration.

Singing their German hymns they passed along the castellated Rhine, adding still another memory to that storied river, through Switzerland, until before them the Alps reared aloft their snow-clad peaks, whose trackless and almost impassable heights must be scaled by those youthful feet if ever they would reach their far-distant goal.

But the army was not such as had left Cologne. Worn out by the sufferings incident to the march of sickness, hunger, fatigue, the attacks of wild beasts and of hostile men, hundreds of the children had perished ; many through discouragement had returned to their now appreciated homes and friends ; so that but one-half of the original number remained to dare the fresh and worse dangers of a passage of the Alps. Difficult as it may be for us at this day to realise the perils and hardship involved in this undertaking, yet even we may faintly picture the band of young pilgrims now traversing gloomy defiles and inaccessible steeps, now lying down at night beneath the cold unsympathising stars, to sleep the sleep which to many knew no waking, for, weakened from loss of food and scantily clad to resist the piercing cold, they were an easy prey to the grim destroyer, and succumbed in large numbers to a pitiful death, far from their homes and loving friends.

After untold sufferings about 7,000 reached Genoa ; thus dwindled to a mere remnant of the proud 20,000 who had set out from Cologne. But now, with re-inspired hopes they looked upon the broad Mediter-



anean, through which their prophet Nicholas had told them the Lord would open them a path to Palestine. Cruelly were they disappointed and disheartened as the hours rolled by, and still the blue waves of the sea rippled on as tranquilly as ever, till even the most confident gave up hope, and some, wearied of an evidently fruitless task, remained in the rich city of the Genoese; while others, more persevering, toiled on, hoping that God would manifest His favour at some future place.

A chronicle of the day merely mentions that two shiploads of children sailed from Pisa; but it is not known whether they were lost on the voyage, or actually reached the Holy Land, there to starve in beleagured cities, and to suffer the disappointment of knowing their pilgrimage to have been in vain.

The remainder we again hear of at Rome, where the heartless Pope, although deaf to all entreaties for aid, nevertheless commanded that, when arrived at man's estate, the vows rashly taken as inexperienced children should be fulfilled by all.

There was another German army, similar in its numbers, in its disastrous journey and abortive results: suffering and death from want and resulting disease were experienced in equal measure, and the fate of the indomitable few who embarked in vessels, procured with much difficulty, we can only conjecture; no one but the great Caretaker knew the fulfilment of their destiny.

Let us now return to Stephen and the French children gathering at Vendome, whose greatness of number had prevented from commencing their march until some time after the Germans had started upon their journey.

About the end of July, however, an army of 30,000, composed principally of boys of twelve years of age, left Vendome under the leadership of Stephen, in

whom they confided as in a prophet, intending to embark at Marseilles, or rather to pass through the sea like the Israelites of olden time. Although their route was one of far less danger and difficulty than that of the German army, yet many and weary were the miles traversed by these children, over many a desolate tract, beneath the scorching summer's sun ; and great was the suffering consequent upon a fierce drought prevailing that year throughout Europe ; there was the same internal disorganisation, moreover, produced by the depraved and avaricious. With banners waving, and voices resonant of praise, they now, with revived spirits, passed through Provence, that beautiful "garden-land of the West," beheld at length the glad waves of the Mediterranean dancing in the sunbeams, and entered Marseilles with exultant hearts, and proudly chanted Crusading hymns. Here they, like the little ones from the Rhine Land, met the same disheartening obstacle ; the sea, undivided by miraculous aid, opened no path for them to go through, "as on dry land." Very far off then seemed the Holy Land, far already were their now wished-for homes, and loving friends, and numbers, weary and bitterly disappointed returned ; many others, having already yielded to sickness and the trials of the way, slept in death far from their homes and kindred. Yet about five thousand seem to have gladly availed themselves of an offer of two apparently kindly merchants, and to have embarked upon the vessels provided for them, and faded away in the distance, leaving friends, country, and their more timorous companions, who feared to dare the unknown deep. Many years passed by with no tidings of the children—nothing to alleviate the suspense with which loving friends awaited news from their darlings. At length, when eighteen—

—— "long years were come and fled  
When grief was calm and hope was dead,"

an aged monk returned, bringing the solution of the mystery. Two of the ships were wrecked on a desolate island near Sardinia, in a resistless storm which swept down upon them, and more than a thousand children were swallowed up by the merciless billows, or dashed upon the cruel rocks. Their survivors met with a still sadder fate. They soon learned that they had been made the victims of a cruel deception; the benevolent merchants who had so piously offered their ships had consigned them to slave-dealers in Africa, and there they pined away their existence, never even beholding Jerusalem, or if, as it is stated, any ever reached the Holy City, they were led there as slaves of the Saracens.

Thus disastrously ended the Crusade of the Children. The sight of "Jerusalem Delivered," was never awarded them to repay their untiring zeal and brave devotion; but they suffered death from sickness, starvation, and fatigue, or dragged out a miserable life in Mohammedan bondage.

Very few of the three armies ever reached again the land of their birth. A small number, indeed, with difficulty retraced their weary footsteps from the shore of the Mediterranean, but none of the captive children ever returned, and in many a cottage, and in many a lordly castle, were mourned the wayward, but much-loved sons and daughters.

In proof that their memory was duly prized, we may even at this day visit the ruins of a little church erected on the small Island of San Pietro, where the two ship-loads of children had been wrecked, dedicated as "*Ecclesia Novorum Innocentium*"—a beautiful tribute to the lives of those who had so faithfully endured for so holy a cause.

What then are the results? Truly, we cannot tell. But does it not appear at least a curious phenomenon that children, adapted to merriment, and re-

quiring the watchful care of parents, should ever dare to leave their country and hazard the perils of a crusade and the traditional cruelties of their enemies ?

Does it not awaken in some hearts a feeling of love for those who had thus hoped, without staining their hands in blood, to rescue and make pure and holy the now defiled Sepulchre of their Lord, whose teachings were too little known to these ignorant and misguided ones for them to realise that God "dwelleth not in temples made with hands ?" Has not their daily burden, so perseveringly sustained, of which the cross on their shoulders was symbolic, won for them the true victor's meed, the victor's laurate crown ? Shall not the children's story be placed side by side with those other rare tales whose peculiar interest tenders the heart, and moistens the eye ? Shall we not, when looking with pride upon our boys and girls, the children of our dear native land, remember the sufferings and deaths of the children of sunny France and the Rhine Land, in the long-ago past, and then thank Heaven that the lot of our childhood fell upon happier days than these ?

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## SHALL QUAKERISM BE AGGRESSIVE?

THE Conference of Friends at Darlington has interested not only those who were privileged to attend it, but many besides who were not able to be present; and it is greatly to be desired that the result may be enduring, and that the sentiments then expressed may permeate into many unlooked-for channels, and fertilise hitherto unproductive soil. We, the stay-at-home ones, have been thankful for the opportunity of reading the Essays; and as the subject so forcibly treated by R. S. Watson had previously engaged my serious attention, I am desirous of bring it again definitely before Friends through the medium of the *Examiner*.

We have, from year to year, deplored the small ingathering influence which we, as a Society, possess; from year to year, the question of the Church and School, or the Church and the outer world, is a debated point. Why must there needs be a "Hitherto, and no further" inscribed on our Christian efforts? Why do we bring our pupils or our hearers to the school, or the mission-house, or the cottage-meeting, and then let go our hold and leave them to other denominations? Such was not the course of the early Friends. From rich and poor, from learned and unlearned, in the face of persecution, prison and death, the ranks of Quakerism were constantly filled. I believe the answer to be simply this, that we are not ourselves enthusiastic believers in (I use the term advisedly), or strongly possessed by, the truth of our distinguishing views. Have we not in fact been somewhat ashamed of them, and striven to ignore them? Have we not gloried in seeking not to make proselytes?

Look at the history of those who in any department have attained to great success. They have been men or women filled with the conviction of being right, and "*truth will out.*" Even in the scientific realm it is so. Look at Galileo, forced by the tyrant power of the Inquisition to falsify his nobler self, still muttering "*It does move, though!*" But as the cause is higher, so the martyrs (or witnesses) for religious truth are bolder. Look at the disciples on the day of Pentecost, transformed from cowards to fearless champions for the faith; so full of persuasive energy that their enemies tauntingly said, "These men are full of new wine!" Look, too, at the result—three thousand converts! See the Apostle of the Gentiles, fighting "after the manner of men with beasts at Ephesus," and reminding the elders of the Church which he had founded there, that for the space of three years, he had "not ceased to warn every one, night and day, with tears." What was the result of this earnestness? Churches founded at Ephesus, Tarsus, Thessalonica, Athens, Corinth, and many, many others.

Look at Huss witnessing unmoved for the truth before the fiery Council of Constance! Did not Luther spring, as it were, from his ashes?

Look at Luther, single handed and alone, braving earth's great ones, as he calmly declared he would have done the devils had they been as numerous as the tiles on the roofs of Worms, strong in the power of his convictions, and winding up with his indomitable "I cannot otherwise, God help me. Amen." The result? The Protestantism, so far as it at present exists, of Europe.

And again, look at our martyrs—the crowded jails of England, the gibbet on Boston Common, the slow murder of a Parnell, and as far as *will* was concerned, the twice-repeated execution of Mary Dyer. What gave them their strength and *victory*? The assurance

that their message was from God. And the noble truths of Quakerism will yet spread in the world, when it finds in its ministers, its cottage evangelists, its First-day school teachers, whole-hearted advocates, men and women thoroughly possessed with the conviction that it is nothing more or less than primitive Christianity. If we would gain others to our faith, we must be ourselves reliant on its power.

And here I may be allowed to quote from the Essay above referred to as so clear an exponent of my own views. R. S. Watson says:—"But, perhaps, the matter of first importance is, that we should understand our principles ourselves before we can teach them to others. I find a great many members of our Society who are not Quakers, who do not hold the principles of our Society dear, who have never been taught what those principles really are. I have frequently heard it said, that any may be a Quaker whatever his religious belief; that the great advantage of Quakerism was, that it had no written or specified creed; that each Quaker was, in matters of belief, a law unto himself. There would be but a poor chance of a religious body holding together at all without some stronger bond of union than this. There is a wide difference between freedom in form and freedom in faith. A mighty difference between having no written creed, and having no definite creed. But I need say little upon this point, for there are many indications that our Society is fully alive, at length, to the need there is of teaching its own principles to those within its own borders. Yet we can scarcely wonder that, when we ourselves understand them so little, we should fail to make others appreciate them; that, when we ourselves seem to hold them so lightly, we should not succeed in inspiring in others a genuine affection for them.

"We have heard in former Conferences, advice to teach Christianity, not Quakerism—as though there were some radical difference between the two; to try

to make men Christians rather than Quakers—advice which is quite easily to be understood if given by those who do not believe with us, but which is simply impossible if given to those who do. If we accept such advice, we may be very good Methodists, or Baptists, or Episcopalians, but we are not Quakers. Why, if we have the courage of our convictions, if we believe that we have found a more excellent way, in all love and sympathy to other Christian denominations, shall we not urge it upon them? in all love and sympathy to those who come to us from without, shall we not offer it to them?”

I am tempted to add to this an extract from a letter written by Justine Dalencourt, who is well-known as the zealous promoter of Christian work in France. The testimony is more interesting, as being from an “outsider.” She says:—“If I were a man, and any other than the humble little woman thou knowest, I should a long time ago, at least eighteen months since, have risen in the Friends’ meetings, and have told them such things as they heard [in the Yearly Meeting] on their want of aggression, and on the little effort they put forth to preach the doctrine of the Holy Spirit. Friends are in general practical, and logical too; nevertheless we must admit that there is an inconsistency, if they only aid with their money the different undertakings which demand their support. Money cannot do everything. I know that it is with a view to the spreading of the Gospel that they generously give their money, but as there are fundamental principles, without which nothing will prosper, I think they ought to hold fast those principles, and at the same time that they promote the spreading of the Gospel amongst us, they ought to teach us the doctrine of the Holy Spirit, by which we can understand it. It is not sufficient to have the lamp, but we must also have the oil which is to give the light.”



Now how can these remarks be made practical ? If we recognise, as it seems to me we ought to do, that the Church has a mission, first towards its own members and attenders, and secondly to those who are "without," in holding forth the truths "which are most surely believed by us," how is it to be best done ? We recognise the gift of Teaching as well as that of Ministry, and are there not one or more in our different meetings prepared in "the ability which God giveth" to invite all who like to attend to hear in our meeting-houses, (entirely independently, of course, from our times of worship) a simple exposition of our Christian views ?

I believe that if a series of such explanatory meetings could be held, showing the ground of our doctrine respecting the guidance of the Holy Spirit, Worship, Ministry, the Ordinances, War, Oaths, and simplicity of conduct, followed up or preceded by a sketch of the rise of the Society, and the lives and sufferings of its founders, many would be attracted by the theme, and be led to search and see for themselves "whether these things were so." It would also afford a good opportunity to encourage all who felt disposed to join with us in our worship, and do much towards banishing the still lingering idea that our meetings are not open to others. The advantage to those of our Friends, older and younger, who are only members by birthright would, I think, be considerable.

I trust no one will imagine that I would advocate the merely doctrinal or intellectual advocacy of things which can only be rightly discerned by the Spirit of God ; but since our Heavenly Father has been pleased to bestow on us powers of the mind and of the understanding, should not these also be placed on the altar and dedicated to His service, and if undertaken in His holy fear, would He not command the blessing ? It has ever pleased Him to work by instruments, and

though He alone can give the increase, and the praise is His alone, yet none the less are we bound to put out our various talents to "usury" for His sake, waiting the harvest-day, when to each devoted labourer it will be said, "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

M. E. BECK.

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THE DISTANT AND THE NEAR.

I.

W<sup>e</sup> look into the star-bespangled sky,  
Where suns on suns their mighty influence shed  
O'er worlds on worlds in mazy courses led;  
Well may we tremble as we gaze on high,  
How small this planet seems whereon we tread,  
And that resplendent sun, whose fiery gaze  
We scarce can meet, by whose life-giving rays  
All forms of beauty on this earth are bred,  
Seems shorn of half his beams, a lesser light,  
A star among the stars; and what are we,  
But specks of dust unworthy of His sight,  
Who bade this mighty universe to be?  
How can we win the smiling of His face  
Lost in the vast infinity of space?

II.

Is this the crown of Science, this her power,  
To change our childlike trust for awe and fear,  
To make Him distant and His wonders near?  
Nay, for she shows us in the humblest flower,  
Blown in the sunshine, broken by the shower,  
Proofs of His care; of His divinest thought:  
How finely planned, how exquisitely wrought,  
And robed in beauty for one fleeting hour.  
And as the universe transcends her gaze,  
Though armed with might to pierce those realms on high,  
So not a leaf or opening bud betrays  
Its utmost secrets to her careful eye.  
O height and depth of Wisdom thus expressed!  
And such the Love whereon our souls may rest.

M. S.

## FINE ART.

*[The substance of a Lecture lately given to Leicester Working Men.]*

WHAT is the meaning of the term Fine Art? what is its object, what are its elementary principles, what are the different means which it adopts to attain its end?—in other words, into how many species is it divided, and what is the province or scope of each of these species?

These are the questions which I hope, in some degree, to answer. To do more than treat the subject in the most general and elementary manner would be impossible in the space at my disposal.

In this country Fine Art, at any rate until recently, has been partially misunderstood, and its significance and powers for good under-rated; but I think the time is coming when its appreciation will become general, and when its value as a means of higher education will no longer be under-estimated.

Now there are various views respecting Fine Art. Professor Seeley, who is a great authority in literature and history, has written an essay on Fine Art, in which he maintains that it is “play,” or “sport.” He says :

“There are two classes of activities; with every power that we have we can do two things—we can work and we can play. Every power that we have is at the same time useful and delightful to us. There is no motion of our body or mind which we use in work which we do not also use in play or amusement. If we walk in order to arrive at the place where our interest requires us to be, we also walk about the fields for enjoyment. Men use their powers seriously in

manufacture, trade, science ; they use their powers for amusement in many ways, amongst them in painting, sculpture, music and poetry—and these are the Fine Arts ; and the exertion used in producing them differs from the exertion used in work, in that it is exertion for its own sake, while that used in work is for some ulterior object.”

We need to comprehend fully the elementary principles of Fine Art, or we shall not understand its object and its capabilities ; and Professor Seeley, with his desire to penetrate the philosophy of things, has attempted to explain the originating cause of the Fine Arts. He says man uses his faculties for work and play, sometimes for the purpose of his own sustenance, but sometimes also for the *sake* of using them. Now let us look for a moment at a most elementary form of Fine Art—the whistling of a labourer at his work. According to Professor Seeley, he whistles for the sake of using his faculty of whistling. If I may venture to differ from Mr. Seeley, it appears to me that he whistles simply because he likes the sound of it. He may be mistaken as to the character of his performance, which may or may not in reality be melodious, but I have no doubt it is melodious to him or he would not whistle. So that the pleasure derived from the whistling is due to the effect on the ear of the whistler, and not to the use of the faculty of whistling for its own sake. It is, no doubt, pleasant to use one's faculties for the sake of using them, as it is pleasant for instance to a kitten to play, but I cannot think this is the foundation of Fine Art. The man of genius does not use his faculties because the use of them is pleasant to him, but because he feels or conceives something, and must express it, and is not satisfied until it is expressed.

I venture to think Mr. Seeley, and the school of thought to which he belongs, are incorrect in two ways. First, in tracing the source of the pleasure to

the use of faculties for its own sake ; and secondly, in stating that art exists for pleasure.

If art existed for pleasure, then the greater the pleasure derived from a work of art the greater the art. But this, I think, you will see is not the case. Supposing every one were alike in mental and spiritual constitution, and all alike equally cultivated, then it might be that the greater the pleasure the greater the art ; but as it is, the pleasure derived is no test whatever of greatness. It only proves that the work is appreciated by the person who is pleased. Whether it give pleasure or not may depend entirely on the cultivation of the person viewing it. A clever imitation in painting of a door-knocker might delight a person whose tastes were uncultivated, whilst an imperfectly-executed work, embodying some lofty thought or sentiment, would be entirely disregarded.

But if the school of art to which Mr. Seeley belongs is wrong in one direction, there is a school that, if my view be correct, errs in another. According to the latter, art exists for *moral and religious improvement*. Moral and religious improvement are involved in all good art, just as pleasure is so involved ; but moral and religious improvement, like pleasure, are not therefore the objects of art, but are only its indirect attainments. Art is associated with all that ennobles the soul ; it is the powerful ally of morals and religion, as it is the source of the highest pleasure ; but if it is put to the *service*, either of pleasure on the one hand, or morals and religion on the other, it is dethroned from its rightful position. It loses its liberty, and at the same time its power and significance.

What then is Fine Art, and what is its object ? " Art," says Emerson, " is the conscious utterance of thought by speech or action to any end. Art is the spirit's voluntary use and combination of things to

serve its end. If the spirit in such action aim at use we have Useful Art, if it aim at beauty we have Fine Art." That is a simple definition of Useful Art and Fine Art, and I do not think we can have a better. Fine Art is the expression of beauty, and the *object* of Fine Art is the expression of beauty.

But what is Beauty? This is a question not very easily answered; it has been a problem for philosophers ancient and modern, and we do not appear to be any nearer a conclusion, if we are to compare different modern writers on the subject, than were the ancient Greeks. A modern Frenchman, after disposing of all other solutions, announces that beauty consists in the "perception of relations." I don't know that you will feel much forwarder on hearing that extremely intelligible definition of beauty. But the fact is, I think—and here I follow Dugald Stewart—that beauty in the abstract cannot be defined. "The speculations of philosophers have originated," says he, "in a prejudice which has descended to modern times from the scholastic ages; that when a word admits of a variety of significations these different significations must all be species of the same genus, and must include some essential idea common to every individual to whom the generic term can be applied," and he illustrates the error of this metaphysical subtlety by quoting a conversation between Aristippus and Socrates about the good and the beautiful. Aristippus, having asked Socrates if he knew anything that was good?

"'Do you ask me,' said Socrates, 'if I know anything *good* for a *fever* or for an inflammation in the eyes, or as a preservative against famine?' 'By no means,' returned the other. 'Nay, then,' replied Socrates, 'if you ask me concerning a *good* which is *good for nothing*, I know of none such, nor yet do I desire to know it.' 'But,' said the other, 'do you know anything beautiful?' 'A great many,' returned Socrates. 'Are these all like to one another?' 'Far from it, Aristippus,

there is a very considerable difference between them.' 'But how,' said Aristippus, 'can *beauty* differ from *beauty*?' "

Why not? It does not follow because there are beautiful colours, and beautiful forms, and beautiful virtues, and beautiful actions, that the beauty of each of these things is the same in essence.\* The metaphysician insists that such must be so. M. Victor Cousin, a great French writer, who has many disciples, insists that beauty in objects is composed of two elements—unity and variety. The variety we are all witness to.

The sublime and beautiful are both to be found in nature, in ideas, in sentiments, in actions. There is physical, intellectual, moral and spiritual beauty. In these it is manifest one of M. Cousin's elements is conspicuous, viz., variety, but where is the unity? M. Cousin says all these beauties resolve themselves into one and the same beauty, that is moral beauty. Nature is beautiful, because of its moral expression:—

"When," says he, "you are on the summit of the Alps, or before the immense ocean, when you behold the rising or setting of the sun at the beginning or close of the day, do not these imposing pictures produce on you a moral effect? Do we not regard them as manifestations of an admirable power, intelligence, and wisdom, and, thus to speak, is not the face

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\* Suppose that the letters A B C D E denote a series of objects; that A possesses some quality in common with B, B a quality in common with C, C a quality in common with D, D a quality in common with E, while at the same time no quality can be found which belongs in common to any *three* objects in the series. Is it not conceivable that the affinity between A and B may produce a transference of the name of the first to the second, and that in consequence of the other affinities which connect the remaining objects together, the same name may pass in succession from B to C, from C to D, and from D to E? In this manner a common appellation will arise between A and E, although the two objects may in their nature and properties be so widely distant from each other, that no stretch of the imagination can conceive how the thoughts were led from the former to the latter, the transitions nevertheless being all easy and gradual.—*Collected Works of Dugald Stewart*, Vol. V.

of nature expressive like that of a man? So the beauty of a human being depends on its moral expression, and the beauty of a statue or a painting depends on the same thing."

Thus, according to this theory, all the various kinds of beauty can be reduced to moral beauty; and, says M. Cousin—pushing his argument to its proper end—moral beauty consisting of two elements, justice and charity, he who expresses in his conduct justice and charity accomplishes the most beautiful of works,—the good man is in his way the greatest of all artists.

But there is surely no need to prove the existence of the unity of beauty. Because a variety of ideas is comprised under the term beauty, it does not follow that there is a common property running through them all. The first ideas of beauty are probably derived from colours and forms. In the uncultivated mind brilliant colouring probably predominates over every other form of beauty. So the poet Akenside says:—

" Ask the swain  
Who journeys homewards from a summer day's  
Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils  
And due repose, he loiters to behold  
The sunshine gleaming, as thro' amber clouds,  
O'er all the western sky; full soon I ween  
His rude expression and untutored airs,  
Beyond the power of language will unfold  
The form of beauty smiling at his heart."

After colour and form we get to beauty of motion, which, associated with form produces the effect of grace. From these three elements an immense variety of complicated results can be conceived, and no one can define how far the effect of beauty which results is due to one or other of the elements concerned in its production. But our ideas of beauty are chiefly influenced by intellectual and moral associations. We all know the beauty of a familiar landscape may be



partly or mainly due to associations. Moore says of the Vale of Avoca :—

“ Yet it was not that Nature had shed o’er the scene  
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green,  
’Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or rill ;  
Oh, no !—it was something more exquisite still.  
’Twas that friends, the belov’d of my bosom, were near,  
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear ;  
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,  
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.”

And still more striking is the composition of human beauty. A woman’s beauty depends on an association of physical, mental, and moral charms which cannot be detached from each other. The soul and the body are intimately connected and dependent for their peculiar beauties each on the other.

This is an important consideration, as to this intimate connection of soul and body it is owing that the word Beauty is applied to moral and spiritual qualities. We talk of a beautiful smile, but it is not the form of the lips that we refer to only, but to the kindness or good temper that they reveal, and thus beauty comes to denote ideas in the moral and intellectual world which are inseparably associated with sights and sounds perceived by the eye and ear. And here it must be observed, that it is not through sight alone that the sense of beauty is awakened, for by the same kind of transference already referred to\* the word beauty is applied to sounds. The sounds of nature as well as its sights give us delight, and combined with sights add much to our realisation of the beautiful. How greatly, for instance, the song of birds, the sound of running water, the lowing of cattle, enhance our enjoyment of natural beauty ! Let me

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\* See note, p. 494.

quote a passage of Tennyson's in which this truth is beautifully illustrated in the depicting of a scene largely dependent for its beauty on the sounds of nature :—

“ All the land in flowery squares  
 Beneath a broad and equal-blowing wind,  
 Smelt of the coming summer, as one large cloud  
 Drew downward ; but all else of Heaven was pure  
 Up to the Sun, and May from verge to verge,  
 And May with me from head to heel. And now  
 As tho' 'twere yesterday, as tho' it were  
 The hour just flown, with all its *sound*  
 (For those old days had thrice the life of these)  
*Rings in mine ears.* The steer forgot to graze  
 And, where the hedgerow cuts the pathway, stood  
 Leaning his horns into the neighbour field,  
 And *lowing* to his fellows. From the woods  
 Came *voices* of the well-contented doves.  
 The lark could scarce get out his *note* for joy,  
 But shook his *song* together as he near'd  
 His happy home the ground. To left and right  
 The cuckoo *told* his name to all the hills ;  
 The mellow ouzel *fluted* in the elm ;  
 The redcap *whistled* ; and the nightingale  
*Sang* loud as tho' he were the lord of day.”

It occasionally, but very rarely, happens that the sentiment of beauty is indebted to the sense of smell. For instance, in the passage just quoted, “ All the land . . . smelt of the coming summer.” Here the perception of beauty is undoubtedly enhanced by the sense of smell, and no one would deny that the beauty of a rose is partly dependent on its scent.

But beyond this region of the material world, perceived by the senses and the conceptions derived immediately therefrom, there is the world of the Imagination, and through the medium of Fine Art we have everything which the imagination can conceive associated with the charms of colour and form, of sound and rhythm addressed to the senses. The meaning

of the beautiful thus becomes infinitely extended and the objects of Fine Art are indefinitely multiplied.

Enough has now been said to show how the word Beauty comes to include so many ideas and sentiments which are different from each other, and give rise to pleasure on different principles. If we ask why these things give us pleasure, the only answer we can give is that they commend themselves to the different faculties involved in their perception. Why do we like sweet things and dislike sour? because it is the instinct of our nature. And as our faculties are cultivated, our power of perceiving the beautiful and the pleasure we derive from it are increased. If, further, we want a test of the beautiful, we must depend on the judgment of the man whose faculties of heart, head, and imagination, are healthy and cultivated; who is, to use Matthew Arnold's expression, harmoniously developed, that man is the best judge of the beautiful.

Even if we adopt the other theory of Beauty, that of M. Cousin and his school, and say that Beauty is absolute, *a priori*, independent of human faculties and experience, it appears to me that we have still no other appeal. Who is to tell us what is the absolute Beauty? The man I suppose whose faculties of heart, head, and imagination are the most powerful and most highly cultivated.

In speaking then of Fine Art, we have to do with the expression of beauty. Man is not made only to know and love beauty in the works of nature, but he is endowed with the power of reproducing it. At the sight of beauty, of whatever kind, physical, moral and spiritual, he feels and admires, and desires to reproduce it. And when we consider, what I have attempted to indicate, the immense range of beauty—that it exists not only in the sights and sounds of the material world, but in the thoughts and actions, in the

imaginations and spiritual aspirations of mankind, in everything in fact that excites the inexpressible emotion to which it gives its name, and when we remember its influence on the human heart, that it is a means appointed by the Deity by which the soul is refreshed and sustained—we shall see the importance of Fine Art, and the necessity for its cultivation; for, looking at it broadly, Fine Art is the expression of the spiritual needs of man. As the useful arts, such as ship-building and agriculture, are the manipulation of the powers and materials of nature for man's material comfort and civilisation, so the Fine Arts use nature for his mental and spiritual wants.

This being the case, we shall see the inadequacy of the views which have obtained, and still obtain, to a considerable degree with regard to it. Instead of regarding the Fine Arts as among the loftiest agencies in education, they have been classed as luxuries, and taught as accomplishments. They have been removed from the serious affairs of life and associated only with the leisure of the wealthy and idle; and even now, when Fine Art is being raised from this position, and every town of importance has its School of Design, we are slow to perceive its full significance, and the motive for its study is too often the hope of pecuniary profit.

The English and Americans, and all English-speaking nations, it must be confessed, are behindhand in appreciation of Fine Art. They have occupied themselves no doubt with other things necessary to human development, and are distinguished by their economical inventions, their machinery, their immense material development, and their capacity for colonisation; and if true human development depended on what the Americans call "going ahead," the serious study of art would be useless; but it happens that there is something else to be done besides going ahead

if man is to attain peace and happiness, and it is the business of Fine Art to assist in stimulating the higher faculties, and in cultivating the spirit that is within us.

From what I have said, it is manifest that Fine Art is within the province, and should form part of the education, of the working population, and this quite apart from any consideration of pecuniary profit that may attach to it. But we are only just beginning to learn this ; last century it was undreamed of. Listen to Pope on Poetry, which is the chief of the Fine Arts : "Poetry and criticism," says he, "are by no means the universal concern of the world, but only the affair of idle men who write in their closets and of idle men who read there. All the advantages I can think of accruing from a genius for poetry are the agreeable power of self-amusement when a man is idle or alone, the privilege of being admitted into the best company, and the freedom of saying as many careless things as other people without being so severely remarked on." Fancy a poet of the country of Shakspeare and Milton delivering himself of opinions like these ; and when a poet said this of poetry, no wonder that Fine Art should come to be reckoned among the luxuries of the wealthy and aristocratic.

But it was not always so, or else where would our Fine Arts have been ?

"The Gothic cathedrals" says Emerson "were built when the builder and the priest and people were overpowered by their faith. Love and fear laid every stone. The Madonnas of Raphael and Titian were made to be worshipped ; tragedy was instituted for the like purpose and the miracles of music : all sprang out of some genuine enthusiasm, and never out of dilettantism and holydays. Now, they languish because their purpose is mere exhibition. Who cares, who knows, what works of art our Government have ordered to be made for the Capitol ? They are a mere flourish to please the

eye of persons who have associations with books and galleries. But in Greece the Demos of Athens divided into political factions upon the merits of Phidias."

The influence and significance of Fine Art was also conspicuous in the Middle Ages. For three centuries, from the seventh to the tenth, legendary poetry and literature was the sole moral nutriment of the people of Europe. Like the Pagan mythologies it became diffused through the forms of art, and was the intense expression of inner life, revolting against the emptiness and selfishness of the age, and showing itself in a universal passion for the traditional histories of saints and martyrs as examples of loftiest virtue. By the means of painting, sculpture, music and architecture, associations, feelings and memories, deep-rooted in the hearts of the people, were embodied and expressed in beautiful shapes, colours and sounds, and the Christian places of worship became theatres of instruction and improvement to the people.

In these days the Fine Arts seem to have been the appointed means of preserving in the hearts of the people to whom the Bible was yet a sealed book some realisation of the religion of Christ; and in the present time, as in the past, Fine Art has a work to do, not in gratifying the vanity of the idle, but in ministering to the wants of the multitude by refreshing and elevating our spirits, so apt to be impoverished in the struggle for existence and deadened by worldliness and selfishness.

The fact is, that Fine Art is for *everybody* as much as food and clothing. So long as man possesses a heart to feel, an imagination to conceive and senses to perceive, so long will Fine Art be necessary to him. All enjoyments, sufferings, passions, and emotions find expression through this medium, and not expression for the moment only, but each of these, however

evanescent in itself, has at one time or another been written by Art in permanent characters.

And inasmuch as Fine Art has to serve the actual wants of man in the present, and not to express the wants of men long since gone, it is necessary that it should be the spontaneous outgrowth of the present time. To reproduce the things of past ages, to copy the great artists and sculptors and poets, is to mistake the object of Fine Art. These men deserve to be studied, but only so far as the study facilitates the study of nature and the training of heart, head, and hand. "The mindless copyist studies Raphael, but not what Raphael studied;" whereas, to do justice to Fine Art, one must study not alone the great men who have preceded us, but that which these men studied, which is nature. We copy Grecian and Roman Architecture, forgetting that these styles were developed from the circumstances of the countries in which they were matured, and that they may be wholly unsuited to the requirements of England. In doing this we forget the purpose of Fine Art, which is to minister to the wants of the present.

The problem of Fine Art, then, is to reach the soul through the body. It offers to the senses forms, colours, sounds, words, so arranged that they excite in the soul concealed behind the senses the inexpressible emotion of Beauty.

As we have already seen, there are two senses by means of which can be excited the sentiment of the beautiful, the sense of sight and the sense of hearing.

With regard to the other three senses, those of touch, taste, and smell, we do not call their perceptions beautiful; we do not speak of a beautiful taste or touch or smell, though we have seen that the sense of Beauty may be occasionally intensified by means of smell.

We may notice that the senses of seeing and hearing are less material than the other three, and it is

only through them that the soul of man can be reached. These are the media, then, of the Fine Arts, which divide themselves in consequence into two groups; those addressed to hearing and those to sight, viz., on the one hand music and poetry, and on the other painting and sculpture. With these Fine Arts others are allied, as for example eloquence and architecture, but these are not strictly Fine Arts, because their object is not simply the expression of beauty, though this is involved. Eloquence aims to persuade and convince, and architecture has a prior object in use. But poetry, painting, music, and sculpture have one common end, and the greatness of any work, either in poetry, music, sculpture, or painting, depends on its power to reach the soul. But they employ different means, they speak to the soul in different languages.

Now first let us consider *Music*. Music speaks to the soul through the sense of hearing, and its work is to transform the various rough elements of sound into beauty and harmony. The various sounds in nature—the notes of birds, the hum of insects, the voices of animals and men, the roar of winds and waves—are the material that music has to subjugate.

In themselves they are sounds only, and not music. There is not in the whole of nature any arrangement of consecutive sounds which can be called a musical harmony. Many of these sounds greatly enhance, as I have said, the sense of beauty, but they do so in great measure through association, and cannot be regarded as music.

“The much-extolled note of the lark,” says Mr. Haweis, “is only pleasant because associated with the little warbler, the sightless song in the depth of the blue sky; for when the lark’s trill is so exactly imitated (as it can be with a whistle in a tumblerfull of water) that it deceives the very birds themselves, it ceases to be in the least agreeable, just as the sound of the wind, which can also be well imitated by any



one compressing his lips and moaning, ceases under such circumstances to be in the least romantic. The nightingale's song, when at its best, has the advantage of being a single and not unpleasantly loud whistle. That, too, can be imitated so as to defy detection. But once let the veil of night be withdrawn and the *human* nightingale disclosed, and we shall probably all admit that his performance is dull, monotonous, and unmeaning. The cuckoo, who often sings a true third, and sometimes a sharp third, or even a fourth, is the nearest approach to music in nature, but this tuneful fowl gets less credit for his vocal powers than almost any other, and whilst he is screamed at and hunted from hedge to hedge by his own species as a very outlaw among birds, he is voted but a coarse and vulgar songster by man.

"At any rate, though some may admire his call as the herald note of spring, yet when 'Cuckoo, cuckoo,' is blown as boys know how to blow upon the hollow fists, no one except the cuckoo cares to listen to the strain for its own sweet sake. The cries of most large birds, such as the ostrich and peacock, are intolerably disagreeable. Nor are the voices of the animals, from the pig, the cat, and the donkey downwards, any better."

Mr. Haweis appears rather severe on the voices of birds and animals in this passage, but it will serve to illustrate what I wish to point out, that music is the creation of man. He can get only the sounds in nature and has to manipulate and combine them into melody and harmony, and is rewarded by discovering in the music so produced the most direct and perfect medium in all nature for the exhibition of the emotions.

Music is properly called the language of the emotions. The emotions are states of excited feelings, movings of the soul or mind, showing themselves in elation or depression of spirits, joy and sorrow, pleasure and displeasure, love and anger. There are intense emotions and emotions quiet, placid and commonplace, and it is in the power of music to express all their gradations.

There is a very intimate relation between the sense of hearing and the soul, and the secret of the power of music consists in the fact that it alone is capable of giving to the simplest, the subtlest, and the most complex emotions alike, that full and satisfactory expression through sound, which hitherto it has been found impossible to give to many of them in any other way.

As music has to do with the emotions it is not necessary to associate it with words, because emotions can exist independently of conscious thoughts. Words can excite emotions, but must leave the expression of the emotions they excite to music, and, in the musical rendering of them, words may be useless, and even weaken the effect of the music. "With those whose feeling is much in advance of their thought," says George Macdonald, "and to whom, therefore, what may be called mental sensation is the highest known condition, music is the highest form of human expression; music to such is poetry in solution, and generates that infinite atmosphere common to both musician and poet, which the latter fills with shining worlds."

Music is a modern art. The ancient Greeks appear to have possessed comparatively few emotions, and to have needed only Sculpture to express them. The Romans when in the height of their power had still fewer, and not till Christianity had passed through several stages was Music created. I have alluded to the spirit which, in the Middle Ages, expressed itself in legendary paintings and music. The Christian devotee became very emotional. His life was filled with religious elations and depressions, intense enthusiasms and aspirations, and music was one result of this desire for emotional expression. The genius of Christianity appears favourable to music, from the fact that it deepens the channels of natural feeling and capacities for emotion which strive in vain

for other expression. It created a demand not before experienced, and music was the result.

I need not dwell on what we all experience with regard to the influence of music in our daily lives, its refreshing, exhilarating, and soothing power, but will pass on to the consideration of the Fine Art most opposite to it; namely, *Sculpture*.

By music we are borne into infinite spaces and plunged into ineffable reveries; but sculpture, though its aim is to embody the ideal, by the nature of the material with which it works, is precise, and clearly represents one thing. But though this is necessarily the case, sculpture is capable of sublime expression. The sculptor, from a block of marble, produces an ideal figure destitute of life, and, so far, inferior to the work of nature, but superior to nature in intellectual and moral beauty. The sculptor has to represent form, and his success will be according to the truth and beauty of his representation. It is useless for him to try to attain a kind of truth out of his reach, but he can express the highest perfection of beauty.

Unlike the painter, who can illustrate the action of a man by representing the character of his look, his heightened colour, the glance of his eye, and other evidences of his feeling at the time of action, the sculptor is entirely dependent on *form*, and form altered in order to attempt to convey what the painter easily conveys, would end in failure. The distortion of feature which, when accompanied by colour, complexion, and expression of the eye, would be bearable, and even charming, would be simply intolerable in sculpture.

The province of sculpture is thus necessarily limited, many subjects refusing to accommodate themselves to it which are adapted to the art of the painter. The main essential, therefore, in sculpture is simplicity,—simplicity in the choice of subject, in expression, form,

and attitude. Simplicity of form is essential to beauty as well as essential to the art of sculpture. The cast of the "Apollo" furnishes us with an example of simplicity of expression, inasmuch as though the pride, satisfaction, and contempt blended in it, are not precisely identical qualities they are closely allied. In the "Laocoon" the expression is one simply of agony, and in the "Wanderer" of cold and hunger. Again the imitation of details is impossible,—such as the hair,—and would, if carried out generally, detract from the breadth of surface which is necessary in order that light and shade may have their proper effect. In the "Apollo," for instance, the veins are not marked, and the effect is better than in the case of the "Gladiator" in which they are. The attitude must arise out of the action it is designed to represent; all theatrical display—from which vice the Greeks were quite free—being banished.

It is evident that in work of this kind the artist must know with clearness and precision what is the idea which he has to produce. When we draw we make the outline first, and if the character aimed at is not represented properly we can rub it out and alter our design. But the modeller must have his design so formed, his plan so fixed in his own mind, that he actually sees his finished object mentally, and hence it is in part that the work of the sculptor is considered more ideal than any other kind of art.

Sculpture, unlike music, is a very ancient art. Some of the remains of Egyptian sculpture are supposed to be four thousand years old. It culminated among the Greeks, whose school was the greatest, most brilliant, and influential that the world has seen.

It was the intense sensibility to beauty, the unbounded admiration for it whenever it was met, the exquisite appreciation of it in the Greek mind, joined to fortunate circumstances of climate and habits, the abundance of fine forms which the public games con-

stantly presented to the eye, and the encouragement of art by the Government, that combined to raise sculpture in Greece to a height of excellence it had never reached before and has never attained since.

The art of *Painting* comes between Music and Sculpture. It is nearly as touching as one, and as precise as the other. Like sculpture it marks the visible forms of objects, but adds more life ; like music it expresses the profoundest sentiments of the soul. But the range of its power is wider than that of either sculpture or music, and I agree with those writers who place painting above either. Everything in nature that is obvious to sight is within the reach of painting. The most extensive landscape has no distances nor outlines which it cannot suggest, and the most eventful life has no occurrences of which it cannot take advantage. Painting is a most expressive language, and like the languages of music and sculpture must be used to express beauty—beauty of natural fact, beauty of sentiment, beauty of thought. A proficient in the use alone of any of these languages is not necessarily a painter, or a sculptor, or a musician, or a poet. Something more is wanted than the knowledge of the language. A poet must be able to do more with his language than write it grammatically, and even melodiously ; and a painter who is able to manipulate his colours, and use his brush with dexterity is not on that account an artist.

Again, the object of painting is not the *imitation* of nature. Its purpose is to use the materials it finds in nature to express beauty of various kinds. It is not a photograph, an exact representation of natural fact, but a *man's* view or interpretation of nature. It is, as Emerson says, "nature passed through the Alembic of man," the distilling process in heart and brain. That is to say, in painting, we must have power of execution (which is knowledge of the language, so to speak) ; we

must have knowledge of natural fact, and above all we must have *design*.

The power of execution is, of course, essential, as the expression of beauty depends in the first place on skill in the manual part of the art. But mankind have not so fully comprehended the necessity of the other two conditions of painting—truth to natural fact and design, and one school proposes to themselves truth of fact, and another design. The watchword of the one is nature; with them art is nothing but careful observation and exact representation; they deify nature, and almost think it a sin to exercise any choice among the materials she presents to them. The other school think more of what the artist *gives* than of what he *finds*; to them nature is the quarry out of which art draws shapeless blocks, and informs them with beauty. “Nature is the chaos out of which art makes a Cosmos.” The tendency of the first school is ugliness, that of the last is falseness and feebleness.

But why not have both fidelity to nature and intellectual design as joint conditions? In fact all good works of art combine the two. The living power in all real schools is *love of nature*, joined to *design*; the visible operation of human intellect in the presentation of truth. This is the lesson that Mr. Ruskin has been preaching in his eloquent works on art.

“Take for instance,” says he, “one of the most perfect pictures which modern times have seen—Landseer’s ‘Old Shepherd’s Chief Mourner.’ Here the exquisite execution of the glossy and crisp hair of the dog, the bright sharp touching of the green bough beside it, the clear painting of the wood of the coffin, and the folds of the blanket are *language*—language clear and expressive in the highest degree. But the close pressure of the dog’s breast against the wood, the convulsive clinging of the paws which has dragged the blanket off the trestle; the total powerlessness of the head laid close and motionless upon its folds, the fixed and tearful fall of the eye

in its utter hopelessness ; the rigidity of repose that marks that there has been no motion nor change in the trance of agony since the last blow was struck on the coffin lid ; the quietness and gloom of the chamber, the spectacles marking the place where the Bible was last closed, indicating how lonely has been the life—how unwatched the departure of him who is now laid solitary in his sleep ;—these are all *thoughts*—thoughts by which the picture is separated at once from hundreds of equal merit, as far as mere painting goes ; by which it ranks as a work of high art, and stamps its author, not as the neat imitator of the texture of a skin, or the fold of a drapery, but as the man of mind.”

Now of these two things, fact and design, it is important to remember, that fact must come first. Beginners in art must first study the truth of nature.

“ The beneficence of painting,” says this same writer, “ depends on its being based on natural truth. No great school ever existed which had not for its primal aim the representation of some natural fact as truly as possible. There have been two perfect schools of painting in the world, the Florentine and the Venetian. The Florentine proposed to itself the perfect expression of human emotion, the showing of the effects of passion in the human face and gesture, and its greatness is rooted in its success. The Venetian school proposed to itself the representation of the effect of colour and shade on all things, chiefly on the human form, and its greatness is rooted in its success.”

With regard to landscape painting, the love of natural fact, which is essential to success, is comparatively of recent growth. The passion for the majestic or lovely in wild scenery, is hardly older than the present century. England was delivered from the formalism which was powerful enough to fetter even a man like Pope, by the appearance of writers who took a delight in those wild scenes of nature which had been so long despised. Sir Walter Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, Tennyson, all agree in

love for natural scenery, and a school of landscape painting arose that has at length presented us with the type of perfect landscape art, which Mr. Ruskin says, we are to remember as "Turneresque." "By Shakespeare," says he, "humanity was unsealed to you, by Verulam the principles of nature, by Turner her aspect."

Now, with regard to the study of natural fact, in other words, the art of drawing or painting from nature, which must come before we begin to design, I wish to impress upon you that its prosecution involves much patience and perseverance. It is not everybody who knows what natural facts are. In drawing from nature the beginner soon begins to see how much there is to learn, and how amply close observation and careful study of nature will be repaid. But there is no royal road to Fine Art, and you must not be disappointed or discouraged if your early efforts should not be very striking. Instead of going to the School of Art with the idea of copying something that you can show off to your friends and acquaintance, you should go rather with something of a reverent feeling, as entering on a study which will have, if you choose, a living and benefiting influence, and if followed, not for the gratification of vanity or for sordid profit, will repay you with pleasure pure and unalloyed, and elevate the mind from the dull material level at which it is so apt to remain to a higher and more spiritual region, where the lower life of toil and animal indulgence is no longer reckoned as the ALL of man.

We now come to the last division of our subject, the greatest and most expressive of the Fine Arts, viz., *Poetry*. On the present occasion I can only attempt to give a general idea of its range and power. The language of poetry is *speech*, which is a far more powerful instrument than those employed by the other arts. These are all more or less limited in



their range, but *words*, which are the material of poetry, enable it to reflect all the images of the sensible world, and to give expression, in addition, to abstract thought. As an example of the power of words take the single word "country," and consider what it pictures to the mind and imagination. The other arts are powerless to produce such an effect with a single stroke, and in this the superior force of poetry is apparent.

Painting and sculpture copy outward forms and colours, but can only represent the moment of action or expression, and must tell their story by selecting that moment properly; poetry, and, in an indefinite degree, music, aim at producing on the senses of the hearer the effect of those forms and colours.

There are many definitions of Poetry. It may be described as the language of excited feeling. When a man is under the influence of some strong emotion, his language, words, demeanour, become more elevated; he is twice the man he was; his whole character and thoughts are changed; they belong to a higher order of imagination, and are more full of symbolism and imagery; the reason of which is that all the passions deal not with the limitations of time and space, but belong to a world which is infinite. Hence the language of strong emotion is always figurative and rich in metaphor. Poetry arises out of the necessity for the expression of such feelings, and the impossibility of adequate expression in direct terms. Hence the soul *clothes* those feelings in symbolic imagery, in order to suggest them.

Coleridge defines Poetry as "the blossom and the fragrance of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions, emotions, and language"; and George Macdonald, in fewer words, calls it "impassioned expression on the face of science"; but without troubling you with any further definition or analysis of poetry,

I cannot better illustrate this branch of the subject, and at the same time bring my remarks to a conclusion, than by quoting a few examples of the poetry of our own times, and let them for themselves bring home to each heart and mind the beauty and the power of this kind of Fine Art.\*

FREDERICK BURGESS.

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\* The selection from the poets here referred to is necessarily excluded from these pages.

### GEORGE HERBERT'S COUNSELS TO MINISTERS.\*

THE Poems of George Herbert have always commanded readers, and perhaps never more so than now. There is a charm in their quaintness, and their poetic merit is of a high order ; but their greatest value lies in the wealth of religious experience and thought that they embody. Herbert's words are the expression of a large spiritual experience ; they are all " heart-deep," the overflow of a soul victorious over conflict and rejoicing in the fulness of the love of God.

It is a characteristic of his writings, as it is also of those of Keble, " the modern Herbert," that you may take up their books and always find something you have not seen before. Their jewels have so many faces, they constantly reflect new light. There is often more thought in a single line of George Herbert's than in many a modern hymn.

It is not, however, of Herbert's Poems I wish now to write, but of another and less known work, " The Country Parson ; his Character and Rule of Holy Life." This book, or pamphlet—forty moderate pages comprise the whole—was first published in 1652, twenty years after its author's death. The object with which it was written is briefly stated in the introduction :—

" I have resolved to set down the form and character of a true Pastor, that I may have a mark to aim at ; which also I will set as high as I can, since he shoots higher that threatens the moon than he that aims at a

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\* *The Country Parson.* By George Herbert. First printed 1652.  
*The Temple, and other Poems.* By George Herbert.  
*Life of George Herbert.* By Isaac Walton.

tree. Not that I think if a man do not all which is here expressed he presently sins and displeases God, but that it is a good strife to go as far as we can in pleasing Him who hath done so much for us."

The book is divided into thirty-seven short chapters, each devoted to some division of the subject. The following are amongst the heads:—the Parson Life; the Parson's Knowledge; the Parson Praying, Preaching, and Catechising; the Parson in his House; the Parson's Church and Library; the Parson with his Churchwardens; the Parson in his Mirth; Concerning Detraction, &c.

The advices given, for the most part, harmonise well with those contained in "Doctrine, Practice and Discipline;" and in some points not touched on by the Yearly Meeting, Friends need not refuse a hint from the "evangelical old Puseyite," as Spurgeon calls him, who, with all his priestly and High-Church notions, was an eminently holy man, and an experienced and faithful minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

As a scholar who had gained high honours at Cambridge, Herbert was not likely to undervalue mental culture, but he had grasped the truth that the essential qualification of the Christian minister is the immediate teaching of the Spirit of Christ. "We are not to think when we have read the Fathers and Schoolmen that a minister is made and the thing done; the greatest and hardest preparation is within." In the chapter on the Parson's Knowledge, after alluding to the importance of a good fund of general information—since all knowledge is useful when wisdom is building, and "it is an ill mason that refuses any stone"—he adds the following most valuable passage:—

But the chief and top of his knowledge consists in the Book of books, the storehouse and magazine of life and comfort—the Holy Scriptures. There he sucks and lives. In the

any person  
will draw with the same

The second means  
even in temporal things  
world, where the well is  
selves to draw with. W  
of the Scriptures with so  
open mine eyes, that I r  
law,' &c.

"The third means is, a  
Scripture. For all truth  
being penned by one and  
that an industrious and  
place, must be a singular  
the Scriptures. To this  
any text with the con  
before and what follows :  
Spirit.

"The fourth means are  
have treated of the places  
no means refuseth. As I  
neglect the grace of God  
Spirit teacheth him, so do  
ages hath had His servant  
truth, as well as to him ;  
bear all things, that ther  
hath God opened or will o  
a traffic in knowledge bet  
planting both of love and  
comment at least on :

that his heart might "suck every letter, and find honey"—

"Oh that I knew how all Thy lights combine,  
And the configuration of their glory,  
Seeing not only how each verse doth shine,  
But all the constellations of the story."

He knew that such blessings can only come through the illumination of the Holy Spirit, and recognised the corresponding truth that it is only through the power of the Holy Spirit that what has been thus learned can be availingly taught to others. Thus, in a beautiful prayer that is preserved to us, after returning thanks that his sins had been pardoned, and that the Lord had bidden him to go feed the people of His love, he prays, "Lord Jesus, teach Thou me, that I may teach them. Sanctify and enable all my powers, that in their full strength they may deliver Thy message reverently, readily, faithfully, and fruitfully. O make Thy word a swift word, passing from the ear to the heart, from the heart to the life and conversation, that as the rain returns not empty, so neither may Thy word, but accomplish that for which it is given."

Herbert everywhere enforces holiness of life as the first essential in the preacher. In the passage just quoted he says, for the understanding of the Scriptures we need "first a holy life;" and, when speaking of the Parson's library, he says again, "It is a holy life." The man who has exercised himself unto godliness is the best read preacher; and so full is his mind of this thought, that though writing of the library, he says nothing of the books. In the chapter on the Parson's life he lays down that he should be "exceedingly exact, being holy, just, prudent, temperate, bold, and grave, in all his ways: he is very strict in respect of his word, his yea is yea, and his nay nay, for how

shall they believe him in the pulpit whom they cannot trust in conversation. His apparel is plain, but reverend and clean, without spots, dust, or smell; the purity of his mind breaking out and dilating itself even to his body, clothes, and habitation."

All this was exemplified in what Isaac Walton calls "the almost incredible story of his holy life;" a life full of charity, humility, and all Christian virtues, "in which every day's sanctity was a step towards that kingdom where impurity cannot enter. Were it worthily depicted, there would be no need to look back for the examples of primitive piety, for they might all be found in the life of George Herbert." The modest biographer confesses his unfitness for the task, and only lays claim to diligence and sincerity, yet a life has perhaps rarely been more successfully written. It possesses the merit, lacking in many a more voluminous work, of making you feel that you really know the man you have been reading about. Those touches are introduced, of which the true artist only knows the secret, that give life to the portrait. You see him, hear him, and love him, and number him among your friends in Heaven, whom you hope to meet hereafter.

When, Herbert was introduced to the rectory of Bemerton, near Salisbury, according to a curious old custom he was left in the church alone to toll the bell, but as he remained much longer than usual, his friends came to seek him, and found him prostrate before the altar in fervent prayer. He told them that he then and there made vows for the future conduct of his life, the character of which is indicated in the words he addressed the same evening to his friend Mr. Woodnot:—

"Above all, I will be sure to live well, because the virtuous life of a clergyman is the most powerful eloquence to persuade all that see him to reverence and love and at least to desire

to live like him. And this I will do, because I know we live in an age that hath more need of good examples than precepts. And I beseech that God, who hath honoured me so much as to call me to serve Him at His altar, that as by His grace He hath put into my heart these good desires and resolutions, so He will by His assisting grace give me spiritual strength to bring the same to good effect. And I beseech Him that my humble and charitable life may so win upon others as to bring glory to my Jesus, whom I have this day taken to be my Master and Governor; and I am so proud of His service, that I will always observe, and obey, and do His will, and always call Him Jesus my Master.

“For my heart’s desire  
Unto Thine is bent,  
I aspire  
To a full consent.”

George Herbert’s views on celibacy and some other points connected with the mortification of the flesh, have a somewhat Romanist cast. He considers a single life best for the preacher, that he might attend upon the Lord without distraction, and give himself to fasting and prayer. For such as remain unmarried he enjoins strictest circumspection in behaviour, speech and looks, and charges them to keep watch and ward night and day, especially against spiritual pride and impurity of heart. Herbert did not himself maintain the single life that he commended, but it is no reproach if on this point only his precept and example failed to go together. His marriage was a very happy one; to quote the rich and fragrant expressions of his biographer:—“The eternal Lover of mankind made them happy in each other’s mutual and equal affections and compliance; indeed, so happy that there never was any opposition between them, unless it was a contest which should most incline to a compliance with the other’s desires. And though this begot and continued in them such a mutual love, and joy, and content as was no way defective, yet this mutual content, and



love, and joy did receive a daily augmentation by such daily obligingness to each other, as still added such new affluences to their former fulness as was only improvable in heaven, where they now enjoy it." It is to unions such as George and Jane Herbert's that Keble's lines apply :—

" And there are souls that seem to dwell  
Above this earth—so rich a spell  
Floats round their steps, where'er they move,  
From hopes fulfilled and mutual love.  
Such, if on high their thoughts are set,  
Nor in the stream the source forget,  
If prompt to quit the bliss they know,  
Following the Lamb where'er He go,  
By purest pleasures unbeguiled  
To idolize or wife or child ;—  
Such wedded souls our God shall own  
For faultless virgins round His throne."

Herbert's counsels to the minister who is married, or intends to be so, are full and explicit. The choice of his wife is to be made rather by the ear than the eye ; his judgment no less than his affections finding out a fit partner for him, in whom a humble and liberal disposition is to be preferred before beauty, riches or honour. The wife is to train up her children and servants in the fear of God, cultivating in the servants especially, truth, diligence, and neatness. Those that cannot read are to be taught, for in the Parson's house all are to be either teachers or learners, or both, so that the family may be a school of religion, in which it shall be held as a maxim, that "to teach the ignorant is the greatest alms." The walls of his house are to be furnished with texts, or with such things as may suggest good thoughts. His furniture is to be very plain but clean, his dress plain but clean, his fare wholesome but plain and common. He has no money for luxuries, and thinks it absurd that he should exceed who teaches temperance to others.

Herbert lays great stress on good works and alms deeds, not as being meritorious, but because they are enjoined by God. "The country Parson is full of charity—it is his predominant element."

"All worldly joys grow less  
To the one joy of doing kindnesses."

"When he riseth in the morning he bethinketh himself what good deeds he can do, and presently doth them—since there is no greater sign of holiness than the procuring and rejoicing in another's good"; and "he counts that day lost in which some work of love has not been done." He resolves with himself never to omit any present good deed of charity out of consideration for providing a stock for his children, but assures himself that money thus lent to God is placed surer for his children's advantage than if it were lodged for them in the Bank of London. Good deeds and good breeding are his two great investments for his children.

In all these things his wife is his right hand; she herself personally tends the sick, and binds up their wounds, and in these errands of mercy she often makes her children her companions, and gives them little things to bestow upon the poor that their hearts may be early trained to compassion and kindness. How these recommendations were carried out in Herbert's life, the words of his loving biographer may tell:—

"He made his wife his almoner, and paid constantly into her hand a tenth-penny of what money he received. Which trust she did most faithfully perform, and would often offer to him an account of her stewardship, and as often beg an enlargement of his bounty, for she rejoiced in the employment. This was usually laid out by her in blankets and shoes for such poor people as she knew to stand in most need of them. For his own charity he set no limits to it, nor did

ever turn his face from any that he saw in want, but would relieve them, especially his poor neighbours, to the meanest of whose houses he would go and inform himself of their wants, and relieve them cheerfully if they were in distress, and would always praise God as much for being willing as for being able to do it."

Thus lowly, says Isaac Walton, was George Herbert in his own eyes, and thus lovely in the eyes of others; while Jane's sweet and humble behaviour begot for her an unfeigned love that followed her "as inseparably as shadows follow substances in the sunshine."

We must now turn to the counsels given as to some of the Pastor's more strictly official duties. On preaching Herbert lays much stress, and especially on the importance of manifesting an earnest spirit, for it is natural to men to think that where there is much earnestness there is somewhat worth hearing, and they ought to be able plainly to perceive that every word is "heart-deep." He recommends the minister to have "a diligent and busy cast of the eye on his hearers, letting them know that he observes who marks and who not," and to address himself pointedly to various classes while he speaks, "now to the younger, then to the elder; now to the poor, then to the rich: This is for you, and this is for you; since particulars ever touch and awaken more than generals." And inasmuch as country people are "thick and heavy, and hard to raise," he counsels that they be addressed in "plain and simple language, interspersed with stories and sayings of others," homely illustrations being freely employed to explain the meaning, since even "things of ordinary use, when washed and cleansed, may serve as lights of the heavenly truths that are delivered."

"Our Saviour," he says, "made plants and seeds to teach the people, not only that by familiar things He might make the doctrine slip the more easily into the hearts even of the meanest; but also that labouring

people, whom He chiefly considered, might have everywhere monuments of His doctrine: remembering in the garden His mustard seed and lilies, in the field His seed-corn and tares, and so not be drowned altogether in the works of their vocation, but sometimes lift up their minds to better things in the midst of their labours."

While thus recognising the importance to the congregation of the instructions and exhortations of the minister, Herbert lays at least equal stress on prayer and praise, and would have heartily assented to the expression of our last Yearly Meeting's Epistle, that "nothing so greatly tends to make our religious meetings hallowed solemnities as the presence amongst those assembled of a spirit of prayer and thanksgiving." "Prayers," he says, "are the church bells that are heard beyond the stars;" and he told the people at Bemerton that "when there was mutual love amongst them, and joint prayers were offered one for another, the holy angels looked down from heaven; and that a Christian congregation calling thus upon God, with one heart and one voice, and in one reverent humble posture, looked as beautiful as Jerusalem that is at peace with itself." He strictly enjoined devout behaviour during prayer, and his biographer says that if he ever seemed over zealous it was in reproofing anything of a contrary kind.

In addition to the time of ordinary Divine service, Herbert recommended a half-hour for religious instruction by questions and answers, every Sabbath afternoon, and also the continual visitation of the people at their own homes, in which the Pastor must not disdain to enter the poorest cottage, even though he have to creep into it, and though the smells, and other unpleasantnesses, should be never so trying. In these visitations he will have regard to the temporal as well as spiritual needs of the people, instilling notions of

5 THE PASTOR  
presents to every one I  
ment. Even in Par  
much more when he is  
to which he is subject  
diverted by reasonable e  
gence in these and oth  
the Pastor remembers  
meekness, instructing th  
and has recourse, first to  
and winsome demeanour,  
prime law of life.

Love to God and man,  
bert's counsels, through al  
his life. Dwelling in the  
love," and realising "the  
loving kindness," he was  
proach the mark he aimed  
the only-begotten Son wh  
theme of which he was n

"Thou art my loveliest  
Beauty alone to me

The warmth of his lov  
and endearing expression  
hands" most ardent

indeed to whom the charge has been given "Feed my sheep; Feed my lambs"—may find in his writings many a useful hint as to the preparation for their labours, and the manner and spirit in which they should be carried out.

Especially let us remember that if we would follow his counsels and example, the love of God must be shed abroad in our hearts as it was in his, sanctifying and renewing them; self must be renounced, and Christ accepted in His fulness, if we, like him, would receive grace to say, "Lord, I am Thine, and Thou art mine."

"O ! let Thy sacred will,  
All Thy delight in me fulfil.  
Let me not think an action mine own way,  
But as Thy love shall sway,—  
Resigning up the rudder to Thy skill."

STANLEY PUMPHREY.

## BIBLE CHRONOLOGY—HOW TO TEACH IT.

EYE, or object teaching, as it is oftener called, has of latter time become almost universal in our secular schools, where, by the use of blackboards, maps, pictures, charts, diagrams and other like instrumentalities, the labour of both the teacher and the taught has been very much lessened, and the teaching has been made attractive and at the same time more thorough. But the place and importance of the eye as a medium for the reception of Bible knowledge has not yet been so generally recognised.

It strikes one, at first, as somewhat inappropriate to associate such common instrumentalities with sacred things. And yet there is a fitness in it after all. Not to dwell upon the fact patent to every one, that that which we receive through the eye makes the clearest, the strongest, the most lasting impression, let us consider for a few moments the authority by which this sort of teaching is sustained, going back even so far as the dealings of the Most High with the Patriarchs. The flight and return of the dove, and the olive branch plucked off, were eye lessons of wonderful though unspoken significance, to the anxious mariner as he looked from the window of the Ark. (Gen. viii. 11.) The miracle of the burning bush was the eye lesson which the Lord made use of to arouse the attention of Moses. And when he turned aside to see this great sight, then God spake to him. (Ex. iii. 3, 4.) In their wilderness journey the Lord saw fit to instruct the Israelites by a very wonderful *series* of object lessons: the cloudy pillar—the manna—the smitten rock—the bunch of grapes—and last and grandest of all, the brazen serpent—the object lesson of the ages.

And so did He instruct His prophets, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and others.\* In like manner were *they* commanded to teach the people. The potter's earthen bottle (Jer. xix. 1-12) and the two sticks (Ezek. xxxvii. 15-28) are striking examples. Our Lord Himself directed the attention of His hearers to the lilies of the field—the ravens—the husbandmen—the barren fig tree—the sparrows and the penny; using these most familiar objects to illustrate and enforce the most important lessons—the most solemn truths. We cannot go astray in following the example of the Great Teacher.

Of all departments of Biblical study none are usually considered so dry and uninviting as Bible chronology, as there are few subjects on which the majority of Bible readers are usually so ignorant; and yet it is a most important subject of study, and very necessary to a proper comprehension of The Book. But through the medium of the eye, so far from being dry and uninteresting, it may be made even attractive, and lessons thus learned, like all other impressions received through the eye, are not soon, if ever forgotten.

One very simple instrumentality is a piece of pine board an inch thick, seven feet long, and three inches wide. It is divided into forty-two equal spaces, the dividing lines being two inches apart and distinctly marked by half-inch auger holes. Forty-one small sticks or pins, each four to five inches long, are placed upright in the auger holes, fitting loosely so that they may be removed and replaced at pleasure. Forty equal spaces separated by these movable pins will then be presented to the eye, thus:

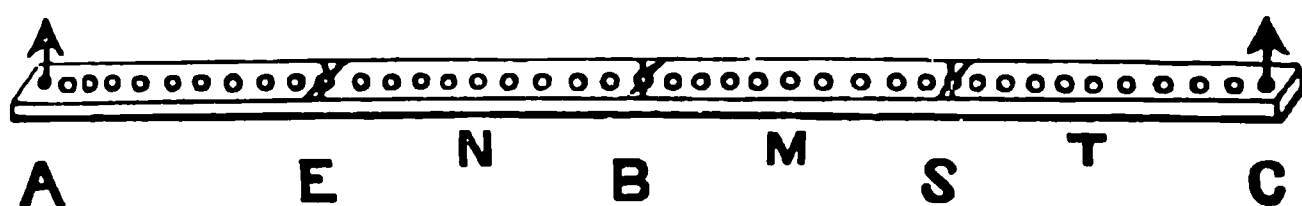


\* Jer. i. 11-17; xiii. 1-11; xviii. 2-6; xxiv. 1-10; Ezek. i. 4; iv. 1-11; viii. 1-18: &c.



Accepting the chronology of Usher—four thousand years from the Creation to Christ—this arrangement presents the forty centuries. A board of these proportions is used because it is convenient to handle, and quite large enough to make the lesson distinctly visible in a school-room of at least average size. The dates of some of the events will be given approximately. Accuracy, even if in all cases possible, is not at all necessary for the purpose of such a lesson. We shall at least place each event within the century where it properly belongs.

Commencing the lesson with the board in this condition, the two end pins only being in position, we



should say to the class that the space from A to C represented the period of 4000 years, from Adam to Christ, and while the eye is engaged it would be profitable to make the Scriptural contrast: "The first man Adam was made a living soul; the last Adam was made a quickening spirit." "The first man is of the earth, earthy; the second man is the Lord from Heaven" (1 Cor. xv. 45-47); and we might pause long enough to enforce the teaching "as in Adam all die, even so in Christ, shall all be made alive." (1 Cor. xv. 22.)

Then taking another of the pins, we should place it in the centre [B], dividing the whole into two equal spaces of 2,000 years each. This would represent Abraham midway between Adam and Christ. Now while the chronological position of Abraham is fixed in the eye, there will be no difficulty in engaging the attention of the class as we dwell upon some of the most striking features in the history and character of him who was at once "the Friend of God," and "the

Father of the Faithful," really the central character of the Old Testament—the founder of the Hebrew nation—he to whom was made the Covenant "In thy seed shall all the kingdoms of the earth be blessed."

Subdividing each of these spaces by pins, we have presented four periods of a thousand years each. The point [E] represents the days of Enoch, and [S] Solomon, and indeed the latter point is just the year of the completion of the first Temple. Enoch and Solomon—what a contrast is here presented! Enoch—"the seventh from Adam;" the number seven to be noticed as conveying the Scriptural idea of completion—Enoch being a type of perfect humanity. He lived a year of years [365 years], and of him we have the brief but sublime record—such a record as has been made of no other man either in the Bible times, or in the times since then—"and Enoch walked with God: and he was not, for God took him" (Gen. v. 24). How strongly in contrast with the simple life of this pure-hearted patriarch who "was not" of the earth, while in his humble, daily life he "walked with God," was his who quaffed every cup of worldly pleasure to the dregs; who, notwithstanding he built and consecrated the Temple, and "spake three thousand proverbs," yet he was as much as any man of whom we read, "of the earth, earthy!"

The second, third, and fourth of these equal periods, may each be again divided into equal parts at the points indicated by the letters N, M and T. At N (about B.C. 2500), Noah was instructed to commence the building of the ark. At M (B.C. 1500), Moses was commanded to set up the Tabernacle according to the pattern shown him in the mount. At T (B.C. 550) "The Lord stirred up the spirit of Cyrus—King of Persia" to build again the Temple at Jerusalem. We might dwell upon each of these striking events—the three buildings and the three builders, each occupying

an important place in Scripture history. These buildings, so different in construction, so different in purpose, yet alike in this, that each of them is spoken of again and again as a type of Christ.

Again, the fourth century before Abraham, and the sixth century after, were distinguished by events superior in importance to any in all the history of the 4000 years. The DELUGE and the EXODUS—the one as signally displaying the *justice*, as the other did the *mercy*, of the Almighty. Here (in the fourth century before Abraham) after the long-suffering of God had waited 120 years in the days of Noah, the world was destroyed by a flood. And here (in the fourth century before Christ), the long-suffering of God having waited 220 years from the preaching of Jonah, Nineveh was destroyed. 120 years after the Flood, the people engaged in building a tower which should reach unto heaven. And here [C] “devout men out of every nation under heaven”—Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and dwellers in Mesopotamia, were gathered at Jerusalem, and they heard the apostles “speak every man in his own tongue, wherein he was born.” Thus they who had long been separated by the confusion of Babel were brought together again in Christ.

The year 1492 of our era is marked by one of the most wonderful discoveries in history, and yet the year 1492 B.C. was marked by an event and a discovery still more wonderful, when the great “I Am” made Himself known to Moses at the foot of Horeb, and revealed to him, in the burning bush, the precious truth that the living presence of Jehovah is sufficient to secure the deliverance of His people, so that no fire of persecution shall ever be able to consume them (Ex. iii. 1–10).

Reference has already been made to Enoch. Let us present him in another connection. Enoch (B.C. 3000), Moses (B.C. 1500), and Elijah (B.C. 900),—these three

men lived at periods very remote from each other. Enoch—among the patriarchs of the antediluvian world ; Moses—in the transition state of God's people ; Elijah—near the zenith of their prosperity. Enoch and Elijah were each of them taken immediately to heaven without tasting death. But Moses died, and the Lord buried him (Deut. xxxiv. 6) ; only however that He might bring him up again, with a body incorruptible ; for we find him afterwards, as he appeared in the glory of the resurrection body (Luke ix. 30, 31), the companion of Elijah, on the Mount of Transfiguration. Dr. Jacobus, the commentator, finds a purpose in the high privilege granted these eminent personages—“ that so in each of the Dispensations—the Patriarchal, the Levitical, and the Prophetical—there might be a lively type and example of the future state.”

This same means will be found very useful in marking the promulgation and fulfilment of prophecy, and particularly the prophecies in reference to the coming and offices of Christ. Here, at A (B.C. 4000), is the promise made of Him who should come to bruise the head of the serpent (Gen. iii. 15). Then follows a silence of 2000 years, during which the promise seems to sleep, but “ the Lord is not slack concerning His promise.” With Him “ a thousand years are as one day.” (2 Pet. iii. 8, 9.) God calls Abraham (B.C. 2000), and to him renews the promise, and makes it a perpetual covenant—“ In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed.” (Gen. xxii. 18.) From this point the Patriarch could look back through twenty centuries to the promise first uttered in the Garden of Eden, and forward, down the long vista of other twenty centuries he could look, and did look, and with the joyful eye of faith, he saw that promise fulfilled in the Christ of Bethlehem. For Christ Himself declared “ Abraham rejoiced to see my day ; he saw it, and was glad.” (John viii. 56.) And somewhere near the same

period (B.C. 2000) we hear a voice from the land of Uz. "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth" (Job. xix. 25); "whom I shall see for myself" says Job, "and mine eyes shall behold." A little further on (B.C. 1700) Jacob, when he was dying, spoke of the coming Shiloh, and prophesied "unto Him shall the gathering of the people be." (Gen. xlix. 10.)

Here (B.C. 1500), in the midst of the wilderness, "Moses truly said unto the fathers, a Prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you of your brethren like unto me." (Deut. xviii. 15 ; Acts iii. 22.) It was about the same time that Balaam, standing upon "the top of Peor," and surveying the tents of Israel as they were spread forth, uttered the remarkable prophecy "a star shall come out of Jacob: I shall see him but not now: I shall behold him but not nigh." (Num. xxiv. 17.)

Here (B.C. 1000), the "sweet Psalmist of Israel," describing the kingdom, conquest, and priesthood of Christ, utters these words of inspiration: "Thou art a PRIEST FOR EVER—after the order of Melchizedek." (Ps. cx. 4.) Here Isaiah (B.C. 700), in a series of prophetic announcements wonderful in minuteness and variety, portrays the Saviour in all His humanity and divinity. "A servant," "a man of sorrows," "a sheep dumb before his shearers," at the same time that He is declared to be "the Mighty God," the Everlasting Father," "the Prince of Peace," "of the increase of whose government there should be no end." (Isa. liii. 3-7, ix. 6, 7.) Still later (B.C. 550) Daniel sees in the visions of night "one like unto the Son of Man, to whom was given dominion and glory—an everlasting dominion which shall not pass away, and a kingdom which shall not be destroyed." (Dan. vii. 13-14.) And last of all we have the Prophecies of Malachi (B.C. 400): "Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his

wings;" and again, "The Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to his temple, even the Messenger of the Covenant—Behold, He *shall* come, saith the Lord of Hosts." (Mal. iii. 1, iv. 2.)

After this the voice of prophecy is silent four hundred years.

Then, in the fulness of time according to "the determinate counsel and fore-knowledge of God," Christ came in the flesh. "The Messenger of the Covenant," foretold by Malachi—"One like unto the Son of Man," described by Daniel,—*"The Wonderful Counsellor,"* of Isaiah,—*"The Priest for ever,"* of King David,—*"The Star,"* of Balaam,—*"The Prophet,"* of Moses,—*"The Shiloh,"* of Jacob,—*"The Redeemer,"* of Job. He in whom all nations were to be blessed, came to bruise the serpent's head,—came in Bethlehem as predicted,—came while the shepherds kept watch over their flocks by night, angels bearing the glad tidings of great joy, and a heavenly host singing the anthem, "Glory to God in the highest." "The Word made flesh," the same that was "in the beginning with God," when "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

In like manner we may illustrate any other series of prophecies or events; take, for instance, the years of our Lord's ministry, the chief circumstances of which may, with the assistance of "Robinson's Harmonies," be presented and impressed in their probable order and relations, with appropriate teaching.

Let us look once more at the space between the points A and B. This period of 2000 years, one-half of our Bible history, is nearly covered by the lives of two men—Adam and Noah; in fact, one-third of the whole period of human history is embraced in the lifetime of these two.

Looking back over the 1874 years that have been numbered since the birth of Christ, it seems to us a

very long period, embracing many ages and generations of men. And yet it is a shorter period than the sum of the years of only two men, Adam and Noah. The life of Adam extended from the commencement of the first to the middle of the tenth century; and the life of Noah, commencing in the eleventh century, continued quite through the twentieth century, ending only two years before Abraham. With what interest and profit we might dwell upon the life of Adam! He saw the world in its pristine glory, without spot or blemish, and lived to see it despoiled of its beauty and purity, and overspread with sin and violence. What wonderful contrasts we might make between our days and his.

Distinguished by a still more wonderful variety of events was the life of Noah. Born soon after the death of Adam, and the translation of Enoch, he could converse with those who knew them both, and through whom he was doubtless well informed of all the important events of the earliest times. He lived until men were multiplied upon the earth, and in his 600th year entered the Ark. He lived to see the world depopulated and none of all mankind remaining, save his own household. Again he has what seems almost like a second life, continuing after the Flood 350 years. Once more men are multiplied, new countries settled, and cities built. He probably witnessed the building of Babel, and may have walked the streets of Babylon and Nineveh.

From personal recollection of the events of six centuries before the flood, as well as of all he had learned from many who were cotemporary with Adam, Noah could hand immediately to his son Shem, who was to become the cotemporary of Abraham and Isaac, the history of our race from the very beginning. As a medium for the transmission of the early traditions the Patriarch Shem thus stands perhaps in a most

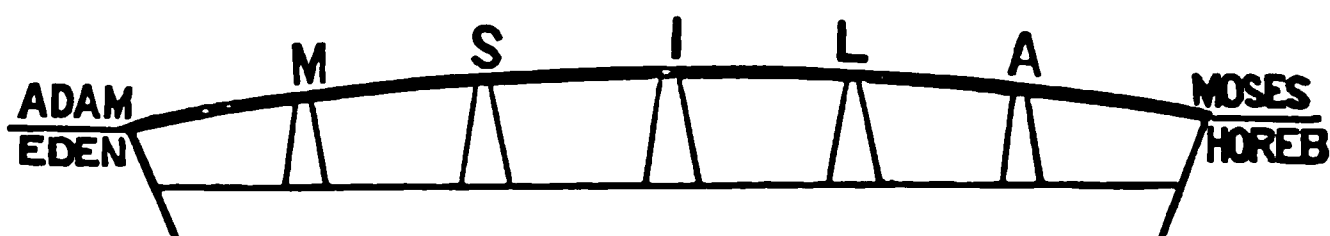
favoured position. There are commonly reckoned ten antediluvian Patriarchs and ten post-diluvian Patriarchs. The life of Shem took in just ten of these lives. He lived in the lifetime of *three* of the antediluvians, and outlived all but *three* of the post-diluvian Patriarchs. His life of 600 years commenced a century before the flood. During nearly all that time he was the cotemporary of Lamech, Methuselah, and others who had lived for generations with Adam; and five centuries after the Flood, Shem was still alive. When Isaac was about fifty years of age, and Abraham 150 years, the venerable Shem had reached his 600th year, and probably was very much older than any other man then living.

To the young man Isaac, what rare enjoyment there must have been in the conversation of this Patriarchal antediluvian, in comparison with whom even his own venerable father Abraham would seem to be scarcely more than a youth! From his own observation and experience how could the Patriarch Shem "make mention" in the ears of Isaac of the mercies and judgments of the Almighty! Doubtless he could describe the building of the tower on the plain of Shinah; the rainbow that spanned the heavens in token of God's covenant with Noah; could speak of the Flood and its thrilling connecting circumstances; of the building of the Ark, which he must have witnessed in his youth; and, lastly, he might have described to Isaac their very venerable ancestor—his own great-grandfather Methuselah—whose wonderful life of nearly a thousand years, overlapped the early years of Shem, and linked in his memory the far distant past.

Here let us notice that all this valuable information, of which Isaac became the repository and which had reached him from Adam through only Methuselah and Shem, might, by the same number of steps, be trans-



mitted from Isaac to Moses ; for Levi, the grandson of Isaac, and whose intercourse he may have enjoyed for thirty years or more, was a cotemporary of Amram, the father of Moses. This statement may be made clearer by a simple black-board diagram thus :



TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED YEARS.

Let us call this an historical bridge supported by five piers and having its abutments at Eden and Horeb. Isaac is the central pier. On one side are Shem and Methuselah. On the other Levi and Amram. These are the five testimony-bearers who conveyed one to the other, over this span of five times five hundred years, the history of the world from Adam to Moses. This illustration demonstrates the possibility of Moses having received at third-hand, from Shem, an account of the Flood, and at fifth-hand, from Adam, important particulars of the earliest history.

A proper understanding of the chronology as well as the geography, and, may I not add, of the manners and customs of the Bible times, are essential to a clear comprehension of Bible teaching. Much of this may be learned through the eye from maps, diagrams, pictures, &c. ; and this sort of teaching is needed, not in primary classes only, but in intermediate and adult classes. The results of its neglect are conspicuously apparent. Let us repeat, that much of our teaching must be addressed to the eye, and on his power in engaging that sense the success of a teacher will largely depend. It is vain for any one to address himself to wandering eyes.

But let us not be misunderstood. We have been speaking chiefly of helps and instrumentalities. These

do well as the skeleton, but we must be sure to clothe it, and to put a live warm heart beneath. We must distinguish between the means and the end. Our work will be of no value if it *stops* with external impressions. These are only first steps—the mere vestibule to the temple. It is our privilege *to enter in*. May we never lose sight of the fundamental design of all Bible teaching—to bring souls to Christ! The study of the testimony is one thing—the enjoyment of the salvation is another thing.

What St. John says in closing the 20th chapter of his Gospel is appropriate to the whole Scripture: "These are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ—the Son of God, and that *believing*, ye might have life *through His name*."

JOSHUA L. BAILY.

*Philadelphia, U.S.A.*

## MEETINGS FOR CONSECRATION AT BROADLANDS.

THERE are scenes and periods in our lives, and above all in our spiritual lives, which are too sacred to review unless the mind is in harmony with the spirit that pervaded them.

Such a period was the recent gathering at Broadlands, near Southampton, the seat of the Right Hon. W. Cowper-Temple, M.P., who kindly threw open his grounds for the meetings for consecration, which were held under the direction of R. Pearsall Smith. For six consecutive days a body of Christians, of both sexes, numbering from 100 to 150, "came apart to rest awhile" from worldly cares and turmoil, in order to wait upon God, in the spirit of faith and consecration, for the promise given to the early believers, the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

Having been a privileged sharer in the rich blessing that flowed forth on that occasion, I feel very desirous to impart something of its power and sweetness to the members of my own Christian community. This induces me to draw aside the veil which covers one of the most cherished epochs of my religious life, in order to dwell for awhile upon some of the holy thoughts and exercises which pervaded that assembly.

At that solemn period, thoughts and personal experiences were revealed that could only be uttered before a company from whom all criticism was excluded by the subduing power of the Holy Spirit. May I then ask the reader of these pages to tread with reverence the ground we are about to traverse; for, in endeavouring to reproduce some of the thoughts of

that time, I am sensible that, unless they are read in something of the *spirit* that animated them, no real impress of the scene will be conveyed.

How I longed that a *living* photograph, with all the lines of thought, and shades of feeling, could have been taken of that first morning when, under those stately beech trees, surrounded by some of the loveliest scenery that England can produce, in the golden sunshine of a perfect July day, the company slowly gathered to the solemn strains of "the hymns of faith." On every side opened, as far as we could see, beautiful vistas and sunny glades, quivering with light and glory, whilst sloping down to the river which flowed through the grounds, was the noble lawn, with its rich parterres of flowers. The wind gently whispering among the leaves seemed to speak to us of the Spirit breathing where He lists, and to promise that He would breathe upon those who were there gathered for the most solemn and privileged of all purposes, to seal their consecration to God, and to wait expectantly for a manifestation of His Power and grace upon them.

Truly fitting was such an outward temple for the offering up of the living sacrifices that were to follow, and richly did the harmony of such a glorious outward scene typify the living beauty of consecrated hearts—"temples of the Holy Ghost"—in which God is worshipped in Spirit and in truth; in which all emotions and desires respond faithfully and in living harmony to the manifestations of the Spirit, the dispensations of Providence and grace all tending to quicken the life of joy and thanksgiving begotten within them.

Never surely did the "goodly heritage" of Broadlands seem more beautiful in the eyes of its possessor than when devoted to this purpose. He entered rejoicingly into its spirit, which also seemed to pervade his large-hearted hospitality.

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I have dwelt on these outward characteristics of the scene, because I believe there is something more than analogy on such occasions in the harmony between the outward and the inward; that it is rather a real union and correspondence. One of the most striking features throughout these meetings was the absence of any jarring notes; discord of all kinds seemed foreign to the melody of heart that prevailed. The frequent expression was, "Heaven must be like this!" For once all restraint was withdrawn from free religious intercourse; no apology was needed to introduce subjects uppermost in our thoughts. Seated under the cool shade of the trees, or by the side of the gliding river, could be seen little groups with open Bibles before them, freely revealing their hearts to each other and to the Lord. All this was so quietly sustained, so free from excitement, that the continuousness of the meetings appeared rather to refresh than to weary. There was no difficulty in collecting a number together at 7 o'clock in the morning to the before-breakfast meetings, and these were felt by many to be the most favoured seasons of all.

The life of the Spirit was then felt, and openly acknowledged to be the real life; outward things were held in true subservience to the Divine life in the soul. The most experienced Christians present laid themselves freely open to inquiry on any matters in which they could be helpful to their brethren; and, as one writing afterwards expressed it, "the spirit of holy brotherhood indeed grew apace at Broadlands."

This record of the occasion is made chiefly from memory,\* and my purpose being to give an impress

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\* On this account, I trust that these notes will not be regarded as an exposition of any particular views. I may inadvertantly have misquoted some of the thoughts, and should not wish any peaker to be judged by what I have written. R. Pearsall Smith's

of the spirit that pervaded it rather than the substance of all that passed, I shall confine myself mainly to R. P. S.'s opening addresses at the various meetings, since these directed the course of our thoughts, and the spiritual exercises that followed.

The first meeting was opened by R. P. Smith, in words something like the following :—"To me, as I look around on this glorious and lovely scene, every leaf, every blade of grass, every ray of sunlight, seems to say—God! God! God is here! We are gathered here, beloved Christians, for a solemn and definite purpose : to seek to get nearer to God. At other times, and rightly so, we have our meetings for preaching the Gospel, for being edified in God's truth, for hearing and being occupied about Him; but our definite purpose here is to meet God, to get near to Him, to be occupied with *Himself*.

"Here, for these few days, we have come apart from the world, leaving behind us for a season its cares and anxieties; putting aside even our work amongst the sick, the sinful, and the degraded, to have our souls occupied with God; even to leave sin as a thing away from us, not to look at it, but with the eye of faith and with purified hearts to see God.

"Let us then, during these few days, in our thoughts, and in our conversation, have but one subject before us—Christ. Then I am sure we shall have a wonderful blessing, and before we part we shall see God as we have never done before, and receive a true baptism of the Holy Ghost.

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published writings are the best exposition of his own sentiments. It should also be borne in mind that at this Conference the teaching was specially addressed to those who had trusted in Christ for the pardon of sin. Its purpose was to invite such to the higher stages of Christian life and holiness. The doctrine of *justification by faith* was therefore scarcely touched upon, but fully admitted.

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“Consecration has two sides, its negative and positive aspects. The one is to have the heart cleansed by the power of the Holy Ghost from all defilement; and the other to receive Christ into the heart by faith. We must be first emptied of self before we can be filled with the Spirit. It is in the fully consecrated heart that God dwells.”

Then followed the singing of hymns, with solemnising intervals of silent and vocal prayer. Part of the 29th chapter of II. Chronicles was read, opening up very strikingly, through the type of the cleansing of the outward Temple, the need of having the heart cleansed before the privilege of consecration can be known.

In full harmony with the exercises of the morning was the Bible-reading in the Orangery by Hannah W. Smith, the subject being the different functions of the priests and Levites under the old dispensation. “To the former belonged the privilege of entering into the *inner courts* of the Lord’s house to handle the sacred things. The office of the Levites was the outward service of the sanctuary.

“These offices—priestly communion and outward service—should be combined in every Christian soul. Under the glorious dispensation in which we live, we are made (all believers are) kings and priests unto God. We are allowed and enjoined to handle the holy things; the secrets, and mysteries, and peace of God’s kingdom. There must be this abiding in the sanctuary, this priestly communion, before there can be any effectual service for Him.”

After a beautiful walk through the grounds we again assembled under the beech trees, and were addressed on the parable of the Prodigal Son and the higher relationships we bear to our Heavenly Father. “The sin of the younger son was appropriating something as his own. He was not content to receive it

as a gift from his father, but wished to have it apart from him, 'the portion of goods that *falleth* to me.' My brethren, whenever we are not content with receiving our life from God, but wish to have a separate life of our own, we are wasting our substance, like the prodigal, in riotous living."

The next day, Sunday, was a true Sabbath of rest in service, and will long be remembered by many of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood. In addition to the continued flow of the meetings for consecration, large public gatherings were held in the park, for which, says one who was there, "we have reason to believe many will praise God in eternity"; and another, "The power of Jesus and of the Holy Spirit in saving souls was present in a most marked way." "It recalled to the minds of those who were present," says a local newspaper, "the scenes that were witnessed upon earth in olden times, when the Master Himself taught the common people on the hill-sides of Bethany."

On Monday morning we again met under the trees, and had a truly solemn meeting. R. P. S. said that he "loved to look on the privilege side of consecration. In our former meetings we had been occupied with the negative view, the emptying of self. He trusted we had now given ourselves to Christ, yielded our all to Him. Then we may confidently ask to be filled with the Spirit, that the light of Christ may penetrate us through and through, revealing to us what is still opposed to His will. And we shall see more and more of this. A person sleeping in a dark room may have all manner of creeping things round him which he cannot see, but let the sunlight in, and he sees what creatures have been his companions. So with our hearts. Many impure thoughts may be there which we are not aware of till the light of Christ penetrates us. 'That which doth make manifest is



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light.' So our walk in holiness is progressive." He saw many things to be wrong now which he did not at the time of his conversion. But this need not trouble us. If we put away known sin as it is shown to us, this is all we can do, and by the power of Christ we can do this, and walk with a conscience void of offence, even though we may be harbouring things which further light may teach us to be wrong.

"I have felt this morning that we should have a very quiet meeting. We have not come together to receive addresses so much as to receive more life, to try to lessen the gap between our knowledge of the things of God and our experience of their power. We all know so much more than we live. Let us then in silence wait for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. The apostles waited ten days for this blessing before the day of Pentecost. After a few minutes of silent waiting upon God, let one and another, as they feel constrained, pour forth their hearts to Him *briefly*, so that in a short time we may have the heart utterances of many. In doing so let us keep in view this one thought—the baptism of the Holy Ghost—a desire that we may be filled with the Spirit. Then I am sure we shall have a wonderful meeting.

"But let us be in earnest. When I was holding meetings the other day at Cambridge, we had to break off precisely at a certain hour, because the young men were training for the boat-race. They were conforming to exact rules, subduing every function of the body, straining every nerve, and for what?—the cup! Oh, we Christians are put to shame by such devotion. Shall these young men do thus for an earthly prize, and shall we be less diligent in seeking a heavenly Crown?—we who have opened to us all the treasures of the Father's house? Oh, brethren, let there be no half-measures, let it be entire, measureless consecra-

tion ; and then there will come such an inflow of blessing, as there is not room to receive !

“ It is a consciousness that this rest of faith is attainable by all Christians that led to our gathering here ; that in a fresh dedication of heart we might here renew our covenant with God, and enter into this inward rest, where, amid the outward turmoil of the world, the soul keeps a perpetual Sabbath.”

In the afternoon we again gathered in the open air. An earnest address was given on Resurrection power, and the Baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire ; also on II. Chron. chap. v. verses 13, 14 : “ The glory of the Lord had so filled the house of God, that the priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud ;” and Acts 2nd, “ It filled the house where they were sitting, and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost.” How glorious to have such light come in upon us that all darkness flees before it ! Hymn : “ ’Tis the very same power.”

On this day there were several confessions from those who had found in an especial manner the blessing of this life of faith. The evening concluded with another Bible-reading, on the opening of the heavens at the baptism of Christ. At these daily readings by Mr. Jukes, and also by Hannah W. Smith, many beautiful portions of Scripture were expounded, and striking thoughts expressed, but I must forbear to enlarge upon them.

After this reading, Mr. Cowper-Temple addressed us very forcibly on the Incarnation of Christ, and His indwelling in the hearts of believers. “ Could there be a company of Christians in whom Christ dwelt, all of one mind, bound together in Him, with one desire for His glory, what a power it would be in the world, even hastening the coming of that kingdom for which we so often pray. This meeting was an attempt in this direction, and he believed that a wave of blessing

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was passing over us. In this faith and hope let us do what we can. Let us open our hearts to the indwelling of the risen life of God. Humanity cannot rise to a higher thought. The blessing is given us without measure so far as God is concerned, but according to the measure of *our* faith. Let us remember that God never compels. Let us open our wills, and we shall be abundantly filled. . . . .”

As the meetings went on, their depth and reality increased, and as in outward Nature the forces of creation work most potently in profound silence, so I believe many hearts were greatly moved, and a growth in the Divine life known, in the deep solemnity of those gatherings.

The addresses on Tuesday morning in the Orangery bore on Dedication, and the Service of Love. R. P. S. spoke to this effect: “The rest of faith is when we have handed over all to Christ. ‘Take my yoke upon you . . . . and ye shall find rest unto your souls.’ Let us put aside for ever the stern word *duty*: love is the impelling power. It was a beautiful sentiment of St. Augustine, ‘Love and do what you like.’ All is then consecrated to Christ. ‘These eyes to see for Him, these ears to hear for Him, these lips to speak for Him, this intellect to think for Him, these hands to work for Him, these feet to walk in the path He chooses, my whole being to live for Him! It is in truth Christ’s life in us.

“But for this there must be *entire* surrender of the whole being, through the power of the Holy Ghost; and then, according to His promise, ‘He will dwell in us, and walk in us,’ enabling us to will and to do of His good pleasure. . . . .”

The remainder of the morning was occupied chiefly in prayer, mingled as before with hymns, many of them peculiarly striking and appropriate: the one beginning

“My life flows on in endless song,”

expressed the feelings of many present, and the joy of the Lord became more definitely their strength.

In the evening R. P. S. entered when H. W. S. was reading a Psalm of praise, and said it was a striking evidence of the Spirit's guidance, when the hearts of those assembled were drawn together into the same line of thought. In asking the Lord's will in reference to our meeting this evening, he had felt that it should be a meeting for praise, and as he entered, he found us already engaged in this service.

" 'In the midst of the congregation,' said the Psalmist, 'I will praise Thee.' Thus in the midst of congregational praise, individual praise may arise. Let it be so this evening, and let one and another who have any especial cause for praising the Lord, do so before the congregation. Such confession of Christ honours Him, and brings great blessing to the one who offers it." This invitation was accepted by several ; one after another recounting the mercies they had received, and thus "praising the Lord for His goodness." A very striking meeting ensued.

The meeting on Wednesday morning was the last, and the most wonderful of all. "We have during these last few days," said R. P. S., "been speaking a great deal to God. Let us now allow Him to speak to us, and, chiefly in silence, hear what God the Lord will speak. Even our deepest raptures of feeling towards Him are not the highest mode of worship or communion. Our answering emotions to the revelations of His love to us will not carry us through the sorrows of life. It must be Himself. Christ is the inner substance of all doctrine. Doctrines about Him are valuable—invaluable as truths and promises ; but underneath all these it is Himself that we seek.

"To all *our* love, joy, peace in Him, there is the positive side. The Bible speaks of *God's* peace. This peace of God is above our highest heights, and below

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all our physical depths. This peace becomes ours through faith. Then there is Christ's joy—'Everlasting joy upon our heads.' So with the love of God. His love to us is the deepest of all love.

"Let us, then, under this hallowed sense of God's presence, kneel before Him in silence ; not pray to Him, but allow Him to speak to us. Then, allowing pauses for silent prayer, let one and another lead us vocally to the throne of Grace. If we thus open our hearts to the incomings of His love, a marvellous blessing will follow, and we may realise His presence as we have never before done."

A French pastor then spoke very strikingly before we knelt down, "hoping we should not be trying during this time of silent prayer to offer anything to God, to bring something out of our own hearts. This will only bring darkness over us, like trying to sweep the darkness out of this room without letting the sunlight in. We have simply to open, as it were, the windows of our souls, and let the sunshine in. Then indeed, we shall be filled with light—with the Spirit."

After this succeeded a solemn time of waiting upon the Lord, of spiritually resting in Him, which was acknowledged by many afterwards as the most deeply impressive season that we had had; one in which the presence of Christ as the Head of the Church was manifestly felt.

The highest level of thought was attained in some short addresses on Love, bearing on the 9th and following verses of the 15th chapter of John, "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you, continue ye in my love." The measure of Christ's love to us is the Father's love to Him, and this should be the measure of our love to each other (ver. 12). "As this love and peace of God are fully yielded to, they will so take possession of us that we shall heed no reproach or unkindness of men. We can bear any

indignity or persecution if we abide in Him. His strength becomes ours, and we become gifted with the same power that bore the Redeemer Himself through 'the contradiction of sinners' which He endured against Himself."

The meetings concluded with a large gathering of mothers in the afternoon, who were simply and earnestly addressed by H. W. S. They assembled, some two or three hundred, under the favourite beech trees, and a beautiful sight it was to look upon as we left the Park, a fit conclusion to the hallowed time we had spent there, to see the poor also partaking of the good things provided in this "valley of blessing."

Thus closed this remarkable gathering. We cannot estimate the results that may flow from it. Many hearts, I believe, realised definitely what self-renunciation is, and entered joyfully upon a life of faith and consecration. The heartfelt devotion there manifested, carried into the varied circles of influence to which the visitors at Broadlands (many of whom were of high rank) would return, cannot fail to bear into their midst the same dedicated spirit.

A few words in conclusion, with regard to those kindred meetings held by R. Pearsall Smith for ministers, at which he presses the doctrine of full consecration as "a power for service."

In order to imbue the minds of pastors and teachers with these views, he has met from 1,500 to 2,000 ministers of all denominations in this country at breakfast gatherings, where he has gently unfolded this higher life, and shown by living examples its marvellous power. R. P. S. urges entire self-renunciation as the basis of all true ministry; priestly communion as the anointing for service; a willingness to yield up all to Christ; to become like their Master "of no reputation," their one desire being "that God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ." Such are some

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of the qualifications needed to be "good stewards of the manifold grace of God."

Everyone who has been present on these occasions must have been struck with their power and solemnity, whilst their effect has been strikingly evident in the increased depth and earnestness of the ministry of many who have attended them.

The mission of the Fathers of our Church was "to revive primitive Christianity." In calling men out of a corrupted religion into the pure light of the Gospel, they had vigorously to oppose error. The work of this servant of God is of a kindred character, but unfolding the truth in great simplicity, and free from all controversy. Its aim is to revive amongst those who are longing for a more continuous victory over sin and conformity to the will of God, the promises given by Christ and His apostles, of dominion over evil as an essential part of the Gospel. Into this promised land of rest and holiness, where cloudless communion with God is known to the fully-consecrated heart, it is the aim of R. P. S. and his wife to invite believers. The remarkable reception which these views meet with shows that the minds of Christians are open to accept them. They teach that the experience of the power of Christ which enabled the Apostles to "walk in the light," was not exceptional with them, but that the "very same power" is the inheritance of all Christians. As we continue in living faith to look to Christ for it, moment by moment, we shall be carried victoriously through the midst of the evil that is in the world and in our own hearts, and we shall know what it is to be kept "by the power of God through faith unto salvation."

RICHARD WESTLAKE.

NOTE.—Since the above paper was written, a "Union Meeting" similar to that at Broadlands has been held

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at Oxford, attended by 1,000 to 1,500 thoughtful Christians.

Probably most readers of the *Examiner* have heard of the great blessing which also attended that gathering. Its influence must be felt in all sections of the Christian Church in this country. The large number of personal testimonies given to the blessing received, with the intense interest manifested in the proceedings, deepening as it did until the close of the ten days, are proof of the reality of this work of inviting Christian believers into the full rest of faith.

In comparing the meeting at Broadlands with those held in America for similar objects, R. P. Smith said he found "that while it was less emotional, it presented a better combination of sober intellectual thought, with the stirrings of spiritual life, than those which he had seen across the Atlantic; and the blessing which attended this small gathering led him to propose the larger one at Oxford."

R. W.



## FUGITIVE THOUGHTS.

## No. 1.

“Let thy garments be always white.”  
 “They shall walk with me in white.”

A COMMAND and a promise!—the command would never have been given had it been impossible to fulfil it; the promise, while primarily referring to the life to come, has doubtless an application to this present life also. Numberless commands in Holy Scripture, beside the one just quoted, show that it is no presumption thus to apply our Lord’s promise to the faithful ones in Sardis, and if to them to the faithful ones also in our own time; for the power of the Holy Spirit is offered to all, and the faith which lays hold of the Divine power is given to each one of us.

Does this, then, imply a state beyond temptation, or superior to the liability to sin? Certainly not. “These things write I unto you, that ye sin not; if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous.” At the first motion to sin, the first slip, the first spot on the garment, let us not allow the spot to become a stain, or the slipping to end in falling, but instantly turn back to the Lord seeking forgiveness, and that same instant the blood of Jesus Christ His Son will cleanse us from all sin, and our garments thus washed continually will be made and kept “whiter than snow.”

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 No. 2.

“Be clothed with humility.”

“Wherefore if God so clothe the grass of the field shall He not much more clothe you? O ye of little faith!”

Another command, and another promise—how is this command to be kept, and this promise to be ful-

filled? Can we trust the Lord for our daily bread and our needful raiment for the outward life so soon to pass away? and is it harder to trust Him for the clothing of our spiritual life, which is to last for ever? What is it within us which cries, "Clothe me with humility,"—is it not the Spirit of Him who was meek and lowly of heart?

"Behold the lilies—Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these"—for their spotless purity is the symbol of that purity of heart with which "a greater than Solomon" robes His chosen bride. "If, then, God so clothe the grass of the field, shall He not much more clothe you? O ye of little faith!"

Gentlest of rebukes, richest of promises. The lilies toil not, neither do they spin, and *we* need take no thought for raiment, for He will clothe us with Himself; and as the lily unfolds, bell by bell, to the full glory of the perfect flower, so our robe of humility and meekness, woven in the innermost chamber of the heart, will develop outwards to the glory of Him who has wrought it. We too shall be as "the lily of the *valleys*," ever remembering the depths whence we have been raised, and the fragrance of our spirit will ascend as sweet incense to the Lord. Christ, meek, lowly in heart, "giveth grace unto the lowly," and has fellowship with these alone; and as we learn of Him, and day by day experience a growing into His likeness, we shall be able to say, "My beloved is gone down into his garden, to the beds of spices to feed in the gardens and to gather lilies. I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine. He feedeth among the lilies."

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No. 3.

"If any man will come after Me let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily and follow Me."

Here our Lord's words imply that the will is already resigned; it is understood that a man delibe-

rately wills to be His disciple, taught and trained by Him. Then follow very plain directions. First, "Let him deny himself." How often this self-denial is called for in things quite unseen by human eyes, known only to God and our own souls. How we misjudge one another, how we deceive ourselves! Often that which passes for self-denial among men is really the nourishing and cherishing of a most specious selfhood, while the real denying and crucifying of self may consist in things so small, or in such absolute negations, that it is impossible for "the old man" to get one sparkle of the glory.

"Take up his cross." What cross? Is it the Lord's service? Those who will to be His disciples, those who deny themselves, *know* that that can never be "the cross;" for His service, whether in public labour or the fulfilling His will in a lowly private walk, is joy and perfect freedom.

Is it trouble and trial sent by Him? Ah! that may wring our hearts and draw forth rivers of tears, but it can never be a *cross* to those who have learned to say like their Lord, "Not my will, but Thine be done." What then is meant by "the cross"? Let us consider what was the origin of the cross of Christ and what constituted its bitterness—*sin*—yet He in whom was no sin took it up and bore it for our sakes, not only in His atoning death but all through His earthly life. "Oh! faithless generation, how long shall I be with you; how long shall I suffer you?"

Daily do we have to suffer from the thoughtlessness, the injustice, the tempers, in a word, the sins of those around us. Herein lies our cross; do we take it up cheerfully and follow Christ? Oh! we *can* bear it cheerfully, and even joyfully, when we have learned to believe that so bearing it we are co-workers with Him, and that in proportion as, without sinning, we suffer the sins of others, just in the same proportion are we

in a position to be made the ministers of good to them. This was the joy that was set before Him, when He endured the cross, despising the shame, that He should see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied ; that He—the Righteous One—should justify the many, bearing their iniquities ; that He should become their Advocate with His Father, restoring the broken communion between God and man ; and His own sacred words with regard to His disciples and all who should hereafter believe on Him through their word, are “ As Thou has sent me into the world even so have I sent them into the world,” and His faithful ones shall “ drink of the river of His pleasures” and “ enter into the joy of their Lord.”

S. A. STORRS.

CHRISTIAN POSITIVISM ; OR, TRUE SCIENCE *versus*  
FALSE PHILOSOPHY.

ONE of the most frequent causes of pain to thoughtful Christians, at the present day, is the large, not to say the preponderating, amount of scepticism and infidelity which are publicly professed by many of the leading scientific teachers of the age. And this pain is the more acute and alarming, because of the undoubted services which, in a wonderful degree, men of science have rendered to modern progress and civilisation,—and even to religion itself.

Not only has science manifested its marvellous insight even into the invisible depths of the universe (as was demonstrated in the discovery of the planet Neptune before it was seen) ; not only has it enabled us to annihilate space and time by instantaneously flashing intelligence from one hemisphere to another under thousands of miles of stormy ocean ; but by means of steam, railways, and a thousand modes of skilled device, it speeds missionaries rapidly on their way, and enables innumerable editions of the Bible to be rapidly printed and diffused throughout the earth. It is pre-eminently through the services of men of science that the Divine prophecy is being fulfilled—“ Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased.” And through this intercourse, we trust, shall ultimately be aided the fulfilment of that other prophecy, also, that the nations shall cease to lift up their swords against each other, and ultimately beat them into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks, even if the same all-accommodating science previously lends its assistance to the construction of rifled cannon and armour-plated ships.

Science is indeed a mighty agency of God's civilization which only the veriest ignoramuses can speak slightingly of; and all her great teachers—the Faradays, Brunels, Wheatstones, Huxleys, Darwins, Lyells, Spencers, and Tyndalls, claim the admiration and respect of their fellow-men.

Whence, then, the fact that these grand intellects, or at least a considerable number of them, have come to be regarded as foes of Christianity, in consequence of their own admissions of scepticism or unbelief?

The source of their line of action in this direction will probably be found to be this—that precisely in that degree in which they have confined themselves to truly *scientific* modes of procedure they have remained true to religion (as did the noble Faraday, for example), whilst in proportion as they have *abandoned* the grand simplicity of science for the complicated and misty regions of *speculation* and of “philosophy,” so called, they have tended to come in conflict with Revelation and Christianity.

It cannot be too often, or too confidently, dwelt upon that Christianity and Revelation have nothing ultimately to fear from *genuine* Science, as distinguished from “Philosophy.” The God of creation, whose interpreter therein is Science, cannot contradict, or be out of harmony with, Himself as manifested also in the realm of true religion and Christianity.

Two illustrations may be given of the distinction between Science and speculative Philosophy. When Professor Tyndall, for example, is in his laboratory, pursuing his researches into God's works according to the laws of experience and actual matter, he is scientific. But when the same great teacher, in the chair of the British Association at Belfast, uses the expressions that, “abandoning all disguise,” he “prolonged the vision backward *across the boundary* of the *experimental* evidence,” and so discerned in matter “the

promise and potency of every quality and form of life," he is no longer scientific at all, but *speculative*. There is no such thing as "vision" or "discernment" where one has no "experimental evidence" of any kind.

Such language as this can no more claim to be called "scientific," in any true sense, than the phantasms of a dream, or the wild imaginations of a mind no longer controlled by reason. To say "I prolong the vision backward beyond the boundary of experimental evidence," is merely a fine, grand, high-sounding way of saying what the Yankee says when he exclaims "I guess;" only the Yankee's "guesses" are often so synonymous with "I calculate" and "I reckon" (from some real "experimental evidence"), that it is an undeserved insult to the Yankee, to degrade his "guesses" to the "vision beyond evidence" of Professor Tyndall. Most appropriately was such a "bull" enunciated on *Irish* soil at Belfast. So far from being a scientific utterance, the great Professor had, for the nonce, taken a "backward" step from any scientific basis at all.

A second illustration of the difference between true Science and speculative Philosophy is afforded by the aspect in which Germany, that special birthplace of the "philosophic" species, is wont to regard Lord Bacon—one of the grandest of practical philosophers and men of science. The eminent Professor Max Müller remarks (in his "Chips from a German Workshop") that "Bacon's name is never mentioned by German writers without some proviso that it is only by a great stretch of the meaning of the word, or by courtesy, that he can be called a philosopher! Philosophy, they say, should account for experience; but Bacon took experience for granted." In other words, he did not try to "prolong his vision backward beyond experimental evidence."

But this is just what the whole tribe of metaphysical "Philosophers" have, for ages, spent their time in doing, or rather in attempting to do. For they have never succeeded in seeing through the impenetrable mists which outlie the *terra cognita* of time and sense, of experience and verification.

They have for generations puzzled over the "ego" and the "non-ego," the "phenomena" and the "noumena," the "absolute and the unconditioned," and so forth ; and with just this result, that the whole line of philosophers are, when studied in succession, found to be, like a child's row of wooden "bricks," knocking one another down from end to end. This is strikingly demonstrated in that most remarkable work, "The History of Philosophy, from Thales to Comte," by George Henry Lewes, one of the most instructive and comprehensive histories ever penned. Lewes sweeps his historic telescope over both ancient and modern philosophers, and shows that even those of the latest and most instructed ages—the whole series of them, from Descartes and Spinoza to Locke, Hobbes, Berkeley, Hume and Leibnitz, on to Kant, Fichte, Schelling and Hegel, have successively refuted each other, in great degree, and often even fundamentally.

He holds up (and not without much reason) Auguste Comte as the finally successful philosopher. But why? Just because Comte, more than any predecessor, has laid down a system of adherence to the teachings of purely *scientific, positive, experimental* knowledge. It is true that even Comte often transgressed his own limits (sometimes ludicrously so, and virtually ignored much of the Christianity which his own system would support), but substantially he has rendered a grand service to mankind by showing that mere speculative philosophy does not deserve the name of philosophy at all, but that all true knowledge, of whatever kind, must be based



on experience and positive evidence within our reach. The novelty of his system is, that he not only sets this forth so definitely in reference to ordinary physical science, but claims that every branch of human knowledge (even the religious and spiritual) is and must be subject to the same limitations and to similar tests. The power and grandeur of Comte's system have charmed many of the noblest minds of the age. Grote, the historian, John Stuart Mill, and many of the most eminent men, both at home and abroad, have recognised the truth of much that he taught, and have ranged themselves amongst his disciples. Some other great minds (it is true), including Huxley, for example, have sharply criticised him. But some of Huxley's criticisms of Comte are themselves glaringly unscientific, and peculiarly inconsistent with his own mode of demonstration in ordinary matters. When a man of science ceases to be scientific, he is apt to run into very irrational extremes.

In so far as the Huxleys, the Darwins, and the Tyndalls have kept to their own proper sphere as scientific men—*experimental evidence*—they have rendered grand services to mankind. It is precisely when they cease to be scientific, and talk of "vision beyond evidence," that they stumble into mental quagmires and become objects of alarm and causes of bewilderment to others.

Christianity has nothing to dread from real Science—nothing to fear from *Positive Philosophy*—fairly, fully, broadly and *scientifically* carried out. On the contrary, really positive philosophy or true science, on its *basis of experimental evidence*, must be and will ever be, the humble servant and adoring votary of genuine Religion and Christianity.

For what is Christianity, itself, but the grandest manifestation of the "*experimental evidence*" (*positively visible and tangible*) of the Love, Holiness, Con-

descension, and Real Presence of God, through the Incarnation of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ? The Apostle John was a great Christian Positivist when he took for the foundation of his glorious and divine Gospel the basis—"That which we have *heard*, which we have *seen* with our eyes, which we have looked upon and *our hands* have *handled* of the Word of Life (for the Life *was manifested*, and we have seen It, and bear witness and show unto you that Eternal Life which was with the Father and was *manifested* unto us); that which we have *seen* and *heard* declare we unto you."

Here is the positive and scientific basis on which Christianity itself rests—the fundamental truth of "*God manifest in the flesh.*"

And as the human soul is enabled, by Divine grace, to dwell upon and really to feel the meaning of this *manifestation* of God, in the realms of matter and time, and sense, as flesh of our flesh, stooping with infinite condescension to mingle His love with ours, and to bring Himself within the grasp of our limited affections—in corresponding degree does this contemplation of the Deity in Jesus of Nazareth transform the souls of men in such a manner that they themselves become living witnesses and proofs of the scientific reality of religious spiritual operations. Scientific reality, on the basis of historic verification and outward experimental proof, is indeed a special characteristic of Christianity—as witnessed on an unlimited scale, by the hosts of churches, chapels, schools, hospitals, refuges, and works of charity of all descriptions produced by the religion of Jesus. And much more extensive still is the scientific proof of Christianity arising from the myriads of the *lives* of undoubted saints and philanthropists—myriads upon myriads of them, as contrasted with the isolated Socrates and Plato of classic Paganism whose normal moral fruits, even

in Rome, the more disciplined of those classic nations, are depicted in the preponderating grossness and vice, denounced, for example, in the Satires of Juvenal. Auguste Comte's philosophy, the Baconian method, and genuine modern Science, all unite in proclaiming that very test and mode of investigation, as to physical or *spiritual* theories, which our Lord Jesus Christ long ago propounded—"By their *fruits* ye shall know them."

Christianity in all ages accepts this test and triumphantly submits to the ordeal. It is true that her foes are apt to point to the fires of Smithfield and the massacres of St. Bartholomew as amongst these fruits; but, when they do so, they are glaringly unscientific and untrue in charging upon Christianity the commission of actions diametrically *opposed* to the example, as well as to the precepts of its Founder, and of all His *obedient* followers.

This Positive Christianity is an excellent test and lesson for Christians themselves. It condemns not only the ignorance of those uninstructed, though perhaps well-meaning, souls, who set up the puny gauges of their own minds as the standards, not merely for their brethren, but for all the churches; and it also exists as a grand condemnatory standard against those Pharisaic spirits who, under a pretence of superior spirituality or orthodoxy, set up theological systems which practically veil the Incarnation of our Lord, or derogate from the authority and essentiality of the Holy Scriptures, as the chief and ordinary method whereby the Divine Spirit speaks to ours.

That great Christian Positivist, the Apostle John, shows the necessary connection between true spirituality and a special regard to the practical sympathy, and acted-out love of God in Christ, through the Incarnation, when he writes—"Every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is

not of God." And from this it follows that in proportion as the advocates of pseudo-spirituality fail to make the Incarnation prominent, in so far they fail in the real "*fruits* of the Spirit, as love, joy, peace," &c.

And as a matter of historic, scientific fact, it is constantly found that those Christians whose systems (as the Unitarians) *practically* render the Incarnation secondary in its position, are also (without uncharitableness to many well-meaning actions of theirs) apt to be somewhat specially distinguished by a certain kind of coldness of heart. On the other hand, those bodies of Christians are the most characterised by self-denying devotedness to their Lord, and His suffering creatures, whose systems more prominently set forth the Incarnated Love of God—as the Moravians, the Friends, and the more spiritual of the Roman Catholics and Ritualists.

The latter are named advisedly, and after much and long impartial observation of them. It is one of the prevalent weaknesses of many professedly orthodox Christians to indulge in unmerited severity towards Ritualists and Romanists. It is true that they carry ceremonialism to an extreme. Yet, if so, it is an extreme in a most excellent direction, viz., the commemoration of the dying love of their dear Lord, and the attempted localisation (often practically successful) of His Real spiritual Presence, in a visible, and visibly-honoured sanctuary. This is the honest meaning of ornate altars, and of devotion to "the Sacred Heart of Jesus." And if leading to extremes, and open to grave objections—this extreme of love and honour to Christ's Incarnation, especially if followed (as it is undoubtedly by many Romanists and Ritualists) by an amount of self-denying sympathy with the poor, the squalid, and the outcasts, for Christ's sake, certainly not surpassed by any other Christian bodies—such extremes are in a manifold degree *less* removed from the scientific

tests of Christian discipleship laid down by Christ than is the opposite extreme of a cold Unitarianism.

And there is yet one other class of professing Christians (and a pretty large one too) whom the Positivism of the Apostles should instruct—those who plead for the Holy Scriptures a degree of mere verbal, or literal infallibility, which the Sacred Writers do not claim for themselves, but which cause a needless chasm between many scientific and unscientific Christians. The inspiration of the Bible is far grander, far higher, than a mere slavish bondage to *words*—it is the inspiration of the kindling Spirit of God, warming the *souls* of the writers into holy feelings and fervent utterances. It is increasingly perceived by the most devout of intelligent scientific Christians, that even Scriptural Inspiration did not proceed on lines inconsistent with the ordinary laws of the human reason, such as the laws of memory, of association, and of the spirit of the age—at least in a considerable degree. The great Apostle Paul admitted that “*We prophesy in part,*” and, also, intersperses his Epistles with such remarks as, “I have no commandment of the Lord ; yet I give my judgment.”

And here, again, are we brought round to the point from which we just now started—the meeting-place and common foundation (alike scientific, positive, eternal, and divine) of both religion and philosophy—“By their *fruits* ye shall know them,” or, in other words, by their Experimental Evidence.

This, then, is Positive Christianity ; and that conjunction of religion and science from which neither the philosophic Professor, nor the professing Christian, can “prolong their vision backward,” without, at the same time, and in the same degree, also turning their backs upon both their Science and their Christianity.

WILLIAM TALLACK.

## VOICE FROM SOUTHAMPTON.—No. X.

## PART I.

ONCE again has the lively Packet Port resumed her holiday dress ! The flags, that erewhile flapped sadly and moodily from half-mast at the funeral of Dr. Livingstone, now float cheerily from many a lofty flag-staff and from many a lowly window. The bells ring forth their merriest peels. The sun, as if in sympathy, now shines out in his full meridian splendour. The shops in the main thoroughfares are all closing at mid-day—the whole town makes holiday ; but for why ? It is neither new moon, nor Sabbath day, nor bank holiday, and the one great feature of holidays—the presence of troops of mirthful children—is lacking, for now hardly a child between seven years and fourteen is to be seen in its otherwise animated streets.

But suddenly the hum of happy childish voices breaks upon the ear, and in a few moments—with the sound of music and of song, headed by large banners, and accompanied by school ensignia and bannerets, as big as the little ones can carry—we see bands of Sunday School children approaching from all points of the compass towards three or four mustering places.

The surprised “Spectator” inquiring the why and the wherefore, is told by half a dozen tongues at once that the Mayor of Southampton is giving a treat to all the Sunday School children in the town and neighbourhood ; that the pouring rain in the morning has only laid the dust for the “march past” of some eleven thousand children, clad in smiles and holiday attire ;

that the wind was sou'-west; that the mayor had telegraphed to Falmouth and Plymouth at 10 a.m., and reply was, "weather fine;" that the wind was therefore bringing up the fine weather from the westward; no postponement of the day was needful, and that it would be "a wonderful sight on the common;"—each speaker garnishing these facts with a variety of detail, according to individual taste, some enlarging on the cake, others on the tea, the four military bands with their 160 performers, or the fireworks; but all, Englishman-like, wondering "how much it would cost?"

And a wonderful sight it was! Fifty-five regiments of beaming children, each bearing aloft their own distinctive banners, and embracing nearly every Christian sect in the land, containing 10,775 children, all trooping along five abreast on foot, marshalled by 1,221 teachers, and each headed by their respective ministers and office-bearers, but all professing the same God to worship and the same Bible to instruct, was a spectacle too remarkable ever to be forgotten. At its head walked the Rev. B. A. Wilberforce, Rector of St. Mary's, with his 885 little ones; then followed Above-Bar Chapel, with its 652 scholars; and so charmingly interwoven were the sects and the schools that I seemed ready to believe in the advent of that glorious day when the sects shall be "distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea."

Gathering strength as it passed the various rendezvous, this noble army of volunteers—all professedly being trained "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord"—poured along the High Street underneath the old Bar Gate, which more than once had closed to England's proudest kings and queens; marched up the beautiful avenue past the peaceful and secluded Friends' burying-ground, beneath whose grassy sod rest the little forms of more than one sweet scholar in the school of Christ now gathered to His arms;

onward to the Cemetery Road, along whose oft-travelled way are daily carried the child, the strong man, and the aged—all silent in death—a mighty contrast, indeed, to the teeming life and joyfulness of its present travellers; and, finally, through the Bannister Park Gates, where was spread their bounteous repast. I will not pretend to describe the busy scene of 11,000 hungry children, waited upon by 1,200 men and maidens, until their appetites were as well satisfied as their hearts.

For the benefit of your statistic-loving readers, I may, perhaps, just add that 150 women were employed for a good part of the day in “cutting up the bread and butter”; that 450 gallons of bread, 360 lbs. of butter, 270 gallons of milk, and 900 lbs. of white sugar were disposed of; and, finally, that 2,700 gallons of tea were brewed for the wants of this vast juvenile encampment, and that four and a half tons of cake disappeared under their united and vigorous onslaught.

But not on that which was consumed, but on the fragments that remain, do my own thoughts mostly dwell. May we not fairly number amongst these the harmonising—I was about to say *humanising*—effect of this gathering together of all who name the name of Christ, under one fold, for a common object, and testifying to their common faith. Is not such an assemblage a better answer to the infidel’s questions than the fiercest polemics and the severest logic which the sects can hurl against them and one another?

Again, to the eyes of one who, alas! will “never see fifty again,” how impressive is the spectacle of this vast mass of young life, banded together under one Christian ensign,—the future men and women of Southampton! How one longed to express a few trumpet-tongued and heart-reaching words which might sink deep into their souls, bearing fruit to their own joy, and to the praise of their Father who is in Heaven!



At such a time, when expression is impossible, how sweet is the refuge of silent prayer! secretly commending these multitudes of little ones for whom Christ died, to His loving care and merciful deliverance from the manifold temptations which crowd around and inside their very doors from childhood up.

Then, for these 1,200 teachers to look one another in the face as fellow-labourers instead of mutual opponents of each other! Who shall limit the result of such a discovery? So also of the ministers, good men who "dwell amongst their own people," and care little for each other's prosperity in the truth; who suspect and possibly backbite one another mainly because they do not intermingle enough to perceive and recognise each other's virtues, but are engaged in telescopic or microscopic gazing at each other's failings!

These and many other kindred benefits may reasonably flow out of the stream of life thus set in motion on this auspicious day, and as the children after mingling in play again mustered under their respective banners at seven o'clock, and marched home, singing along their way with hearty earnestness the "Children's Jubilee Hymn," it was surely a sight that angels might look down upon with joy; and when the fireworks closed at 11 p.m. with an elaborate design conveying the "Mayor's best wishes to all," how fervently could many who had enjoyed the unwonted spectacle reiterate the words in their deepest sense concerning the 40,000 visitors who had gathered to the Park from far and near, and now trooped home in large detachments—sober, happy and contented. As I gazed upon them the thought rushed through my mind, How if it had been beer instead of tea? or alcohol in the place of water? I retired to rest as the big clock tolled twelve, proud of what I had seen, proud of the religious harmony displayed on every

side ; and above all proud of my native town, not *one* of whose tens of thousands of citizens was reported on the following morning at the Police Court, as “found drunk, or disorderly.”

## PART II.—DARLINGTON.

The scene is changed ! Scarcely had the echoing notes of the Children’s Jubilee died away, than, abandoning myself to the discordant music of steam and railway whistle, I was whisked off by the efforts of those two mightiest of British giants—Iron and Coal—past Winchester, where sleep many a Saxon king and English bishop, undisturbed by the tumults of this noisy age ; past Westminster, with its Abbey treasures ; Peterborough and York—each hoary with venerable traditions of men and days for everburied to the bulk of railway travellers who dash recklessly past their solemn aisles and cold tombs,—onwards to Darlington, the Quaker city of the North.

In spite of those towering senseless erections which too often encumber the sensible heads of the fair sex, even amongst the Society of Friends, it needed no Yearly Meeting doorkeeper or mystic sign to divine the fact of member or non-member amongst the many fellow-travellers who now filled the railway carriages as we drew near our destination. The proverb, that “to be forewarned is to be forearmed” was abundantly evidenced on this occasion of “pink favours” on the platform. How instinctively did the visitors resign themselves to this badge of the “Allocation Committee,” and how instinctively did the latter fasten upon luggage which neither railway porter nor owner could see ; and how surprised and happy did the travellers look when they found portmanteau and bonnet boxes, cloaks, umbrellas, and themselves also, noiselessly and without confusion or mischance, placed behind one of

the many pair of bays, bright, well-groomed and well-caparisoned, which stood pawing with arched necks and champing bits impatiently awaiting the signal to drive on, laden with their unwonted freight of First-day School teachers. But I need not enlarge—all these things, doubtless, live in the archives, or at all events in the brains, of the four-and-twenty members of the Allocation Committee, as well as in the hearts of the visitors.

It was said, I think, by Sidney Smith in his lectures on Moral Philosophy, that the sensation of delighted surprise with which a person perceives the ingenious and complicated contrivances of any piece of machinery is similar to the feeling of “wit;” and that the perfect working of an engine, or other mechanism, produces a like sensation. Be this as it may, I confess that the perfect organisation and smooth working of the machinery of the eight Darlington Committees, numbering from six to twenty-four members each, was something astonishing, and produced in my own mind a continuous sensation of gratification. It was nothing to laugh at, and yet one could not help experiencing an undefined feeling of merriment arising from the perfect working of the Conference gear in its minutest details. Those who have suffered undue confusion or collapse on similar occasions, can best appreciate the entirely different frame of mind induced by smoothness in the running of human machinery, and an absence of anxiety concerning breakdowns or oversights.

The columns of the *Examiner* will, I doubt not, contain an account of the inner work and scope of the Conference, and therefore in this place I will simply maintain my cognomen of *Spectator* by describing in a “diary of Darlington episodes” some of the external surroundings which I witnessed.

It was right that so important a gathering should be opened by a devotional meeting, and it was cheering

to see that the fatigue of some hundreds of miles of travelling on the same day did not interfere with the attendance of a large number of Friends on Seventh-day evening. It was a season of hallowed communion, and again and again was the breathing of many souls consolidated into vocal utterance to the Father of Mercies for His gracious blessing on the coming meetings. It seemed, indeed, at that quiet evening hour, when silence and speech were alike precious, as though the ancient promise was being fulfilled, "And it shall come to pass that before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear." After an hour's fervent religious exercise, the many hundreds of visitors retired with their host and hostess, and with hearts tendered and deeply thankful.

*First-day, Eighth Month 2nd.*—With a praiseworthy care for the smaller meetings around them, arrangements were made for drafting off as many as would consent, to visit the two or the three under our name who gathered for worship on First-day in several neighbouring places, and to whom the sight of a stranger is comparatively rare. Such was my lot at this time, and although my thoughts would continually turn to the large assemblages elsewhere, I believe it is no figure of speech to say that in some of these sparse gatherings the Lord's presence was manifested by the breaking of bread, and that, in the language of our predecessors, He was graciously pleased to "own the meeting." Surely if anything can confirm our faith in the reality of spiritual religion it is when the soul is thus visited immediately as by the Dayspring from on high, and the hearts of the solitary and scattered ones are thereby made glad in the Lord.

Several of the chapels in Darlington were kindly placed at the disposal of Friends, and large public meetings were held in them to the satisfaction of all.

Wandering in the calm evening into the Friends' burial-ground, adjoining their Meeting-house at Darlington, feelings of affectionate regret stole over me as I traced upon the neat tombstones the names, one after another, of Friends beloved in the Lord, taken from amongst us, some in advanced age and some snatched away in early manhood, and when their talents were developing into highest service for their Saviour. In reading these affecting records of old and young, how deep a sympathy springs up towards the widowed and the sorely-bereaved ones who are left desolate ! I know of no graveyard in which the language of " Weep with them that weep " is so vividly depicted, or the prayer for resignation and un murmuring submission so needful to be breathed. Under these feelings I hoped that the day would never return again in which the solemn lessons conveyed by Friends' tombstones shall be lost alike to visitors and others through any Yearly Meeting prohibition of their use.

*Second-day.*—This morning the business of the Conference began, having been inaugurated by a previous devotional meeting, which was also largely attended. The absence of routine business and long preambles allowed the Conference to plunge at once into the work assigned, and enabled those taking part, whether as listeners or speakers, to do so with a freshness and life which is so often lacking when " red tape " has got possession of an assembly, tying it down, mind and body, and soul too. The " externals " of this day, which are most clearly in my memory, are the carriage arrangements by which so many were landed at the Meeting-house door ; the thirteen gardens and grounds of Friends which, in their neatest and loveliest attire, were thrown open to all visitors ; the Central Hall dining-room, a fine building for public use, but in which room, day after day, were gathered some three or four hundred Friends intently

occupied with unlimited supplies of salmon and lamb and the "roast beef of old England," besides jellies, ices, and other luxuries too numerous and too difficult for me to mention. How fitting did it seem when in the "silence before meat" the voice of a beloved Friend was heard asking of the Lord a blessing upon this outward provision—a blessing upon those who waited on us, and a rich blessing upon those who so generously provided it. Then my memory also records the Mechanics' Institute, the information-room, and sundry other comforts which the Darlington Committee had bethought themselves of for our behest—until to me, as "Spectator," it seemed as though all Darlington, with its live-stock and its public buildings and its largest dwellings, were, for the nonce, at the beck and call of the Conference assembly.

*Third-day.*—The weather, which thus far had been so propitious, now showed signs of change. The wind swept along in fitful gusts, the sky grew overcast with blackish clouds, and at the meeting-house the rain came down piteously and incessantly. Tapping the barometer, looking at the clouds, or consulting pocket-aneroids, all told the same tale of a thoroughly wet day, and the thoughts of Pilmore Hall and its lovely surroundings, for which an excursion train to carry some 800 visitors had been engaged, hung heavily upon the hearts, as well as the faces of not a few anxious cloud-gazers. The only comfort seemed to be, that the "Scotch mist" was so unmistakably moist, that none but the amphibious could ignore its drenching effects upon paths, lawns, and shrubberies, as well as upon the figures of even the best clothed and shod of the human species.

With a vivid feeling of disappointment on behalf of the host and hostess who had so generously and so painstakingly thrown open their beautiful grounds and house for our enjoyment, was mingled the pang of

regret, that this opportunity, towards which every visitor had looked forward for renewing old friendships and making new ones, would be unavailing.

It was said, I think by Dr. Johnson, that the real happiness of life consists not in our self-gratifications, but in our self-denials ; but I fear that out of the 800 expectant visitors to Pilmore, there were very few who at this moment could heartily accept and rejoice in the practice of this abstract truth. But even the wettest day will come to an end, and as the rain ceased at 5 p.m., a strange rumour "floated in the air" that visitors were, after all, expected at Pilmore, and an adventurous band, about one hundred strong, braving wind and weather, set their faces as a flint towards the desired haven, and as report said, were amply rewarded for their resolution.

Availing myself of the lull in the meetings, I strolled through the grounds at Southend—treading the paths so often traversed by its late noble-hearted owner, when no longer able to see the loveliness of art and nature around him, until I seemed to realise on his behalf the truth of those words :—

"On my bended knee  
I recognise Thy purpose clearly shown  
My vision Thou hast dimmed that I might see  
Thyself—THYSELF alone !

"It is nothing now,  
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes,  
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,  
That th' earth in darkness lies.

"In a purer clime  
My being fills with rapture ; waves of thought  
Roll in upon my spirit,—strains sublime  
Break over me unsought !"

Then onward from one park to another, ending in the lovely scenery at Blackwell, with the river Tees

gently murmuring on its way below ; visited the love-laden bowers overhanging the river, from whence, if I mistake not, as I wended my way homewards in the dusk of evening, fell upon the ear strains of human voices hymning His praise who hath made the earth so exceeding fair, bathed as it was in the "golden lightning of the sunken sun," in the richest possible hues of red, and purple, and azure.

*Fourth-day.*—To speak of these days' proceedings commencing at ten o'clock would be a mere figure of speech, inasmuch as many were on the move before breakfast, dropping into and out of the hospitable dwellings where were spread elaborate breakfasts for any and all who inclined to avail of it. The singular delusion that "First-day School teachers could not walk" seemed to have seized the minds of the worthy Darlingtonians on this, as on other days, and a brilliant pair of white galloways, proud I would fain hope of their work as well as of their mistress, swept along the lanes between Elmridge and Pierremont with a vivacity that led to the fear that

" The trot would be a gallop soon,  
In spite of curb and rein."

I feel here sorely tempted to follow the unmannerly example of some American visitors to England, by printing details of the home-life wherein our lot was cast ; but a true respect for our hosts and hostesses prohibits my indulging in this self-gratification. The amount of self-denial which this entails to an ambitious pen can only be measured by those who, like myself, have been privileged visitors within the doors of the many hospitable and happy homes thrown open to us on this occasion, and know the very interesting and lively pictures and pleasant sketches which such a description must necessarily have included.

Of the concluding sittings of the Conference on this



day I will only say that they were full of deep interest and encouragement, and formed a fitting climax to the profitable seasons already enjoyed. In the evening a large public meeting was held in the Wesleyan Chapel, under the presidency of the Mayor of Darlington, in which members of nearly every Christian denomination took an active part. This supplied the one lacking element in the previous days—that of none of our counsels and benefits being shared by others; but now, when the area widened all around, and embraced earnest ministers, Sunday School teachers, and members of many churches and chapels, the middle wall of partition between each seemed entirely to vanish away. The speakers and the hearers rose to the dignity of an assembly composed of a thousand or more of earnest and zealous Christians of both sexes and of all classes, who had for once let go the distinguishing badges which not only tied them up, but tied them down. The souls of all present seemed suffused with a glorious influx of that charity which envieth not, is not puffed up, but which hopeth all things and rejoiceth in the truth. I can hardly suppose that such a uniting and such a united gathering can have been held in the town without leaving marked fruits upon its people long after the occasion itself shall have passed away. Felt the need of watchfulness on every hand when after leaving the meeting a secret feeling of pride arose in my heart, that certainly upon the public platform, as well as in the council chamber, our “representative men” had “held their own”—not to say surpassed those of the rest.

*Fifth-day.*—Woke at day-dawn with thoughts of Rivaulx Abbey and Duncombe Park, and found desire concerning the weather overcame the desire for sleep; half opened one eye to see if my aneroid was rising, and, after sleepily closing it, opened the other to see

what the sky and clouds said ; then made a futile attempt at further repose, but in vain. Earth and sky seemed charged with elements of joy and delight.

“ The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,  
And his burning plumes outspread ”

was shedding his glorious light over hill and dale. The breezy winds were cheerily whistling their old tune, “ Over the hills and far away,”—

“ And the little birds sang east,  
And the little birds sang west,”

gradually mingling with their morning orizons yet fuller and richer notes of song, which seemed to tell of beechen woods and grassy slopes, whilst the thrilling music of the skylark “ poured forth a flood of rapture so divine,” bringing to remembrance the thrilling apostrophe of the poet,

“ Higher still, and higher  
From the earth thou springest ;  
Like a cloud of fire  
The blue deep thou wingest,  
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.”

But the longest hours pass at last, and when the breakfast gong summoned the twenty or more visitors at Elmridge, they also, as in sympathy with nature, came forth in picnic attire, radiant with pleasure and hope.

How shall I describe the animated scene at the railway station ? Acting on the well-recognised principle of “ subdivision,” about half the Conference went to Rivaulx Abbey, and the other half to Rokeby ; but, in spite of this separation, it would seem as though in each half was combined a totality of pleasure, and never, perhaps, had two trains “ on pleasure bent ” each drawn out of Darlington 250 passengers

who were happier or more agreeably associated than were most of the groups on this occasion.

To describe the places would simply be to transcribe the contents of the emphatically emphasised guide-book, neither would I attempt to delineate the despairing attempts made by some of our *literati* to inhale its figures and remember its contents. The holiday atmosphere was dead against learning of all kinds. Over all my own best attempts rested a "confusion worse confounded" of dates, and names, and heights, of abbots, earls, gamekeepers, abbey windows and castle walls, all jumbled together, and recalling to this day in my poor brain the old game of "cross questions and crooked answers." Still one or two laudable attempts were made in mental arithmetic. One active member of a south country School Board, seeing 80 or 100 persons waiting admission into the noble mansion of Lord Feversham, and finding that 15 only could be admitted at a time, improvised a rule-of-three sum:—"If 15 persons take 20 minutes to go over the house, how long will it take to clear the group?" But ere this interesting sum could be worked out, muttering the talismanic words, "Luncheon on the terrace at two o'clock," he waved his hand, and presently a host of followers attended the footsteps of our matter-of-fact friend. But so it came to pass at last by dint of walking, riding, sitting down, and moving on, the whole party reached the magnificent terrace of green sward above Rivaulx Abbey in time to do ample justice to the bounteous provision spread out by the commissariat department.

May I venture here to pay a passing tribute of admiration for the Excursion and Dining Committees, whose labours were as efficient as they were incessant. The *pink* favours with which we were welcomed on first arrival at Darlington had become *white* during the meetings of the Conference in Skinner Street, and

now were changed into blue, a colour as effective to the eye as it was grateful to the heart of the many who profited by their kindly aid. But these and numberless other salient points live, alas! in my memory, and not in my note-book. It seemed to have got abroad that the Editor of a certain buff-coloured Quarterly was present, and before the day was far advanced I heard the ominous quotation—

“A chiel’s amang ye taking notes,  
And faith he’ll prent ’em.”

To avoid suspicion as well as observation, therefore, I could only keep my eyes and ears wide open, and my note-book and pencil-case close shut. Whilst upon this point, let me remark that I have good grounds for believing the Editor expected one or more poetical effusions concerning this remarkable visit of 250 followers of George Fox to the ruins of the old Abbey. On the very spot where once stood the material altar were now gathered some of our best known and honoured First-day School teachers, and with no weak or uncertain sound did they sing the stirring hymn of “Hold the fort,” until the words, caught up by others around, reverberated through the roofless and forsaken aisles, sufficient in imagination to startle from their long slumber the bones of the good old monks buried ages ago beneath the sod. How strange would the response of these modern monastic iconoclasts sound to the ears of the last Abbot of Rivaulx if he could query of these pilgrim Friends, Who are ye, and what do ye here? Can none of the many poets and poetesses whose effusions not unfrequently grace your columns, yet give poetical animation to these prosaic facts?

Then came the bugle sound for returning home, and again and again were the numerous waggonettes and breaks filled with the happy Friends who were first in

the field—merrily riding homewards to the station, the envy if not the admiration of the multitudes of less fortunate Friends who had expended their final strength in climbing the steep zigzag pathways from the Abbey to the terrace some 200 feet above.

How consoling to these was it when the fiat came from headquarters to “go and seek up the hindermost,” and how triumphant did the blue-favoured captain of a three-horse break look as he dashed through the opposing friendly forces stationed midway vainly hoping to stop his career, until he finally reached and released a large party of ladies who had wisely resolved upon picnicing by the road-side until picked up, rather than struggle further in futile endeavours at walking.

This day’s excursion to Rivaulx passed off without cloud or mishap—and on comparing notes, found that the Rokeby visitors had equally enjoyed themselves. Yet how was our pleasure marred on reaching home to hear of the illness of one of the committee. Truly in this case did we realise that “if one member suffer, all the members suffer with it,” and deep thankfulness clothed our spirits when the following morning brought very favourable accounts of the invalid.

*Fifth-day.* — Seeing the attention and solicitude shown to the visitors by the large number of domestics and other employés of our hosts and hostesses, it was thought a fitting close that all who had in any way waited upon the guests should be invited to a religious meeting, after having partaken together of a substantial tea provided by the visitors for them.

It was indeed an interesting episode to witness over 350 men and maid-servants, besides some 60 or 70 cab-drivers and others, thus regaling themselves, and the gratification of the company so assembled was only second to the pleasure felt by those who originated this finishing stroke to the week’s enjoyment. The

meeting for worship was also a very remarkable time, and such as I believe will never be forgotten by those who were present.

Then came the parting opportunities. How sad it is to say farewell, and doubly so now between very many who a week since were unknown one to the other, but whose tarriance at Darlington will long remain a bright spot in the sunny memories of the past.

My work as "Spectator" is done. The narrative has already far exceeded in length what I had proposed when commencing. Many of the events may seem too trivial to put into print—and so, in the abstract, they undoubtedly are. But what would our existence be without trifles? It has been wittily remarked, that "life would be very tolerable if it were not for its pleasures." To this I would add, that life would be very *intolerable* if it were not for its trifles. The burden of life, with its anxieties and carking cares,—who could enjoy it, who could even bear it, but for the relaxation and fun imparted to our plodding and grinding footsteps by childish joys, and by all the flowers, and the bowers, and the lightsome hours of existence?—by the comedies as well as the tragedies of life? Furthermore, it is the sum of *little* things that makes history for our successors; and, perchance, the deviations of a volatile pen will for some minds be as instructive, and induce as profitable thought in the reader, as a hardly-written, dry, didactic narrative in which the thread of events to be recorded is continually lost in the struggle to "improve the opportunity," and wear good thoughts threadbare. To those who had *not* the privilege of sharing the festivals recorded I fear my "Voice" will be husky and long-winded; but by the 800 teachers who were at Darlington, and the 40,000 people at Southampton, whose pleasures it records, I venture to hope these simple annals of passing events will not be too harshly reproached for lightness, or condemned for longness.

I feel that even this juxtaposition of the two episodes of the 11,000 Sunday School children at Southampton and of the First-day School Conference at Darlington, is not wholly insignificant. I would fain hope that in both instances, whilst in no wise pulling down or destroying the distinctive banners under which the many regiments in the Lord's army gather for the fight against evil here below, both of these towns may profit by the examples thus set, and that the amalgamating effects of labouring for a common cause and of a true love for the same God and Saviour of mankind, may be permanently blessed unto them; that being held together in the bonds of Christian love and charity, the many sects and sections of the Church of Christ on earth may indeed be (in language already quoted) though distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea.

SPECTATOR.

## WHICH IS THE CHURCH?\*

THE above is the title of a book by a quondam member of the Society of Friends, who, being born in membership, remained in that position until considerably advanced in life, without inquiring particularly into the correctness or otherwise, of the principles to which he had been committed by the accident of birth, but who, having been aroused more recently to a sense of the importance of having views resulting from his own investigation, arrived, after independent research, at the opinions here expressed.

The question which the writer proposes to solve is unhappily chosen, as it raises an issue which no Friend would for a moment accept, viz, whether the Society of Friends or the Church of England is THE Church, to the exclusion of all others, at least in this country. The conclusion of the writer is that the Church of England is emphatically *the* Church, and that the Society of Friends is not a Church at all. The method pursued throughout the work is not so impartial as could have been desired, for the writer assumes, from the very first page, that very position which he undertakes to prove. He speaks of "leaving the Society of Friends and joining the Church," taking it for granted that the phrase will be taken in its popular sense as meaning the Church of England. We have also to complain that he confounds the word *priest* with *minister*, in a way that introduces confusion, and gives him an advantage to which he is not entitled. He says:—

"But they (the Friends) say, 'He (Christ) conferred no

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\* *Which is the Church?* By J. W. Cadworth. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. 1874.



power on man to provide a line of successors to His apostles. As He established no outward priesthood, so He established no new ordinances to be observed in His Church.' They virtually recognise the connection between appointed ordinances and appointed ministers, and consistently deny both."—(P. 6.)

Now this statement conveys an erroneous impression from the employment of the terms "priesthood" and "ministers," as if they were precisely equivalent to each other. The Friends deny a priesthood with ordinances and maintain that Christ is the one High-priest of their profession, but they as distinctly approve a system of "appointed ministers;" maintaining that Christ Himself endows and calls His own ministers, and that it is the duty of the Church to recognise and acknowledge the call. This acknowledgment of ministers by the Society is to all intents and purposes an appointment, though no salary is paid, and the exercise of the acknowledged gift is left to the discretion of its possessor. The succession of a living ministry they also believe in; but it is a succession, not of man-made priests, administering ordinances, but of persons renewed in the spirit of their minds by the Holy Spirit's power, and impelled by love to God and love to man, to proclaim to dying sinners the truth that has been blessed to their own souls.

The grand argument of the book, however, is in connection with the rite of water baptism, which is treated as an indispensable condition of membership in the Church of Christ on earth, and of Christ's body, although with startling inconsistency it is admitted that it is not absolutely necessary to an entrance into heaven. The writer takes great pains to prove that the terms "baptise" and "baptism" in Scripture invariably refer to water baptism; if not exclusively, yet as always included with that of the Holy Spirit. Speaking of the declaration of John, when he told the people that Christ should baptise them with the Holy Ghost and with fire, he says:—

"I suppose it will not be asserted that his mention of fire was altogether metaphorical; that the disciples were not baptised with fire at all on the day of Pentecost; but that the cloven tongues were the Holy Ghost, the pure Spirit of God."

Taking this for granted, he proceeds:—

"The word 'baptise,' then, as used by St. John clearly included an external sign, an outward and visible element, as well as a spiritual operation. But even if he had omitted the word 'fire,' there is no inference that water and repentance are excluded; there is no inference that because Christ should baptise with the Spirit, that therefore the word baptise should have lost its meaning, and should now refer to an exclusively spiritual operation, instead of baptism with spiritual operation or gift. It is part of the Catholic faith that Christ does baptise with the Holy Ghost; that He co-operates by His Holy Spirit with the act of His ministers."—(P. 22.)

To this we reply that there is no proof that the "cloven tongues *like as of fire*" consisted of material fire, but the strongest presumption to the contrary. It is begging the question to assume, as the writer does, that the word baptise always implies water, and it is ignoring the very point of John's declaration and that of Christ, which most emphatically contrasts the Spirit's baptism with that of water, in a way that indicates, as plainly as words can do, the temporary and inferior nature of the one, and the permanent and eminently superior nature of the other. Not that the word baptise had changed its meaning, but that of the two processes signified by it, the inferior and typical process was to give place to the superior and spiritual. What could be clearer than the testimony of the Baptist? (John i. 32):—

"And John bare record, saying, I saw the Spirit descending from heaven like a dove, and it abode upon Him. And I knew Him not; but He which sent me to baptise *with water*, the same said unto me, upon whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending and remain-

ing upon Him, the same is He that baptiseth with the *Holy Ghost*. And I saw and bare record that this is the Son of God." And again (John iii. 30) :—

"He must increase, but I must decrease. He that cometh from above is above all : He that is earthly speaketh of the earth ; He that cometh from heaven is above all." And again (Matt. iii. 11) :—

"I indeed baptise you with water unto repentance ; but He that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear, He shall baptise you with the Holy Ghost and with fire."

The cloven tongues were doubtless the same in character as the Spirit descending on Christ like a dove and resting on Him. As well might the writer argue that the dove was a material one as that the tongues "like as of fire" had any of the natural element in them. It was the Holy Ghost that John saw descending "*like a dove*," and the cloven tongues were "like as of fire." Not that the Spirit can be seen of mortal eyes, but the interior, spiritual faculties of the spectator are so acted on for the time, that he sees with more than mortal sight. Thus it was with Moses at the burning bush, and thus also with the servant of Elisha, when in Dothan they were surrounded by the hosts of Syria. "And Elisha prayed and said : Lord, I pray Thee open his eyes that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man ; and he saw ; and behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." (2 Kings vi. 17.)

The words of Christ, taken in connection with those of John, leave no room to doubt that the "one baptism" of Christ was to supersede those external and earthly symbols that prefigured it. See Luke xxiv. 49 :—"And behold I send the promise of the Father upon you ; but tarry ye at Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high." The object of this reference is

made perfectly plain (Acts i. 4): "And being assembled together with them (He) commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father which, saith He, ye have heard of me. For John, indeed, baptised with water; but ye shall be baptised with the Holy Ghost, not many days hence." And again, ver. 8, "But ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses," &c.

Now, this power was required in order that they might baptise the people, not with water, but with the Holy Spirit. No such communication of power from on high could have been required to enable them to baptise with water. Impossible! some say, that men should baptise with the Holy Spirit. But let it be borne in mind that the word baptise in the Greek signifies, figuratively, to influence the mind powerfully, so as strongly to affect the character, and we shall see that nothing short of this was the design of Christ. What is the preaching of the Gospel if not accompanied by this power? We say, in English, "over head and ears in debt," or in love—the Greek would say "baptised" in debt or love. We say, "overwhelmed" with grief or sorrow—the Greek would say "baptised" in grief or sorrow.

Thus, when the rightly authorised preacher, himself already fully imbued with the transforming and life-giving truths of the Gospel, preaches those same truths with a power that goes to the inmost soul of his hearers, and convinces them of their sinfulness, and of God's holiness and love, in such a way that they are led to cry out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do to be saved?" that preacher baptises those hearers in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. How much more worthy of that solemn name, to apply the term "baptism" to this heart-searching, soul-quicken- ing process of proclaiming the life-giving truths of the

Gospel, than to the sprinkling of a few drops of water in the face of an unconscious infant, or the taking of a man already converted and dipping him into a bath of water, with the entire absence of certainty as to the mode of operation, and the widest possible difference of opinion as to what the benefit consists in, and the most melancholy absence of any results in the life, distinguishing its subjects from the rest of the world.

What comes of the power so significantly promised by Christ, in connection with this baptism of the Holy Spirit, if that power was not to manifest itself in something far superior to the results of this ceremony of water? Every one who, through the truth of the Gospel, receives the Holy Spirit, is baptised with that Spirit, and a corresponding effect is manifest in life and character. Wherever Christ's ministers proclaim that truth in the demonstration of the Spirit and of power, and spiritual awakening and edification follow, exactly in that proportion do those ministers baptise their hearers with the Holy Ghost. Fire and water are both symbolic of two things—cleansing or purifying, and life: thus they most fitly symbolise the twofold operation of the Holy Spirit—to cleanse from sin, and to infuse spiritual life into the soul of man. But there is in Christ only “one Lord, one faith, one baptism.” Now, we know the wretched quibble by which it is maintained that this means that people are to be baptised with water only once—and the Church of Rome has a formula for doubtful cases\*—so little does the watery process leave its trace on the character. But if there is only one baptism—that of water or of the Holy Spirit—then the enlightened believer cannot

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\* “If thou art baptised, I baptise thee not again; but if thou art not baptised, I baptise thee,” &c.—*Catholic Council of Trent*, p. 188.

hesitate which to accept, as the only essential baptism of an essentially spiritual dispensation.

The weakness of the writer's position is more fully seen as we advance. He regards water baptism as a condition without which a man cannot enter "the kingdom or church of Christ upon earth" (p. 31); although, as "God may relax His laws in favour of individuals, and camels may pass through the needle's eye, the unbaptised may, in God's mercy, be permitted to sit down in the kingdom hereafter with others from the east and from the west, while the children of the kingdom here (the baptised with water) are cast out." (P. 31). The members of the kingdom are described "as being, by reason of their membership, in a *better position for or more bound to obtain salvation* than those without." The Church of Christ is described as "the Society on earth consisting of persons professing the faith of Christ, and baptised into His name." (P. 34).

From all this it would appear that, in the writer's estimation, water baptism is much more important than the baptism of the Holy Spirit; and, at the same time, it is possible for the Church of Christ on earth not to have a living member in it. Men may *profess* the faith without *possessing* it; and yet, according to the writer, profession with water baptism ensures membership of the Church, the body of Christ. Now, the whole teaching of Christ and His Apostles is to the effect that none but a living faith can unite men to Christ, or enable them to participate in the spiritual benefits of the kingdom; and that the Church or body of Christ consists entirely or exclusively of living members—living branches of the living Vine. Unconverted sinners intruding into the Church are tares among the wheat, wolves in sheep's clothing; members they may be of a human society, but not by any possibility members of Christ's body or in the way for

heaven, unless they are renewed in the spirit of their mind—truly converted—born of God—changed from sinners into saints—raised from spiritual death to spiritual life by the power of the Holy Spirit, through the action of truth upon their hearts.

To be consistent, however, our friend is compelled to give a very different version of the doctrine of regeneration. He quotes Justin Martyr, to show that the early Christians understood by regeneration nothing more nor less than water baptism. And yet it does not produce conversion, but only “a state of salvation.” He says:—

“In baptism, as we have seen, the individual acquires a new parentage; for whereas formerly through his natural birth he was a child of the old Adam and an inheritor of death, although independent of his own committed sin, he now, through this appointed medium, which is his birth into a new family, or his *regeneration*, is then grafted into the mystical body and an inheritor of life, *if it be not through his own fault* and his own sin. He is not then converted, but he is introduced into a state of salvation, in which, if he perseveres to the end, he shall be saved.” (P. 85.)

This is the logical sequence of attributing to the action of water in an external ceremony what can only result from the operation of the Holy Spirit. If not converted, the man is dead in sin, and cannot therefore be a child of God. But he is in a “state of salvation”! baptised with water but not converted—and if he perseveres (to the end in that state, that is unconverted) he shall be saved! (P. 8.)

We shall not be surprised after this at any conclusions to which the writer may come, not even if we should find him compelled to acknowledge Rome as the true Church. He does not seem to be quite satisfied with the position to which he is thus brought, for he proceeds:—

“Nearly all Christians acknowledge baptismal efficacy. Every Christian who baptises a child, tacitly admits that

there is a Divine operation in the act itself. If there were not, it would be a farce to baptise an unconscious infant, and to let that useless ceremony stand in the place of a baptism in which the recipient might be supposed in some way to benefit, or profess faith." (P. 86.)

He does not stay, however, to tell us in what the benefit to the infant consists, but hastily dismisses the subject by saying that "we are not concerned with modern differences of opinion respecting the operation or effect of the ordinances," except to remind the reader that as party distinctions they arose with the sects that sprung up shortly before the Society of Friends, and afford no argument against the Divine Institute, or against the ancient belief of the Church. (P. 86.)

The argument against ordinances derived from Christ's washing His disciples' feet, the writer dismisses by saying that the Apostles perpetuated the supper but not the washing—arguing from the fact that the one was designed to be perpetual, and the other not. But this is begging the question again. The very point in debate is, whether the early disciples, and others since, were right in giving the place they have done to water baptism, and what is called the "Lord's Supper."

The argument supposes that those to whom Christ spoke the words, and to whom He committed the duty of conserving and proclaiming the truth, could not have misunderstood His meaning. But there is abundant proof to the contrary. Christ did no violence to the prejudices of His Jewish disciples. He sowed the seed, and He left it to grow and fructify. He said to them, "I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now. Howbeit, when He the Spirit of Truth is come, He will guide you into all truth." But they were very slow to learn, and very unwilling to be led—and there are many



proofs from the Acts of the Apostles, and the Epistles of Paul, especially those to the Galatians and Colossians, that before the essentially spiritual nature of Christian truth had been appreciated, the Judaizing spirit crept in and marred the work,—and while there have, in all ages, been a faithful few who have seen through these Jewish encumbrances of the Gospel, such is the reluctance of mankind to abandon forms and external symbolic helps in religion, that the Gospel has not yet been appreciated in its fulness, except to a very limited extent; and by far the greater portion of Christendom is to this hour in humiliating and soul-deadening bondage to mere caricatures of exploded Jewish ritual. The whole system of Popery is a full-blown development of this tendency to substitute forms for the truths which they once represented. Christ's system is essentially spiritual. He is the anti-type in whom all the types have their fulfilment, and therefore the presence of typical ceremonies introduces a foreign and incongruous element into Christianity—the new patch on an old garment—the new wine in old bottles. Granted water baptism and the Lord's Supper with material bread and wine, and you have the elements out of which the whole system of Popery may, at any time, be reconstructed.

Protestants generally shrink with horror from the blasphemous pretensions of Rome, with regard to the priests offering Christ upon their altar as a sacrifice, and the regenerating power of water baptism, but it is impossible for Protestants to retain those ordinances at all, without their views of Divine truth being seriously clouded and confused. Their attempts to explain the efficacy of these ceremonies, and at the same time avoid the palpable absurdities of Romanism, involve them in the most painful weakness and inconsistency. This is the more to be regretted, for they

thus lose the practical benefit of many of the passages taken by them to refer to the mere elements, which, when taken in a spiritual sense, present the most powerful arguments for a holy life. Even those who deny any sacramental efficacy, and assert that they retain the ordinances only in obedience to Christ's command, evidently feel that there is some mysterious influence accompanying the reception of the bread and wine after the hands of the minister have been placed over them, and the form of consecration pronounced.

There is another element in our author's definition of the Church which must not be overlooked. It is that of locality. He contends that the State-established Church of England is, in England, the Church of Christ—and to be consistent, he is compelled to admit that, in Italy, the Church of Rome is *THE* Church. "The Church of Rome," he says, "may be the Church at Rome, but it is not *the* Church in England, any more than a mission from the Church of England would be the Church of Rome." (P. 248.) Consistently enough, he accords to the State-Church of England the position claimed by that of Rome, as the sole authority on points of doctrine. He contrasts the traditions of "the Church," with those of Friends, presuming that if one be true, the other must be false (p. 298), and proceeds to advance the following argument for the authority of the Church, which is precisely the plea advanced by Rome as the ground of her usurped supremacy over the consciences of mankind. He says :—

"There must be some authority for the interpretation of Scripture, if we are to know with certainty the truths contained in it." This authority, he tells us, is the judgment of the Church—of that body to whom God communicated the same truths "to keep, which He confirmed through the writings of His servants. The truth coming through these two

channels, must be one and the same, and must appear the same to those who *will* see it. The teaching of Scripture, as understood by the Church, must be the truth."

This position we most emphatically deny. There is no human authority that is final as to the interpretation of Scripture. Even those who assume to be the Church, are not agreed themselves on numbers of points, quite as important as water-baptism. No one can possibly accept this position, who is not prepared to hand over his judgment and conscience to the keeping and dictation of a self-authorised human priesthood, who, in assuming that authority, usurp the authority of the Holy Spirit. No authority but that can be final on those questions.

The best and most learned and most studious of men have, in all ages, been divided in opinion on all the points on which our author assumes the authority of the Church to be conclusive. Nor can the Church be taken as the final authority while the question remains to be decided what is the Church ? The claim has been indignantly repudiated when put forth by Rome, and it is little likely to be ceded to the Anglican State-Church at a moment like the present, when the members of that Establishment are split into hostile factions hotly contending with each other. It is, in fact, a pretension which never has been acknowledged in relation to any church, except by the adherents of that Church itself.

No definition of Christ's Church on earth can be accepted, if it closes the door on a single true believer. But the belief of the early Christians was mixed up from the first with gross superstitions and errors of various kinds, and the Church of England contains within its borders now almost every variety of doctrine that has ever been propounded. The general consent of Christians in all ages, therefore, with regard to the

permanency of water baptism, and the Lord's Supper, cannot be accepted as conclusive in their favour, unless we are prepared to admit the infallibility of the self-styled Church. But we are no more prepared to acknowledge an infallible Church than an infallible Pope. The fact that both Romanism and Anglicanism have given currency to the most gross, and in some cases blasphemous, perversions of the truth of Scripture, is a sufficient warrant for every enlightened believer rejecting their authority altogether, and falling back on the only safe ground—the honest belief of each individual Christian founded on the words of Scripture, corrected by careful comparison with other men's thoughts, conducted in prayerful dependence on the Holy Spirit, whose office it is to lead the willing disciple into all truth.

It is a lamentable fact that a very strong tendency prevails just now, within the pale of the Society of Friends to look with favour on Sacramental performances. Many Friends have returned to the "beggarly element" both in baptism, and in the "supper," and yet they are allowed to retain their membership; many have left the Society and joined the Establishment; and there is reason to believe that many more quietly remaining in the Society, have lost all distinct perception of the utter incongruity of these "ordinances," with the spirit of Quakerism. The Society of Friends is in imminent danger of being fatally and irretrievably undermined by the spread of this unwholesome leaven.

The only condition of safety from sacramentalism and the spiritual despotism which always accompanies it, is an incessant and vigorous protest, both within and without, in favour of the right and the duty of private judgment, and the essentially spiritual character of the Christian dispensation and of the doctrine maintained by Friends from the first that *the Church* on earth includes all true and sincere believers in

Christ, and no others, whether baptised with water or not ; and that a Church is a number of believers anywhere, united into an orderly society for the purpose of mutual edification, and the maintenance and propagation of Christian truth—a holy life being regarded as the only needful test of living union with Christ's body, and of meetness for the inheritance in glory.

Our author raises another false issue when he presumes that to disestablish the English Church would be to re-establish "a heathen government." To recognise the moral obligations of religion is very different from undertaking to enforce a creed. If we may judge from the past we have nothing to hope, but everything to fear, from the assumption of spiritual domination by the civil arm. When, it may be asked, could the English Government with any propriety be called Christian ? What are we to say of all the bloodthirsty persecutions, both under Romanism and Anglicanism, in which so-called Christian Governments outdid the relentless brutality of heathen emperors in their vain attempts to extirpate what they pleased to call heresy ? What of all the immoralities and crimes perpetrated or sanctioned by the so-called Christian Government of England, whose unholy union of Church and State is as powerless to enforce sound doctrine among the people, as to secure sound morality among the rulers ?

The completeness with which the writer of this book has gone round to the side of a false Church, and imbibed a measure of its spirit, is shown in the harsh terms in which he refers to the advocates of disestablishment. "If," he says, "the Anti-State Church cry were truly directed only to liberate religion from State interference, few real Churchmen, I apprehend, would object. But the cry of the political agitator, when it means anything beyond personal or party advancement, really means spite and plunder."

We forbear to comment on this language, except to express our regret at its appearance in such a connection.

Our author next argues that, from the days of Moses to Washington, there never was a God-fearing nation in which the State had not some connection with the Church. Granted. Our objection is not to some connection between the two. As proved in the United States, a State-Church is not essential to a Christian Government. Our objection is to the alliance of the civil power with one sect, and the use of that power to enforce the creed of that sect, to compel all to pay towards its maintenance, and to raise it into invidious superiority over every other section of the Church of Christ.

To one who maintains that the State-Church is emphatically *the* Church, this view may lose its force ; but it cannot fail to recommend itself to those who accept our definition of the Church. If the Friends did press home the decisions of their Society, and use their moral influence over their members to induce conformity to their rules, at least they did not burn or drown, or hang, or put to the rack any luckless wight who differed from them, or assume any spiritual authority, except over those who, by voluntary association, placed themselves under an obligation to conformity. Nor did they ever presume to assert that those believers who are not members of their Society are not, on that account, members of Christ's Church on earth. At least they enjoy the spirit of Christ, and by its influence they have been enabled to treat with Christian charity their bitterest enemies ; while those who assumed to be *the* Church seemed to have no better way of proving the validity of their claim than the relentlessness with which they sought to root out and destroy by fire and sword, and dungeon and cruel torture, all who have ventured to exercise the

God-given privilege of having an opinion of their own. Both Rome and England, so long as public opinion allowed it, used the civil power to persecute those who did not submit to their usurped authority, and did their utmost to destroy from the face of the earth, or terrify into submission, all who ventured to search the Scriptures for themselves.

There are those who think that the Society of Friends has done its work, and that its cause for existence no longer exists. But sacramentalism is rampant throughout Christendom. The baneful virus is spreading everywhere, poisoning the life of Christian society, and reducing to barren deserts again the fair fields won by the enlightened Christian efforts of the past. A protest like that of the early Friends is urgently needed, and if the Friends fail to utter it, the expectation is reasonable that the sacred trust will be taken from them, and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof.

SAMUEL FOTHERGILL.

## AN EXAMPLE AND A WARNING.\*

BISHOP TEMPLE, in one of his unpublished sermons, remarks of the young ruler mentioned in the Gospel, that it was because he had already done so well, so fully kept many commandments, that the privilege was offered him of rising to a far greater height, even to give up all that he possessed for the sake of Christ. This boon, from which he sorrowfully but definitely turned away, is daily accepted by men and women most variously circumstanced; and we should withhold our misplaced pity from lives of unremitting and self-denying labour if we remembered that such are elect souls who have been found worthy to hear the injunction given of old, in vain, to the young ruler.

Among these none would hesitate to place the late Agnes Elizabeth Jones. Many of the readers of the *Examiner* have doubtless traced her short career from her childhood in the Mauritius and the lovely Irish home of her girlhood beside the "Lake of Shadows," through the training at Kaiserswerth where she found the memory of Florence Nightingale still most fragrant, through her services to the London poor, her later training in St. Thomas's Hospital, and finally to her death, at the age of thirty-five, in the Liverpool Workhouse, after three years of gigantic toil there.

The qualities which were conspicuous in her,—the conscientiousness, the strong will, the self-control which hid the deep feeling and sensitiveness of her nature, were early placed under a higher, wiser Guidance than

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\* *Memoirs of Agnes Elizabeth Jones.* By her Sister. With Introduction by Florence Nightingale. London: Strahan & Co.



her own ; and when the suggestion was made to her, "*Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor, and come and follow Me,*" she joyfully obeyed. She left those whom she loved intensely ; she gave up the refinements and charms of cultivated society, and went to live where she was assailed with sights and sounds of wickedness she could not have imagined ; where her tender heart was wrung by the spectacle of unutterable wretchedness. She wept because she loved so much.

Hers was not the poor sensitiveness which shrinks from witnessing what is painful. It was of that true Christian type which forgets self altogether in yearning sympathy with suffering. We have her own testimony that in that dreary abode at Liverpool she was happy—happier than ever before. Doubtless she had passed through much and stern discipline before it could be so, and we may well believe that only to God was known

"Through what abysmal shadows lay  
Her pathway unto peace."

The overpowering character of her ordinary labours in the Workhouse may be judged from the length of time which they occupied. Often her night's rest—so hardly earned and greatly needed—was broken by visits to some particular patient who seemed to require her presence. But whether this were so or not, her day's work began at 5.30 a.m. and continued until 11 p.m., and it was work of a kind that taxed heart and brain sorely, to say nothing of extreme physical fatigue. So impossible to do without her did it appear to those who had witnessed her services, that when she lay dying, and it was said that only a miracle could save her, the reply was made, "A miracle will be wrought then." But it was to be shown, not for the first or the last time, that this is what God will not

do to avert certain consequences deliberately incurred. It is in vain to

“ . . . . Tread upon life's broken laws  
And murmur at our self-inflicted pain.”

For herself there is, indeed, no cause for regret. Having in a few brief morning hours done a long day's work she might well lie down to rest at noon, before the shadows of evening invited to repose. But what has been lost to the world by the removal of this precious life? Humanly speaking she might, under a less severe strain, have been spared for many more years of invaluable service, of measureless kindness to those whose lot seemed barren of all joy.

But half the allotted age of three-score and ten had been attained when she died; how would it have been if she had lived through another five-and-thirty years? It is true that God can work with or without instruments, but can it be His will that we shall wear them out prematurely by reckless use? It is difficult to read the memoir of Agnes Jones without arriving at the conviction that the burden under which she sank might have been lightened—would have been lightened—if the result had been foreseen. She could not be parted with for a long annual holiday, and so she has had to be parted with for ever. No deputy was provided who might climb those high stone staircases and traverse the long corridors and wards, thus saving her from some of her exhausting rounds, and now the weary sufferers may never feast their hungry eyes upon her any more. The loss to others is incalculable, but she herself was blest both in life and death, even in the midst of surroundings that to ordinary observers would be repulsive in the highest degree.

Most persons have their ideal of earthly happiness, and few, we imagine, would place its scene in a work-house. Yet it was there that Agnes Jones could say

that "she was happier than ever before," because she comprehended the truth—usually apprehended but dimly and afar off—that, in the words of a living writer, "The one holy and perfect life that was ever lived was passed on the cold wet sands from which the tide of happiness had ebbed utterly away; but there rolled into that life, invisibly, yet really, the whole boundless ocean of Divine love and Divine joy. . . . That which is the key to Christ's life is the key to history, to the life of man. . . . He does not know what true life is who takes his notions of it from the songs of ancient heathen poets, and from the no less heathen judgments of the modern street and market-place; who does not know—with heroes, and saints, and martyrs, and humble unknown benefactors of their kind in all ages, of all lands, of all creeds—the strange deep blessedness of denying ourselves and striving and suffering for the good of others."

JANE BUDGE.

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### *Notices of Books Received.*

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*Little Servants: How to help them.* By C. S. W. Mack, Park Street, Bristol; and Book Society, 28, Paternoster Row, London. (Pp. 61.)

The object of this little book is, as its title implies, to show in what ways a helping hand may be extended to a large class of poor young girls, who go into very humble situations as domestic servants, and who have very little knowledge or experience concerning the services required; as we well know the great difficulty of many poor and deserving mothers is how first to get their children into a place suited for their years.

The mode adopted for this most useful help in Bristol is described from personal experience, in the hope that others

may be induced to do the same. It is very encouraging to see from the Preface, "that wherever it has been fairly tried it has been successful"; and it has also brought out this especial and important feature, viz. that it does not destroy self-reliance, but fosters a spirit of self-help. The salient features of the scheme are pourtrayed in a lively narrative (*founded* on fact, we presume), which may commend it to the notice of some who always look for amusement combined with instruction. We should, however, like to see the book supplemented by the *very* facts as they exist, and the modes of its working given a little more in detail than is practicable in the thread of an imaginary story. We doubt not the authoress will be pleased to supply such to any who may require further information, and that a letter addressed to "C. S." care of the Publishers, would elicit such. Meanwhile we commend the book as a capital instrument for "whetting the appetite" for more knowledge thereon.

*Third Year of the Crèche* By MARIE HILTON. London: Morgan & Scott. 1874.

This elegantly-compiled little book gives an account of this valuable Institution during its third year of existence. The stories of the children are not only interesting, but calculated to stir up to increased diligence in the work of which we are glad to see that, though the pecuniary wants are large, the subscriptions received last year were sufficient to keep it out of debt. Like all really good institutions, it is found that collateral societies naturally arise out of it, and amongst them we may mention the Children's Infirmary and Servants' Home. We trust a very liberal response will be made this year also to the earnest appeal for help.

*Principles of Training in Elementary Schools.* By a LADY. London: Smart & Allen, Paternoster Row. Newcastle: Bible and Tract Depository, Pilgrim Street. (Pp. 157.)

We regret that the Friend by whom this little volume is written has not allowed her name upon the title-page. There are few better qualified by practical knowledge to write upon the subject, and her name might have induced many to order it who may now pass it by as "a lady's book." We are pleased to have an opportunity of directing attention to its contents. So many of our members are engaged in organising and carrying on the work of Education in elementary schools,

and so many others are associated with School Boards, that a good book upon the religious, moral, and intellectual training of children is peculiarly serviceable at this epoch. The chapter on moral training, which occupies some thirty-six pages, is especially worthy of the attention of all who are connected either with the scholars or pupil-teachers; and we could wish that this, as well as the very many valuable hints under the head of "general regulations," including a vast variety of little, but in the aggregate very important things, could be in the hands of all who have the training of children. Our space does not permit us to quote from its pages; but, as it is printed in a cheap form, we can only hope that all who are interested in the subject will go to the book itself for instruction, and that, after perusal, they may place it in the hands of those upon whom, as teachers or pupil-teachers, devolves the great mission of teaching in elementary schools.

*Reform of International Maritime Law.* By LEWIS APPLETON.

This paper, which was read at the International Association at Geneva, forms a useful contribution towards the solution of the highly important question upon which it treats, and we are glad to see it is printed in a separate form.

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#### EDITORIAL NOTICE.

\* \* All Communications and Subscriptions should be sent to the Publishers, R. BARRETT & SONS, 13, Mark Lane, London, E.C.; and all MSS. for insertion, and Books for Review, should be forwarded to the Honorary Editor, W. C. WESTLAKE, Southampton, *at least* one month before the day of publication.













